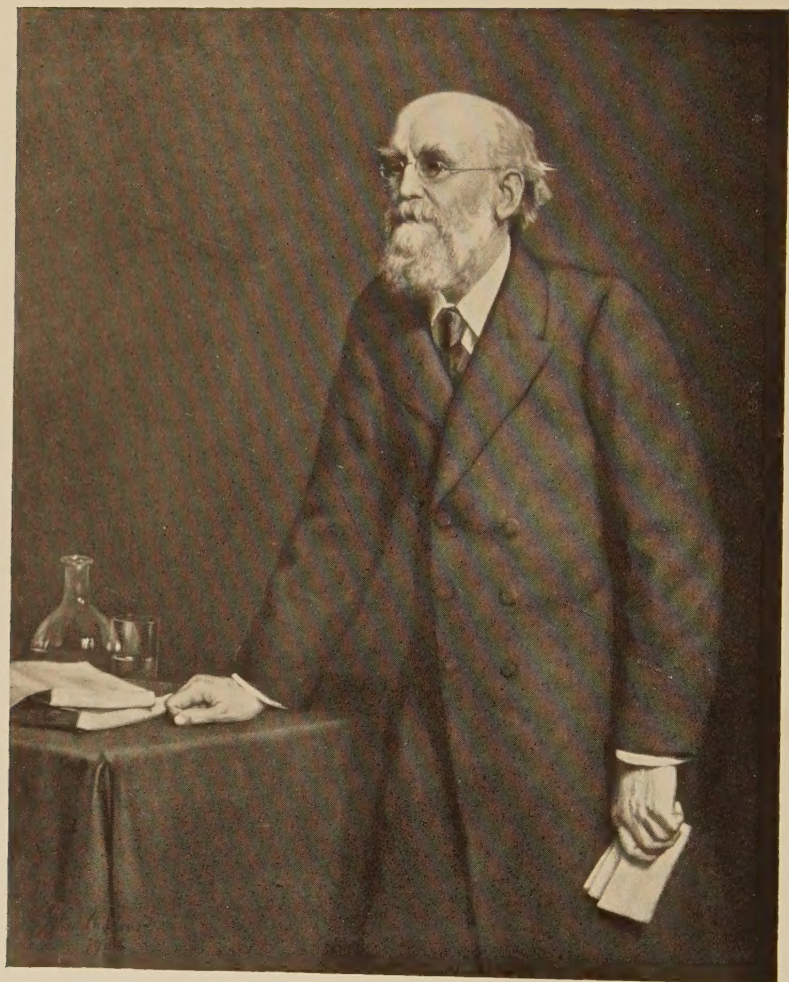






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DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, C.H.
Life, Letters and Reminiscences



DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

From the Painting by the Hon. John Collier

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DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, C.H.
Life, Letters and Reminiscences
By SIR JAMES MARCHANT, LL.D.

*With Twelve Half-tone
Illustrations*

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Dedicated to
WESTBOURNE PARK CHURCH.
His first love and his last.

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xi
1. ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES	1
2. STUDENT DAYS AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY	21
3. MINISTER OF PRAED STREET AND WESTBOURNE PARK	37
4. WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE	53
5. ON THE KING'S SERVICE	75
6. THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE	91
7. THE EDUCATION QUESTION	114
8. FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE—THE PASSIVE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT ; SOUTH AFRICAN WAR	139
9. THE DOWN GRADE MOVEMENT	155
10. AT HOME	168
11. TRAVELS AND HOLIDAYS	182
12. THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY	193
13. THE MAN AND HIS YEARS	222
14. THE MAN AND HIS YEARS (<i>continued</i>)	256
15. GOD TOOK HIM	284
APPENDICES	
LIST OF DR. CLIFFORD'S WORKS	291
ANALYSIS OF THE ANGUS LECTURES	294
INDEX	298

LIST OF PLATES

DR. JOHN CLIFFORD (Portrait by the Hon. John Collier) *Frontis.*

	FACING PAGE
DR. JOHN CLIFFORD'S BIRTHPLACE	8
GENERAL BAPTIST CHAPEL, NETHER STREET, BEESTON, NOTTS.	16
JOHN CLIFFORD AT TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE	32
WESTBOURNE PARK CHAPEL	44
THE MODERN JOHN KNOX (Cartoon)	122
OLIVER CROMWELL'S SUCCESSOR (Cartoon)	132
MISS REBECCA CARTER	170
DR. JOHN CLIFFORD IN HIS STUDY	180
DR. JOHN CLIFFORD IN 1869	218
DR. JOHN CLIFFORD IN 1916	224
MRS. JOHN CLIFFORD	236

INTRODUCTION

THE long range of the life granted to Dr. John Clifford covers a great period in the history of religious, social, intellectual and political emancipation. Born a year before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, when, he says, revolutionary ideas filled the air and infected him, he lived through that inspiring, fertile and dramatic age and through the vast upheaval of the world war in the present century.

Born in poverty, he worked his way up by dauntless courage, wide sympathies, vigour of soul, inflexible moral ideals, deep humility, to a high rank amongst his contemporaries. He was regarded by many as the Cromwell of his age—strenuous, sincere, uncompromising where principles were concerned, living and dying with undimmed faith in God and freedom.

Breathing his native air of spiritual freedom, unbought and unbuyable, he fought valiantly for liberty of conscience and speech, for the better education of the democracy, for oppressed nations, for the union of English-speaking people throughout the world, an International conscience and the solidarity of humanity.

In a copy of Emerson's essay on Self-Reliance, given to him by his Sunday School teacher, which he read again during his last days, he underlined two sayings:—

My life is not an apology, but a life.

Whoso would be a man must be a Nonconformist.

What Morley says of Gladstone is true of Clifford, that "all his activities were in his own mind one." This was one of the fundamental facts of Clifford's life. Political life was really a part of his religious life. Flattering pressure was more than once exerted by political leaders to persuade him to enter Parliament. Had he yielded—which he was in no danger of doing—he would have

INTRODUCTION

regarded his seat as a pulpit, his constituency as his Church, and he would have applied the noblest moralities to the activities of the State, and sought to use legislation to realize his loftiest spiritual visions. He preached in his Church to save the souls of his immediate hearers, but always with the greater end in view to keep alive the soul of England. His own inner life was fed by exhaustless springs of faith and love, and maintained in all its absorbing exaltation by daily efforts to improve the earthly lot of the people—physical, intellectual, moral—of whom he said, with his latest breath, “I was one, with whom I have and shall have to the last, infinite sympathy.”

For sixty years he held high place in the Evangelical movement, of which was born those great reforms which put an end to the slave trade, mitigated the worst features of our criminal law—which made more criminals—our filthy prisons, the inhuman employment of little children in mine and factory, and the oppressively long hours of labour of the working classes (of which he was himself, as a lad of ten, a victim), cleansed public life of many age-old corruptions, and swept away the lumber of superstition which burdened and destroyed the faith of many. To follow up these reforms, and, in pulpit and Parliament, to press for more and more, was to him an imperative religious duty. Writing to the Rev. A. Graham Barton during the Education Controversy in 1894 he declared: “Politics are one of the organs and instruments by which true Christians hasten the coming of the Kingdom of God. I hate the selfishness that leaves the world to the devil and loses the soul in uncertain and blind efforts to save it.”

He was a general in the noble army of those who fought for liberty of conscience.

Although his attitude to certain sections of the Church of England may have often seemed to be narrow, he was free from those littlenesses which too frequently mar the good work of good men; and, as this volume will disclose, he lived to be honoured by leaders of the Anglican and the Roman Churches. Throughout his letters and speeches, and according to the unanimous testimony of his fellow Church-workers, some of whom laboured hand in hand with him for half a century, he rose above the pettinesses which too often limit the co-operation of Christians in Church work.

INTRODUCTION

He travelled throughout this country, America and the Empire, preaching and lecturing to vast audiences, conferring with their principal citizens, and visiting their Universities. He took a leading part in their conferences and religious assemblies, and became a hero of the great Baptist Denomination, not only at home, but in America and Europe.

“What I desire in a biography,” he once said, “is to look into a man’s life and see the stock of ideas with which he starts ; to recognize the difficulties that he has to face, and that, facing, he conquers ; to watch him through his successful struggles, sympathetic with his falls and desirous that he may not only escape but may derive from these falls inspiration to ascend, we are led on from stage to stage in the man’s career, more and more enriched by what is presented to us, and inspired by what we ourselves hope to profit by.”

Some attempt has been made in these pages toward meeting that desire, and mainly by allowing Dr. Clifford, wherever possible, to reveal his own mind and heart in letters and diaries, autobiographical notes and spiritual confessions. Two biographies, however, of him appeared during his lifetime ; one by Mr. C. T. Bateman, was of considerable size, and is still in circulation through the Free Church Council. For the writing of that the author had the consent of Dr. Clifford and access to the then available material, but excluding the above. In the following pages the story is briefly told of his early struggles to obtain an education and of his call to his first pulpit and his last—that of Praed Street and Westbourne Park Churches—which grew with his intellectual and spiritual growth until it became the home of a great religious and educational work, and he a national figure exerting an influence that moulded the thought, inspired the ideals and stirred the conscience of many of his fellow countrymen, and of a multitude in lands beyond the seas.

This volume of letters and reminiscences (as Dr. Clifford wished it to be) is derived from sources which consist of forty-two diaries, written partly in shorthand characters, mostly his own, and in an extremely small and illegible longhand, mainly recording engagements, but every now and then reflections, opinions and confessions which reveal his innermost soul ; from a mass of corre-

INTRODUCTION

spondence, largely upon business matters, but amongst which a small batch of intimate letters to a very dear friend was recovered, a find which rewarded many hours of otherwise fruitless reading. His written sermons and his diaries of his travels remain practically undecipherable. His published sermons, particularly his annual surveys, run to several thousand pages. He was a prolific writer of letters to the Press which cover about one-third of a mile of print. No family letters, save of his travels, remain. But his joyous home life and his tender devotion to his wife are revealed in touching extracts from his diary, which it is no breach of trust to use, and which exhibit his saintliness in the common ways of life. Miss Kate Clifford, her father's secretary, has diligently searched through masses of books and papers to send me what was available, and has been most helpful in answering questions almost daily, for the family gave me perfect freedom to use whatever I thought necessary in writing this volume.

Dr. Clifford was anxious to relate in this volume the complete facts about the so-called Down Grade movement, in order to do full justice both to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and the Baptist Union, and, if that were possible, to re-unite the separated parties, which was his one desire in recalling this unhappy theological episode. And in the effort to do so he was greatly helped by Dr. C. H. Watkins.

It must always be remembered that Dr. Clifford steadfastly refused to be bound by any dogmatic creed or semblance of one, or to fasten a creed upon the lips of another. He had the root of freedom in his soul. He knew but one loyalty, and that with profound humility and ceaseless vigilance he strove to keep stainless—his loyalty to Jesus Christ as the Way, the Truth and the Life. To his friend of many years, the Rev. John Wilson, who had written to him a confession that he had always followed him in his application of the Gospel to the political and social needs of the people, Dr. Clifford replied: "My attitude towards Creeds, Cliffordian and otherwise, is one of persistent investigation, with a high resolve not to be misled by terms or confused by the clouds that emerge from the hoary past. I have told you before that I had my creed from my Mother when she told me to find out the meaning of Christ's teaching for myself and then to stick to it in scorn of consequence. That was the 'instruction' I received

INTRODUCTION

from one who was 'in Christ before me,' and had more influence on me than all theologians and bishops and ecclesiastics I have known. Sixty years in London have vindicated for me my Mother's advice. The "doxies," 'ortho' and 'hetero,' have interested me and do still, but the main purpose of my spirit, if I know it, is to *live at the vital centre and work from it.*"

Many admirers have been unstinted in their desire to help by relating general impressions, and some have given valuable specific assistance. Amongst these I am deeply indebted to his old friends, the Rev. C. W. Vick and the Rev. R. Birch Hoyle, A.T.S., for their generous help; the Rev. E. E. Hayward, M.A., his beloved honorary assistant for some years, who has contributed the intimate chapter on his home life; the Rev. Thos. Sykes, Secretary of the Brotherhood movement, who has related Dr. Clifford's connexion with it; the Rev. Thos. Nightingale, the splendid Secretary of the Free Church Council, who came into close association with him, particularly in the Personal Evangelism Campaign, and who has vividly told the story of Dr. Clifford's devotion to it, a story which is elsewhere supplemented by entries in his diaries; the Rev. W. T. Whitley, LL.D., the learned historian of the Baptist Church, who with expert knowledge shows the wonderful progress of the denomination during Dr. Clifford's life; to Mr. A. Shakespeare for statistics supplied; and for an intimate account of the union of the General and Particular Baptists, to the Rev. J. Fletcher, one of Dr. Clifford's oldest and most devoted living colleagues; Mr. A. P. Griffiths, the able editor of the *Westbourne Park Record*, and one of his oldest co-workers, who has so willingly supplied many particulars about his pastoral work and has kindly read the proofs of the Church chapter; to Mr. A. J. Mundella, who has read the proofs of the Education chapter; and to those honoured leaders of the Baptist Church, the Rev. Charles Brown, D.D., the Rev. J. C. Carlile, D.D., the Rev. W. J. Fullerton, and Principal W. E. Blomfield, D.D., for letters and reminiscences.

I am grateful to my friend the Rev. J. G. Henderson, who has most ably reviewed some of Dr. Clifford's printed books; to Mr. W. H. Ball (the devoted private secretary to Dr. Shakespeare, who, owing to illness has been unable to help as he would

INTRODUCTION

have loved to do) who, with characteristic willingness, has gone to much trouble to search the Council files for letters; and to many correspondents, too numerous to name here, who have sent letters and reminiscences which, although they have not been used owing to lack of space, have helped to verify dates and recall circumstances of interest.

Above all, I am indebted beyond words to my Wife, who has given many days to research and writing, and whose hand is seen in every chapter, and without whose unfailing help this volume, with all its faults, of which I am fully conscious, could not have been undertaken amidst ill-health and many and anxious duties in connexion with my own specific work.

April, 1924.

J. M.

DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, C.H.

Life, Letters and Reminiscences

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

"I came to have sympathy with the working classes, of which I was one; I have still, I have never lost it, and I feel it stronger to-day (1923) than ever . . . I was born in a time of daring social crises and crises of the soul."—JOHN CLIFFORD.

I

JOHN CLIFFORD had no time to look back. All attempts to persuade him to write his autobiography failed. But as life neared its end and sight had nearly failed, he began, when he could do nothing else, to scribble on the blank pages of old letters, on which he frequently wrote his sermons, "scraps of autobiography" in almost undecipherable longhand mixed with shorthand characters. After his death these fragments were discovered inside the worn and underscored copy of Emerson's Essay on Self-Reliance, which had been given to him by his Sunday-school teacher, and had been his inspiration and constant companion for nearly eighty years.

On the first half-sheet he wrote—"I began life in a factory and I have never forgotten the cruel impressions I received there of men and work. Ebenezer Elliott's prayer was on our lips daily—'When wilt Thou save the people?' Chartists were alive and eloquent. Feargus O'Connor, Thomas Cooper, Henry Vincent, William Lovett were fighting. Holyoake later was going to prison; Fox, the Quaker, was having his goods sold in Nottingham Market Place because he would not pay the Church dues. Edward Miall and J. P. Mursell were preaching for individual freedom. So I came to have sympathy with the working classes, of which I was one, who are said to form eighty per cent. or more of the population of these Isles, and I have it still and I have never lost it after eighty years, and I feel it stronger to-day than ever."

That confession, which would have begun his autobiography,

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

may appropriately open this biography. It indicates the social and industrial environment into which he was born, and which deeply impressed his character. Indeed, Dr. Clifford said as much. "I was born in a time of daring social crises and crises of the soul, a time harassed by the restraints of those in authority, but a time of daring aspirations of a struggling faith, permeated by idealistic currents, and also by a growing doubt as to the righteousness of the foundations upon which men may build abidingly."

His father bade him emulate the Chartists. For Chartism was born of the economic hardships and discontent of the working classes following the passing of the middle-class Reform Bill. The People's Charter, for which William Lovett drew up a petition for presentation to the House of Commons, included six points:— (1) Equal representation; (2) Universal suffrage (women included); (3) Annual Parliaments; (4) No property qualifications; (5) Vote by Ballot; (6) Payment of Members. The London Working Men's Association, founded by Lovett, sought to draw into one bond of unity the intelligent and influential portion of the working classes in town and country, "to seek by every legal means to place all classes of society in possession of equal political and social rights."

Delegates met in London in Convention to discuss the National petition, but there was division in their ranks, one side led by Lovett was for moral force only, and the other, led by Feargus O'Connor—"the evil genius" of the movement, as Clifford called him—was for physical force. The latter advocated boycotting non-Chartist tradesmen; defence of liberty by arms; withdrawal of all savings from the banks.

The death of William IV postponed the presentation of the petition to Parliament, and during the interval the leaders resolved to present an address in person to the young Queen praying her to dissolve Parliament and "to call to her Council such Ministers only as would make the cardinal principle of the People's Charter a Cabinet measure." But as the deputation were unable to appear in court-dress, "having neither the means nor the inclination to indulge in such absurdities as dress-swords, coats and wigs," they could not be received. Ultimately, a monster petition, with over a million and a quarter signatures, and nearly three miles long, escorted by 100,000 Chartists, was taken to Attwood for presentation. But the Debate on the Petition showed two-hundred-and-thirty-five members against it and only forty-six in its favour. The purpose of the movement, however, went forward to ultimate realization. But it was not a political and economic movement

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

only. The Chartist circular said "Charterism is not Christianity but Christianity is Charterism and vastly more." "If I am a Chartist," said one of the leaders, "I get my principles from the Bible."

Christian Chartist Churches were established. They advocated political freedom, total abstinence from intoxicating liquor, the dissolution of Church and State, and a social and religious reformation. They believed that they were putting into practice the teachings of Christianity and following the example of Christ Himself.

"I was brought up," Clifford wrote on another sheet, "to admire William Lovett and the advocates of enlightening Christian education as the best way of reform and to detest Feargus O'Connor as a wild demagogue and foolish advocate."

Another of the foremost Chartist leaders was Thomas Cooper, of the Leicester Chartist Association, of which John's father was an active member. Writing of Cooper soon after his death, Dr. Clifford said :

"One of the earliest names I remember coming from the outside world into my Nottinghamshire home is that of Thomas Cooper. I was only a school lad, but my father taught me to think of the Leicester Chartist with admiration and hope and of the Chartist cause with sympathy and approval. He was the boldest and most resolute advocate of the interests of the working classes, when their friends were few and fearful and their sufferings many and massive. He gave their dumb wounds a tongue, nor did words content him. He was as brave in deed as in speech. He 'was ever a fighter' and mostly a kicker. He fought the judges at Stafford and in London, and although he was incarcerated for two years he conquered his gaolers, reduced his privations, and turned his prison into a study. One of the sturdiest saints I have known in my later years was this first flesh-and-blood hero of my boyhood. Thomas Cooper's was one of the typical lives of our century and is full of instruction and inspiration."

"Young men and maidens," exclaimed Clifford in eulogizing his hero in later life, "facing the social and spiritual problems of this coming century may find courage and obtain light in fellowship with the story of Cooper, the Christian Chartist."

Chartists, he wrote in his youth's diary, had got hold of something. They did not know exactly what, but they were sure that something was utterly wrong.

The governing conviction of those who ruled the country when John was born was that the ignorant masses who were beginning to be influenced by revolutionary agitation, following upon the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

French Revolution, must be excluded by threat or force from all organized associations and public discussions, and be kept ignorant and submissive. In the House of Commons a Mr. Bennet, commenting upon the terrible punishments meted out to rioters, said that they "hung a woman to deter women, and they hung a child to deter children." At this period "the upper classes," say the Hamiltons, "allowed no values to the workpeople but those which the slave-owner appreciates in the slave." The working man had to be industrious and docile, not to think for himself, but to be loyal and obedient to his master alone, to recognize that his proper place in the nation was the place of the slave in the sugar plantation.

The courage to rebel against tyranny or unjust laws, the imagination that sees a better state of society, the brotherly sympathy of comradeship, "the public spirit that drives a man to denounce abuses or to lead a movement, all these qualities make a good citizen, but a troublesome slave." And Chartism developed these attributes of a free and worthy citizen. It filled the air with the cry for a better world. "I was only a lad of twelve," Clifford scribbled, "but I could not and did not escape the infection. It was revolutionary. The factory was full of it. Lads talked about the fall of kings as though they were ninepins, and expressed strange and wild hopes about the future. The Midland towns and the villages close to them were in a state of ferment, scarlet rhetoric abounded. Violence was not without its patrons on both sides. Trust in sober reason and persuasive education was not strong. What a world it was to live in! We cannot represent it to the imagination so as to obtain a fair estimate."

At that time, when Europe was in turmoil and kings and statesmen were agitated by the ominous use of the new word "citizen" as applied to the common people, the English nation was led by men who regarded this claim of common citizenship as a direct challenge to the established religion and to their own class civilization. "I started life," Clifford wrote on another slip, "with a keen desire to see men imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, responsible to the call of Christ, delivered from their oppressive surroundings, free to live the lives of men and not merely of animals. . . . The rise of the idea of the value of the individual had been suppressed by Industrialism. He was a serf, a tool, not a soul, not a spirit of the eternal: not a son of God."

It was a time when the employment of children in industry, in order to enrich the manufacturers and enable them to pay their taxes, was a shocking feature of English industrial life, regarded alas! as an economic foundation. There were free children and

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

bound children. The bound were workhouse children who were sent to the factories in cartloads. They were apprenticed to their masters from seven until they were twenty-one years of age. They were herded in 'prentice-houses near the mills, and between the mill and the house their young lives were spent in degrading monotonous toil, "often in a hell of human cruelty." Eye-witnesses asserted that they worked in stench, amid the constant whirling of a thousand wheels, their little fingers and little feet kept in ceaseless action, forced into unnatural activity by blows from the heavy hands or feet of the merciless overlooker and "the infliction of bodily pain by instruments of punishment invented by the sharpened ingenuity of insatiable selfishness." They fed upon the same food as their masters' pigs, slept by turns and in relays in filthy beds, working night and day shifts. If they were suspected of desiring to run away they were put in irons riveted to their ankles, in which they worked and slept. The cotton mills became the hotbeds of putrid fever, which frequently became epidemic. Some children were sold for a few pounds into this slavery. One imbecile was included in every batch of twenty. "Well can I recollect," said Lord Ashley—afterwards the Earl of Shaftesbury—in the House of Lords in 1873, "waiting at the factory gates to see the children come out, sad, dejected, cadaverous creatures; the sight was most piteous, the deformities incredible. They seemed to me, such were their crooked shapes, like a mass of crooked alphabets." The free children, so far as hours of work and treatment in the factories were concerned, were no better off than the parish children. They began at 5 or 6 a.m., young John among them. They left at earliest at 7 or 8 p.m., Saturdays included. They worked in a temperature of 75 to 85 degrees. The only break during fifteen hours was half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner. But the meal hours were often only a change of work, during which they cleaned the machines which had ceased running, snatching and swallowing their poor food in a cloud of dust and flue. "The flue choked their lungs and emetics had to be freely given to them to expel it."

Three-fourths of the children were jackers-off or "piecers"—which the boy Clifford became—that is, engaged in joining together or piecing the threads broken in the various weaving and spinning machines. Others were employed in sweeping up the waste cotton, or removing and replacing bobbins. The physical strain upon them was severe. The enlightened and humane Fielden who represented Oldham with Cobbett, and "shares the laurels that grace the memory of Shaftesbury and Sadler," made

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

an interesting experiment to measure the strain that the children endured. Struck by some statements made by factory delegates about the miles a child walked a day in following the spinning machine, he submitted the statements to a practical test in his own factory, and found to his amazement that in twelve hours the distance covered was not less than twenty miles.

Another of the men whom John's father told him to honour was Richard Oastler, who lived until 1861, and who, with Shaftesbury, devoted himself to stopping these unspeakable cruelties to little children in factories, and promoting the Factories Regulation Act to limit children's work to ten hours a day, although it was not until 1874 that the minimum age at which a child could be sent to the factory was fixed at ten years.

Oastler, relates John Clifford, was once in the company of a West Indian slave-master and three Bradford spinners. They fell to talking about their different labour systems, and when the slave-master heard what were the children's hours he was astounded. "Well," he observed, "I have always thought myself disgraced by being the owner of slaves, but we never in the West Indies thought it possible for any human being to be so cruel as to require a child of nine years old to work twelve-and-a-half hours a day, and that, you acknowledge, is your regular practice."

Such were the social, political and industrial circumstances of England less than a century ago, which constituted John Clifford's early physical and intellectual environment, and left a life-long impression upon his soul and fired him with the determination, never forgotten, to fight with all his might for the emancipation of the people. We shall discover the religious influences which lifted him above these conditions and determined his career as his life unfolds. "I often think," the scraps of autobiography conclude, "that the fairies above my birth and infancy came from the far-spreading woods of Christian, social and political reform. It is necessary to get beneath the surface of actual events to the permanent forces at work in the dominant ideas that persist through many changes and finally triumph over us. The Chartist activities were all directed toward securing opportunity for the development of the individual and specially of the weakest and the most wronged individual. They aimed at securing a fine and free life for each one. And that I wanted."

II

John's ancestors, before the previous generation, belong to the vast company of the forgotten. Only a wisp of information has

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

floated down the stream of time and their works have gone to the place where memory forgets. It is said that his great-grandfather owned some land, but lost it through intemperance in the family. No more of him is now known. His father, Samuel Clifford, was a stern man, a hard disciplinarian, a Chartist and a Calvinist, very poor but very upright, whom his son John feared and revered. He died before John's prime, leaving only the imperishable legacy of a good character. His mother, Mary Stenson, came of a Puritan stock and all through his life John's face lit up when the image, vivid to the end, of his sweet and gentle mother, came before him. Then he used to repeat the words of Tennyson: "Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womankind beats with his blood and trust in all things high becomes easy to him." She passed away in 1871.

"I came of Baptist stock on my mother's side, three of my uncles having been Baptist preachers; on the other side, of Methodist stock. My grandmother lived to be ninety-nine-and-a-half years old and when she was between eighty and ninety she walked four or five miles to hear me preach."

From these he inherited the raw material wherewith to make his life, and he himself was to live to be called the last of the Puritans.

With these natural endowments wedded to a frail body, John Clifford was born on October 16th, 1836, at Sawley, a small village about nine miles from Derby, within a mile of the gardens, he recalled, where Feargus O'Connor attempted to work the charter. In his childhood days it was a very quiet, sequestered village, a lovely spot on the banks of the Trent. There are now two stations on the railway each about a mile away. The village contains an interesting old parish fourteenth-century church, which has some pre-Norman remains. Two miles away is Long Eaton, anciently a chapelry in Sawley, but now a flourishing small town, mainly dependent on lace and its very large railway sidings (Toton Sidings). Nottingham is ten miles away. The Nottingham-Birmingham main road, *via* Ashby and Tamworth, passes through Sawley. Between the village and Long Eaton a district (new twenty-five to thirty years ago) called New Sawley has sprung up, and practically there are houses all the way to Long Eaton, where, later, young Clifford went to work. John was the first of a family of seven—two sons and five daughters.

On one occasion Dr. Clifford was asked as to the relative value of his parents' influence. "My father," he explained,

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

“seemed to have been brought up on the severities of Puritanism, whilst my mother exhibited its gentle and more joyous side. His was of the stern and somewhat rigid description. Hers was sweet and hopeful. He thought that in order to become strong and vigorous one should bear hardships. For instance, he would never wear a muffler for this reason, and I have often heard my mother and father have a friendly discussion on the point. He would argue that the absence of throat covering made that part of the system less sensitive to cold and naturally hardened the individual, whilst my mother thought that the risks were too great and would vote for the muffler.

“All that was punitive came from the paternal side of the household. If I had been punished (as I was once, I remember) by my father, and sent to bed without supper, my mother contrived to come up to my bedroom with a word of sympathy, a gentle rebuke—and something more material. All the softer, pathetic things in life seemed to be associated with her influence.

“My father does not seem to have thought it any hardship that I should have to get up at four o'clock when I started work in the factory. He used to do it as a boy, therefore there could be no reason why I should not rise at that time. When he called me in the morning he would lift me bodily out of bed and place my feet on the cold plaster floor and away from the piece of carpet by the side of the bed. In this way he thought to wake me up and prevent the return to bed. He never prayed audibly in the family for he used to say that he did not possess the gift of utterance. He used to sing, however, for he loved singing, and was the leader of the chapel choir at Beeston. My mother prayed beautifully and not only at home, but at the prayer meetings held by the church would take part in the devotions.”

Another occasion brought forth: “I think of Cowper, as he looked at his mother's picture and cried out, ‘O, that those lips had language,’ so I think of the image of my mother, an image never out of my sight. It haunts me through all the years, the quickening memory of a marvellous power, felt even to this hour. ‘O, that those lips had language.’ I know that that love, though passed many, many years ago out of human sight, is still potent, and yet works upon this earth.

“It was the thought of my mother's prayers,” he continued, “which made me invite women to pray at the week-evening meetings when first I settled at Praed Street. That caused some surprise at first, for the members had not been accustomed to such service on the part of woman.”



DR. JOHN CLIFFORD'S BIRTHPLACE

The cottage at Sawley, Derbyshire, where he was born, Oct. 16, 1836.

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

And on his seventieth birthday he again recalled them. "Others amongst us cherish in the home of our affections the unforgettable portraits of two personalities radiant in the beauty of saintliness and adorned with the halo of self-denying patience and unflagging toil. And as we remember that their self-denials have become our wealth, their sufferings, the draughts of our joy, their pain and spiritual yearning, our life and strength, we say, 'Ah, sainted pair of toilers, stained with the dust of the road of life. If we forget you may our right hand forget its cunning and our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth!'"

At the time of his marriage with Mary Stenson, who was herself a mill hand, but mostly worked at home as a lace runner, his father was employed as a warp-machine worker in Shaw's Yard, Sawley. These machines in Samuel Clifford's time were mostly operated by hand, some few by treadle. In John's day steam power was coming into more general use. But he remembered the unemployment, riots and high prices caused by the displacement, by steam, of the hand machines. He preserved the records of a number of instances, and appears to have re-read them towards the end of his life. Two which he specially noted may be given :

Early on Monday last (April, 1842) the market day at Rochdale great crowds from the neighbourhoods of Oldham, Royton, Heywood, and places adjacent, flocked in for the avowed purpose of lowering the prices of provisions, it having been previously intimated by evil disposed persons that such an illegal act would then be effected. The parties placed themselves in groups of about 50 or 60 in different parts of the town, and each group endeavoured to collect around them the inhabitants of the town and country, by using inflammatory language ; but much to the credit of the latter, few, if any, seemed disposed to join them. The military being called out, and the Riot Act read, the rioters were soon dispersed, without any other damage being done ; and about 11 o'clock good order was restored.

A large factory at Westhoughton, near Bolton, was burnt down on Friday, by about 50 incendiaries, but no material damage has been done in the town. Several suspected persons were apprehended, and all was quiet at the date of our advices.

On Monday night last about 11 o'clock, Mr. Trentham, of the house of Trentham, Tierney, and Morton, in the weaving trade, was waylaid on his return home by two ruffians. Just as he was about to step up to his door, one of them placed himself before him, and presenting a pistol, shot him through the left breast ; the assassins then made their escape. The report of firearms having brought the neighbours to the spot, surgical assistance was immediately procured, and the ball was extracted from the back a little below the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

left shoulder. Mr. Trentham being 63 years of age, little hope is entertained of his recovery. The Corporation of Nottingham have offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of the villains; and it is expected that Government, before whom the transaction has been laid, will make a similar offer.

Government sent off yesterday reinforcements to Nottingham, consisting of two rifle companies of the North York.

III

In the working-class home there is not much opportunity for tabulating the sayings and doings of the little ones. The mother's duties are so many and, although she takes a loving interest in each, only a few things stand out from others, clinging to the memory like ivy to the oak when the children have long left the old home. For this reason there is nothing of peculiar interest in the life of Clifford's childhood. "My first recollection," he once wrote, "is the possession of a very big dog upon which I used to ride . . . there is little else standing out distinctly in my recollection beyond the forms of two or three Sunday and day-school teachers."

John's first school was at Sawley. In those days, however, the Church of England was the only means of education in many villages, and in Sawley, before the Baptist School was started, the clergyman in charge took advantage of his position and charged double fees to those scholars who did not attend the Church Sunday-school. The Baptist day-school adjoined the small Baptist Chapel, which was the home of the Cliffords' activities, and was built in 1800 and enlarged in 1843. The narrow burying ground was in front, the day-school adjoining. The school was founded by Mr. William Parkinson, in 1844, who left the sum of £400 for this purpose; on one condition, however, that the school, although Baptist, should be open to all. It was at first only a small affair, but as the years went by it increased until it had an average attendance of one hundred and twenty-five scholars and four teachers. Later, a new infants' school-room was built and Dr. Clifford, as he had then become, returned to perform the opening ceremony. It was of this school that Dr. Clifford's uncle, John Stenson, became master.

John must have been very young to go to school, for the family left Sawley when he was about three or four years old. "It was the day," he said, "of straight strokes and pot hooks, of the mastery of the alphabet, and of words of one or two syllables, and the one and only outstanding incident is that of a somewhat severe punish-

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

ment for upsetting a pot of ink. To this establishment," he adds, "I used to ride on the back of my big dog."

The family then went to live at Beeston, near Nottingham, and he was sent to the Wesleyan School in Chapel Street. The personality of the schoolmaster seems to have stamped itself on the mind of the child, and no wonder, for he must have been an oddity.

"I cannot," he wrote, in a fragment of autobiography, "escape his presence: his short, thick-set figure, roughly clad, his dark, shaggy hair, large and mobile lips; his obtrusive and self-assertive nose, and his black eyes flashing out an angry light, made all the more disconcerting to a small boy bent on mischief by a squint which rendered it impossible to be sure in which direction he was looking. Added to this, his means of locomotion were somewhat limited, for he had a wooden leg, and as he found it somewhat difficult to go to any youthful offender he would throw a ruler at the culprit, command him to bring back the instrument of punishment, and then deal out several severe strokes on the palm of the hand."

On one occasion John arrived home with bruises upon him administered by his schoolmaster. He had tried to conceal the fact, but his mother soon discovered it and went for the dominie. "What the influence of that maternal intervention was on me with regard to my teacher I do not remember, but it was one of the many acts that rendered my mother more adorable than ever in my eyes."

Their stay at Beeston was interrupted by removal to Lenton, where he attended the Baptist school. He recalls his schoolmaster, "Daddy Rowell." "He was a good man and true, severe but not brutal, kind but not weak, authoritative but persuasive, firm but always just. I cannot stir up a single recollection of his methods, or what he taught. His character, I feel. It seems to be in me. The impression of his strength, his wisdom, his goodness, his inflexible truth abides. He was a Baptist local preacher, and his school was held on the premises of the Baptist Chapel; his influence is repeating itself in many lives."

From there young Clifford went to Baron Lane National School, under Mr. Godler, at Beeston. Here he remained a year, but he said: "I remember to this day (1906) the fuel he supplied to the fires of ambition (which my mother had already kindled in me by reference to her brothers in the Ministry), by his talk of Oxford and the aids it offered to learning. But all these castles tumbled to the ground, as I had to leave school for the factory."

It was one step, taken without a break, from this short schooling to the lace factory. The child's working day in those blessed times

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

was, as we have seen, sixteen hours long. "I have worked," his youthful diary records, "from four o'clock on Friday morning all through the night to six o'clock on Saturday evening, and then run home glad and proud with my small wage of two shillings and sixpence to my mother—like a king." His work, as we have said, was to splice the ends of cotton from bobbin to bobbin to keep the thread unbroken.

He next became a threader and worked in a gang preparing the "carriages" and the "bobbins" for the big machines. There was no time to be lost, it was continuous work. If they fell behind, the machines would be delayed, so that they very often worked far into the night, with the foreman setting one gang to compete with another. John's food was sent from home—coffee in a tin, bread with a bit of cheese, or butter, though butter seldom, for "we still felt the effect of the Corn Laws"; meat possibly once a week. The next step was to help a man mind two machines. He was thirteen years old and felt himself quite a man.

After a season he became expert at his mechanical task, and his awakening intelligence seized upon the opportunity afforded by his manual dexterity to read as instinctively he plied his finger and thumb. His master discovered this and he was accused of wasting his time over books. But John pluckily asserted that he could both read and do more work than other lads who only worked; he challenged a trial and won. Thereafter the lad was allowed to read at his job. It was a significant victory. One of his books was Emerson's *Essays on "Self-Reliance," "Spiritual Laws," "The Inner Soul,"* given to him by a sagacious Sunday-school teacher. "I regard that volume," he said, "as one of my most precious souvenirs of the past. Emerson became one of the most potent forces in shaping my life. I learned from him the value of ideas, the way in which they enter into and pervade human life, how they are worth more to a man than all the money he can accumulate; how they go to determine the course he takes, the successes he wins, the temptations he meets, and the service he renders to men." This very book was in his hands the week he died, seventy years afterwards, and from it, in the proper place, we shall read again a few of the passages which helped to make him the man he became.

But the boy's health gave way; he was removed from the factory and sent to Messrs. Pearson, nurserymen, where in time he recovered, the outdoor work bringing back his vigour. He remained in the gardens for about a year, after which he went back to the factory, but to work under other conditions.

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

He was promoted in the factory to the position of book-keeper and head of a department. "I often think," he says, "it was a strange position for a lad of sixteen. I was one of two in charge of the lace-mending department, with 150 women, whose work we had to inspect." His employer, Mr. Robert Felkin, soon began to take a special interest in him and to lend him books. "He was a fine type of man, a good employer, as were many other owners of factories at that time, though the factory system, which had sprung up rapidly owing to changing conditions, brought many evils in its train."

At this time he had for Sunday-school teacher Mr. Septimus Thornhill, who, in long winter evenings, took the lad to his home, gave him lessons and lent him books. He was keen after knowledge, his mind was open to anything that came his way, and, fortunately through his friend, he found the right mental food. This gave him an advantage over other boys in the factory. There was one other to whom he was indebted for stimulus at this time, that was Mrs. Turner, widow of a distinguished Unitarian minister.

"I can never forget," he says, "Mrs. Turner's visits to my home when I was a little boy. I see her now; her tall figure, her serene and beautiful face; I hear her gentle, persuasive voice, and I feel as though her words gave me some faith in myself, and constrained me to look at the future through mists of hope. I thank God for her serene and strong ministry to me."

Sunday was the one day off. "Very vividly," he wrote in 1922, "do I recall my Sundays of seventy years ago. First and foremost, they were days of rest from exacting and wearying toil. From early Monday morning to late Saturday night we had worked hard. There were no half-holidays. No Factory Acts limited the hours of labour for lads; and Sunday was longed for as a day of complete change and rest-giving activity. It was 'The Pearl of Days.' It started with a Prayer Meeting before breakfast. Then followed Sunday School and the usual service, and so on till the close of the day. Those days shine like stars in the sky of the past."

And now occurred the great and transfiguring event in John's life. "At the evening service at the Baptist village Church, about November 1850, at the close of the prayer meeting, and after some five or six months of misery and wretchedness, of sustained efforts to get free from the burden of conscious guilt, of battle with the evil in the heart, I experienced quite suddenly, in a moment, spiritual emancipation. The fetters seemed to be broken by one stroke, and into the liberty of the children of God I leaped as in an

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

instant. The burden was off my back, the spirit was free and glad and joyous. That experience is associated with the verse of a very familiar hymn which was sung at the time, when it seemed as though a light shot from the very face of Jesus Christ into my heart.

The soul that longs to see My face
Is sure My love to gain,
And those that early seek My grace
Shall never seek in vain.

Somehow, I do not know how—I cannot explain it—along the lines of that hymn there came to my soul the assurance of forgiveness. The beautiful simplicity of God's marvellous plan of salvation appeared clear to my vision; I grasped the hand of the Father, led thither by Jesus Christ, and rejoiced in the sense of sin forgiven, the soul free, and the future bright and all-inspiring."

His conversion lit up the face of nature and thrilled his whole being.

Writing of it during the last months of his life he said :

"At the time of my conversion and for weeks afterwards, yea, months, I was startled and enriched by visitations from the God of Nature. I used to go, sometimes in the early morning hours of Sunday, and before the prayer meeting, which began at seven, to the top of Butcher's Lane, away from the houses and on the skirts of the woods and there again and again looking up into the blue and placid sky or on sunlit fields all aflame with warm light, my young heart was suffused with a feeling of reverence for the Eternal Spirit that ruled all things, and with a love for that Eternal Father who cared for me as my mother did, and understood me and my yearnings as she did not. God was real to me—the invisible was a felt presence—an actual power moving in the mystic depths of my nature."

Seven months later, on June 16th, 1851, John was baptized by the Rev. Richard Pike. He would have remembered on this impressive occasion that his mother had been baptized in the River Trent and had walked home in her dripping garments. It will be seen in later chapters in the entries in his diary, year by year, how joyfully he kept the anniversary of this, to him, wonderfully auspicious day. "I stood at the edge of the baptistry along with ten other persons on the morning of that day. I was the last of the eleven. I was a mere boy, and in the presence of that crowd, my mother and father looking on with emotions that can only be understood by a father who has seen his own children baptized and make a public avowal of discipleship to Jesus Christ

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

I bore my testimony to what I felt of love and devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I was baptized. Was it of any use to me? I simply bear my witness—that that day marks definitely the accession of great power to my conscience, a quickening of my sense of obligation such as does not characterise any single day since; and hence every recurrence of 16th June is to me a most memorable time, because it recalls that baptism into a quickening of the conscience, which set me, in full dependence upon God, to a full-hearted determination to obey Him, such as enabled me to escape many perils, and to bear a continuous witness for Jesus Christ. I was known from that day, through the factory where there were hundreds of folk at work, as one who had lifted the Christian flag, and I was responsible for keeping that flag aloft. I felt that the reputation of the Church was in my keeping. If I were untrue, false or dishonest in anything, I damaged my Church; if I lost my temper, I injured that Church; if I was not genial and kindly and considerate, I injured that Church; and this consciousness drove me to God, so that every morning I sought, with the utmost earnestness, that I might be kept through the day from doing anything that would discredit Christ, whose name I had professed, and the Church into which He had brought me. I say for myself, that was distinctly the fact."

Admission to the Church in those days was a long process. The candidates had to undergo a close examination in the presence of grave and reverend seniors as to their beliefs and experiences. "It proved a painful process in some respects for the young, but beneficial in others, since it compelled some of us to think our way through our experiences and to confess our ideas of God and of the interpretations men had given to His Gospel."

Three entries in the Church minutes of the time are worth notice—April 29th and June 16th, 1851, and August 7th, 1855, being the dates of his acceptance, baptism, and first sermon.

His soul, lit by the light of Heaven, and brought to the burning point of public testimony in his baptism, was now turned Godward and his life's career determined. The despised Chapel of the Dissenters, the spiritual home of his parents, soon gave him the opportunity to testify to his change of heart. As in the business of the world, so in the business of the Church, he began at an early age. He vividly recalls his first sermon. Writing later he said: "Soon after I was converted the idea of the ministry seized and held me. My first sermon was preached in the little room in connexion with the Nether Street Baptist Chapel at Beeston.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Five of us used to gather there, and, after locking the door, having bound the chapel-keeper to secrecy, we practised preaching, seeking in this way to train ourselves for what was known as the work of the 'local preacher.'

"One candle was on the mantelshelf over the fireplace for the group of listeners, the other two were placed on what was called the pulpit, at the end of the room farthest from the fire; the pulpit being little more than a rude, long box without a lid, and with one side knocked out, and then set up on four legs and topped with a piece of wood to serve the purpose of a desk."

Mr. Pike, his minister, who was watching the lad, and had already discovered signs of ability, warmly encouraged him to continue; he advised him to prepare a sermon for criticism. This sermon, entitled "The Leaven of the Pharisees which is Hypocrisy," was discussed with Mr. Pike and, after much time and trouble, it was thought well of. As a result, John was asked to become one of the "Nottingham Local Preachers." Accordingly, he had to prepare a sermon as a test and preach it in church.

"It was fully written out and was as fully read. There was no looking round the room on the part of the speaker, no eye for the audience; the steadfast gaze was on the manuscript, and great was the relief when, in a hot perspiration, I uttered the customary 'Amen' and proceeded to announce the hymn which was to conclude the service."

"In much fear and trembling," he says, "I entered that pulpit, not terrified by the audience, for the living figures of which it was composed were scarcely discernible in the gloom, but agitated by feelings of awe and dread—awe in undertaking so responsible a task as that of preaching the Word of God, and dread that I should fail in my task. I was too timid to snuff the candles, lest in my nervousness I should repeat the mistake of T. N. who, on a former occasion, had imperilled the seriousness of the service by extinguishing the dim light he so sorely needed."

Of the sermon itself he says: "The text was significant in many ways. It was Psalm XXXI, 19: 'Oh how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee: which Thou hast wrought for them that put their trust in Thee before the sons of men!' What optimism shines through that inspiring outburst! What breadth of view! How cheerful and sustaining its judgment of the present! How exultant its outlook! How grateful for the enriching past! I have often thought, since, that the text selected by me when I was but still in my 'teens, was prophetic of the optimism of which I have been so often accused,



Photo: E. J. Rowan.

GENERAL BAPTIST CHAPEL, NETHER STREET, BEESTON, NOTTS

Erected, 1806; Enlarged, 1836

John Clifford preached his first Sermon in this building

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

and in which I rejoice still with unwithered faith and unrelaxed grip.

“The ground covered could hardly be narrow : for with a youth who has little to say, it is not only wise but necessary to take a wide field. I did. Indeed, from the beginning I have had a preference for subjects of extensive range, affording ‘ample room and verge enough’ for everything I could wish to say. My deep reverence for the Scriptures, combined with the lesson my mother taught me, that the work of the preacher was to express the real meaning of the Word of God, has always kept me from the perilous practice of taking ‘snippets’ of the Bible and using them as mere ‘motto’ texts. The subject of my sermon was ‘God’s provision for believing men.’ There were four divisions, very obvious and very simple, and not a little crude : (1) God’s goodness stored in Creation ; (2) in Providence ; (3) in Redemption, and (4) in Heaven, each division ending with the text, and the whole finishing with a reference to the good fortune of men who fear God and put their trust in Him before their fellows.

“My Sunday School teacher had given me Dr. Thomas Dick’s ‘Christian Philosopher,’ published by William Collins ; at that date a wonderful book and quite a revelation to me, and the first division of my sermon contained abundant proof that I was greatly indebted to the contents of Dr. Dick’s famous work. Another book I had read in part—it had been lent to me—‘The History of Redemption,’ by Jonathan Edwards, and it was laid under contribution for the second and third parts. On the fourth division I knew, or thought I knew, more than I do now. How poor and feeble that sermon was I need not say. I was hardly more than halfway through my ‘teens. I had left school before I was eleven, and had worked in the lace factory, when the Factory Acts were not yet applied. To be sure I had sought knowledge early and late, from books and from men, in the street and in the fields ; but I am appalled at the crudities of these first efforts, and surprised that the ‘Secret Society’ should have arranged for me soon afterwards to speak at the Young People’s Prayer Meeting held on Sunday evenings before the usual service. This I regarded as a favourable verdict on my first sermon, and complied at once with their request.

“Whether my audience went to sleep or not I cannot say. I think they ought to have done so ; but certainly they did not assist in the sermon as one did a year and a half afterwards in the neighbourhood of Sandiacre. Then I was fully established as a ‘local’ and had my appointments. Gradually the amount of written paper

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

for a sermon had been diminishing, and on this occasion I was talking without a fully-written discourse, about the interview of Christ with Nicodemus, and, unfortunately, called the latter Nathanael, and instantly a generous soul shouted out at the top of his voice, 'Thou mean'st Nicodemus, lad.' "

In one of the last manuscripts he wrote he gives a more detailed account of his associations with the Rev. Richard J. Pike and his uncle, the Rev. Elam Stenson.

His mother, Mary Stenson, had three brothers, Silas, John and Elam. These three more than any others exerted a fruitful influence upon him.

"When I was fifteen," he says, "I visited my uncle, the Rev. Elam Stenson, at Nuneaton. The incidents of the journey from Beeston to Nuneaton are nearly all forgotten, but his figure is as definite and his habits and spirit are as sharply outlined in my recollections as though the visit were only yesterday. His severely simple attire of sober grey trousers and black vest and coat; his necktie of fleckless white; his perfect unvarying neatness; his serene placidity of demeanour; his pleasant, genial face; his calm, quiet flow of speech; his faultless order and regularity; his step, quiet and still as footfalls on the snow; and the singular sweetness and purity of the atmosphere of the home, all come back to me to-day as the picture of a plain and unpretending life of real goodness—a life without passionate thrills and exhausting excitements, but full of heavenly peace and real service; a life shut out from the hurrying and noisy world, but shut in with the airs of heaven and the visions of eternity. That brief boyish episode has floated before my vision ever since as a sweet and gracious verification of the Saviour's 'Peace be unto you,' and as an attractive example of a plain Puritan pastor's life in the middle of the nineteenth century. . . .

"I recall the awe with which I looked at his stock of sermons, written mostly on slips of waste paper—the paper sadly discoloured, and the writing small but distinct, and very closely packed, as though paper cost something. . . .

"But I was most impressed with his talk on preaching, and gained from it an idea of the Puritan 'Sense of God' that has never left me. To him God was not, as Matthew Arnold suggests in his criticism on Puritanism, 'in the next street.' He dwelt in the soul as in a home. He was the One Reality, the actual Living and Ruling Jehovah. With a subdued reverence and a contagious awe, he spoke as though God was the real tutor of the preacher, and the true training of the minister came from Him.

ANCESTRY AND EARLY INFLUENCES

College training was good and necessary, but the genuine preacher was made by habitual communion with, and unreserved subjection to, the Eternal. I believe the talks that I had that week made me, in degrees that I can never estimate, 'a partaker of the Divine nature.' "

Of the Rev. R. J. Pike, his minister, he wrote: "He was the fourth son of the Rev. J. Gregory Pike, of Derby, widely known as the author of 'Persuasives to Early Piety,' 'Motives to Perseverance,' 'The Guide for Young Disciples,' and other works. Of high repute as a preacher, he took a pioneer part in the creation of the General Baptist Missionary Society, and served it with great devotion as its first secretary.

"The first picture I have of him is not in the pulpit, but in my home, talking to my mother, asking questions about me. The families of the Church came under his personal care.

"I remember how he asked me to go once a week after my day's work and read the Scriptures to an aged saint of nearly eighty, thereby showing his care for the old, and also offering me a golden chance of enriching my own immature faith from the deep and rich experience of one of the pilgrims to the Heavenly City. His watchful solicitude was specially directed toward those who were troubled and perplexed and needed to be reminded of the exhaustless sources of consolation.

"Mr. Pike not only criticized the sermons I was encouraged to submit to him, but talked with me freely on the subject of preaching and on the influences which had moulded his mind and shaped his character as a preacher. Two persons, he said, had placed him under great obligations in that regard, his father—one of the really great preachers of that time—and Richard Baxter. . . . An indescribable awe was in his utterance. His preaching entered into my soul and searched it through and through and conveyed a message fitted to abide and bring forth fruit."

Two years of local preaching opened up his new way of life. His parents and fellow-members of the church, who were more susceptible to the Spirit's leading, as their chapel was devoid of all priestly pretensions, were guided to single him out for the ministry.

Referring to these village influences he says: "I am grateful beyond expression to the village church that reared me, commended my first sermon, and at length sent me to college with its benediction. How important was the moulding influence of the little village church. Every little bit of work was brought to the Church meeting, and the youngest member as well as the oldest had a voice in everything. The sense of responsibility for

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

the life of the Church which this created in young members, was worth an incalculable sum. That is one of the ways in which these village churches did, and still do, a great deal for God. They keep people alive, and impel them to do their own thinking."

To the end of his days he loved to visit the village churches. Writing to Mr. W. S. Aldis, in 1912, he says that the delay in answering his letter was due to his vagabond life. "I have been much away from home and chiefly among village Baptists, who are a perpetual joy to me."

We have seen that, on his mother's side, there were those who had answered the call, and had given their lives to the service of the Church. He came of a preaching stock. He had "preaching blood in him" as one old hearer was heard to say. His pastor, too, had guided and encouraged him continually, and now it was largely through his instrumentality that in the spring of 1854 the Baptist Church at Sawley recommended him to the Baptist Academy at Leicester, which he entered in September, 1855, a month before his nineteenth birthday.

Analysing the influences of his early days sixty years later, with the saint's humility, he told the young people of his church: "I come to the conclusion that there is precious little of myself in it. The divine uplifting forces of godly parents, the benign, though genial influences of kind friends, the atmosphere of the village Christian community, the power of books, and especially of *the Book*, fill so large a space as to reduce to the smallest dimensions the force of personality, which, indeed, becomes little more than that which blocks out evil in life, and opens the gates of being to those outside influences which one allows to mould his life."

CHAPTER II

STUDENT DAYS AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY

"When I went to college my mother said to me, 'John, find out the teaching of Jesus, make yourself sure of that, then stick to it no matter what may come.'"—JOHN CLIFFORD, 1855.

"If ever I have been in any moral difficulty, if I have had any spiritual or ethical crisis to face, if I have come to a point where the roads of life have diverged, and I have been compelled to ask, 'Which way must I take?' I have never appealed to the teaching of Jesus Christ in vain. Not once. And I have had some crises."—DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, 1923.

I

FEW records remain of his college career. Being in a reminiscent mood during his last days he recalled how, with glowing enthusiasm and dazzling visions, he set out for the college with his mother's injunction recorded above ringing in his ears, and what he encountered at the entrance.

"I regard the time I spent at the Midland Baptist College in Leicester as two of the most interesting years of my long life. I look back to them with the deepest thankfulness, and count them amongst the most formative of my experience.

"It was a great, free time. I have known nothing exactly like it since. Occasional visits to Nottingham had led me to think the village of Beeston a prison; the prospect of dwelling in Leicester shone before me as an emancipation; the opening up of the universe. Leicester was a wonderland, and arrival therein carried all the fascination of a discovery. Infinite treasure awaited me there. The illimitable possibilities of life opened out to view. 'Castles' of beauty and splendour crowded the air. The spirit was stirred, stimulated and astonished. Life was, as Chesterton says, 'bright as a diamond' and yet 'brittle as a window pane.' It was super-saturated with ineffable charm, whilst in its perils it was 'terrible as an army with banners.' In its demand for work it was prosaic enough, and yet full of practical romance. It offered security, but it was on the edge of a yawning precipice. It thrilled with its call for a life always at the top of its energy; and yet it filled the spirit with trembling and fear at the menacing chances of mistakes. It was, at once, a deep joy and a fierce terror.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

“The first time I caught sight of that Midland ‘Jerusalem’ that terror was at its worst. I had dared, as a mere youth, to apply for admission to the Baptist College in Spa Place, Humberstone Road, as a student for the ministry, and I had been summoned to appear before the Examiners. No text books were set in those days. No programme marked the path the inquisitors would take. I had gone through the ordeal of preaching my trial sermons; but I was prepared for that by about two years’ experience as a ‘local preacher’ in the villages round Nottingham. Meeting the examiners was an entirely different thing. It belonged to the unknown. ‘Examinations’ were not the familiar factors in a lad’s life they have become since; and, according to an old proverb, the realm of the unknown is the realm of terror. Certainly that testing hour in Spa Place College seemed a veritable Gehenna to me. The Rev. Thomas Stevenson, minister of Archdeacon Lane, was one of the examiners, and the soft tones of his voice soothed my agitation, helping me to acquire some command of myself and my limited resources. The Rev. Joseph Goadby, secretary of the college and editor of the *General Baptist Magazine*, and the venerable and venerated principal of the college, the Rev. Joseph Wallis, giants of the ministry of that day, sat along with him at the head of the table in the examination room. It is a theory of the philosophers that we never forget, and that all that is requisite to disinter the buried treasures of the memory is a shock of sufficient force to lift the superincumbent mass and reveal to the consciousness what is at present hidden from sight. That sufficient shock I had not yet felt. Not a trace of the character and content of that examination am I able to recall; but I conclude the judges were satisfied, for the Principal spoke gracious and kindly words to me before I left; the committee accepted me and I entered college at the beginning of September, 1855.

“With pictures of college life, of the men, the classes, the round of work, the fun, the frolic, the prolonged debate, the chastening collisions of will, the disciplinary influence of life in common, I could fill this sheet. Alas! most of the men have passed where ‘beyond these voices there is peace,’ and I only am left of all those at college with me.

“Of student hobbies I don’t know that I had any except reading,” he said. “Books undoubtedly held an important place among the formative influences of my student life. Knight’s ‘Pictorial History of England’ was lent to me, a great work extending to four bulky volumes, and I read it all through, making notes as I went along. The habit of reading with pencil in hand was one

STUDENT DAYS AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY

I learned from my minister. Another piece of advice which I remember and have adopted is this : ‘ Don’t read much, but master one or two books thoroughly.’ I don’t think a better thing was ever put before me for mental drill than the advice to adopt this plan of reading.”

The *General Baptist Magazine* was eagerly read. In a note he wrote to the last number at the instance of the Rev. J. Fletcher, then the editor, he said : “ Somehow the *General Baptist Magazine* seems to be a part of my life. Before I knew anything of its contents I saw it frequently in the hands of my parents, and heard that it had been cherished by our ancestors from its dawn. It formed part of the literary diet of my boyhood and student days along with Bunyan’s ‘ Pilgrim’s Progress,’ Hervey’s ‘ Meditations Among the Tombs,’ and a Bible that carried with it the additional charms of the Apocrypha.

“ As soon as I received my intellectual regeneration—a change which quickly followed my conversion to God—the treasures of the magazine became a hundredfold more precious. The horizons of life were widened out towards all England and India. There was a quickening of interest in ministers and in churches, in sermons and songs, and such a string of youthful ambitions as he only knows who starts life in the narrow areas and dim lights of village life ! ‘ Why not,’ said the tempter, taking occasion of an arresting denominational occurrence, ‘ why not ascend this literary mount and sit near its summit ? ’ I yielded, and with much fluttering of heart sent off some ‘ poetical ’ effusions to the editor—but never saw them again ! All that was permitted me, in this grave crisis of my life, was to see the name that in my modesty I had assumed, printed on the inside cover of the magazine, in the midst of the ‘ Notes to Correspondents ’ and after it the words ‘ Declined with thanks.’ Is it surprising that I discounted ‘ thanks ’ presented in such ominous conjunction ? But I had already struggled into enough Latin to say to myself, ‘ *Nil Desperandum.* ’ I did not despair, nor did I give up a magazine whose editor was unable to appreciate the budding gifts of those who would be his contributors. No, I read and worked on till an editor of the very magazine *asked* me to contribute to its pages ; and then, lo ! there leaped up as in letters of fire, ‘ Declined with thanks.’ Forthwith I assented, and found my way into the august denominational organ of my boyhood : and actually in 1870, whilst still a mere youngster, was lifted by the love of my brethren and comrades into the editorial chair itself, and was not suffered to get out of it for the space of fourteen years.”

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

II

But he had his periods of doubt. "For four years my Christian life was comparatively undisturbed. I think I may say, perhaps, that I held my mother's faith, not having interrogated the beliefs which I had accepted as to their bases." But after he left home and came into these entirely different surroundings, he received his first shock. "Questions came to me as to the reality of the basis upon which Christianity rests. Is Christianity historical? Are the teachings of Jesus Christ true? What is miracle, and what is its place in the life of the world? Questions like these surged in upon me in my nineteenth year, and for a considerable period—for some six or seven months—I was living in a land of darkness and of drought, where the spirit found no nourishment, and where anxiety followed anxiety, apprehension followed apprehension. The only thing I could say for myself was that I believed in right; whether there was a God of Right or not I could scarcely say, so thoroughly was my confidence shaken. Every part of my intellect seemed to be infected by doubt, and for months I was battling with these perplexities; but I had made up my mind that at least I would stand by the right, feeling certain that it was better to be right and true, whether there was a God or not, than to be wrong and to be false; and so I went through what I have often thought of as a crucifixion. . . . Whilst I was struggling with those inner difficulties, He, Himself, like a refiner, was sitting over the furnace looking at what was going on, and waiting to see the first intimations of the purifying of these times of trial upon my spirit."

III

A few memories remain of his student life. His lifelong friend, the Rev. W. E. Winks, recalls: "If in his college days you had chanced to see him disporting himself with his fellow students for a few minutes after dinner or supper, you might have called him a boisterous youth, full to the brim of frolic and fun. But if you had followed him to his study you would have said that no one could be more grimly in earnest, more persevering with the work in hand. He thought nothing, in those days, of twelve hours' hard labour, and often did what some would call a good day's work before breakfast."

"I may mention that just about this time the dramatist, Sheridan Knowles, paid a visit to the town and gave the students several lectures on elocution, not altogether, as some old-fashioned

STUDENT DAYS AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY

folk thought, to their advantage. Some of the young men over-shot the mark in imitation of their dramatic instructor, so that they were told that what they needed was a little less action and a little more unction in the delivery of their sermons."

On another occasion he said that perhaps the influence upon him that was most marked in his college days was that of Mr. Wallis. One incident he well remembered :

"After I had been at college about three Sundays, I was appointed to preach at a chapel in Leicester. I went with very much less fear and trembling than I should probably do now, and preached from the text Acts v. 41 and 42. In the course of the sermon I did a great deal of denunciation of the faults and foibles of Christian people . . . unaware of the fact that my tutor was there. The next morning I was summoned to his room. He said two or three eulogistic words about the sermon, which I rightly judged to be the prelude to censure. He pointed out that it was a little indiscreet for a young man, eighteen years old, to indulge in such wholesale reproaches. 'I would advise you, Mr. Clifford,' he said, 'to throw away your pepper-box and take a pot of honey round with you.' That piece of advice altered my style." In the heat of the Education controversy which Dr. Clifford led fifty years later, Mr. W. T. Stead recalled that this advice had left a lifelong impression upon Clifford's character, and that although his clerical opponents did not find very much of the pot of honey, yet he had the happy knack of approaching everything from the point of view of sympathy, that he was genial in the midst of controversy, and when the fight was over no one was more ready to shake hands and be friends.

"The first opportunity I had of hearing John Clifford preach," continues the Rev. W. E. Winks, "came to me when he was in his second year at the Leicester Academy. My father announced from his pulpit at Carley Street Chapel, 'Our young friend, John Clifford, of the Academy, will occupy this pulpit next Lord's Day. I am sure you will all be glad to hear him.' Well, we *did* hear him. He was not by any means a 'quiet preacher,' as the phrase went in those days. Like every other chapel in the town, we had at Carley Street our quota of people who looked for a restful time during the sermon. But eyes, ears, even mouths were opened at the clarion call of the fiery youth. . . .

"Not content with the delivery of his message, the young student stood at the door of the vestry inviting any seekers after salvation to come in and let him talk and pray with them." We must bear in mind this early interest in personal dealing with

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

young people, when, in the last years of his life, we find him inaugurating the campaign for personal evangelism.

The Governors of the Midland College sent the students out to preach in the villages, and in Clifford's case this proved to be of lasting value. They were kept well at work in the week, but the demand for their services on Sundays was insistent. "On the first Sunday I was at college, and before I had attended a single class, I had to go as far as Smalley in Derbyshire to preach twice, but after the day's work was done I walked twelve miles to see the mother I had only left three days before."

Nor was it possible, even had the students time, to see much of the churches during the week. The multiform week-day activities of to-day had not taken shape. "There was quite an air of novelty about the week-evening Bible class I started at Dover Street; and when I gave a temperance address at a Band of Hope meeting at Vine Street, as I did soon after my arrival, that movement was in its infancy. But I remember two of the mid-week preaching services were well attended. The Rev. J. P. Mursell attracted a considerable company at Belvoir Street on Wednesday evenings by the vigour and freshness, the lucidity and strength of his discourses; the students, too, often visited Gallowtree Gate on Thursday evenings to listen to the inspiring words of the Rev. Dr. Legge."

IV

Among the potent influences at work upon our student were his close and growingly intimate communion with his tutors, fellow-students and leading Free Church ministers whom he met. Amongst these early influences he placed high that of the Goadby family, which had given four sons to the ministry. They filled a large place in the world of his student life. "Of the heroic leader of the band, my father and mother used to talk as we sat by the fireside, recounting the self-sacrificing and devoted deeds of the earlier General Baptists. Joseph Goadby the first was regarded with affection and reverence in many a Midland home, and in our circles he was accounted one of the bravest of the brave, and truest of the true. Joseph the second I knew. He was one of the arresting figures of the Quarterly Conferences and Annual Associations held in the villages and towns of the Midlands in my boyhood, and I well remember him as a doughty champion, battling against all comers, for what he thought to be right and true. It was to him that I had to write that 'painful' letter

STUDENT DAYS AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY

of application for admission as a ministerial student to the General Baptist College.

“After I had been at College only two years, I received an invitation to a pastorate, and I forwarded it to him as secretary of the College. By the next post came an epistle which settled that question irrevocably, and made it easy for me to stay in the College. The same swift and sure sanity of judgment marked his correspondence as to leaving the institution at the end of my third year, and carrying on my ministry at Praed Street Chapel whilst attending classes at University College, London. His was a robust spirit, a sure-working intelligence, an entirely honest mind.

“But it was with Thomas, the second son, I was chiefly intimate. He was in Glasgow University when I began to think of the ministry, and as I heard how he had won a scholarship and secured his university advantages, it dawned upon me that perhaps I might follow his example. His poems on Alma and Inkermann and other themes appeared in the *General Baptist Magazine*. Echoes of his Sunday afternoon lectures at Coventry, fashioned after the pattern of Hugh Stowell Brown’s at Liverpool, and Arthur Mursell’s at Manchester, reached me. Then after I had been in London a little while he came to the great city, and though five miles away on the other side of the metropolis, yet the fact that our churches were related as grandmother and grand-daughter brought us together, and we were happy comrades in the service of the kingdom of God all the time he was in London. Deeply did I regret his removal to Derby, but his subsequent appointment to the Principalship of our College filled me with joy, for I knew the College had found the right man, and my friend had found his right place.”

It is instructive to note in view of Clifford’s later attitude towards modern theological thought and the “Down Grade” movement, that he made long notes of Principal Goadby’s conversations upon the urgent necessity for the readjustment of theological beliefs, and of his endeavour to secure a truer exegesis as the basis of a broad evangelical faith: “One of the chief needs of the time,” he said, in a conversation with me, “is to familiarize the minds of Christian men with the idea and results of the study of Biblical doctrine in its origin and historical development. He resented the notion that modern Biblical criticism is wholly negative and destructive; it is essentially, though slowly, constructive and quickening.”

Amongst the men outside the stated ministry, Sanders J. Chew, who had been a Baptist minister, but was now a picture dealer and second-hand bookseller in the High Street, was most con-

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

spicuous as an evangelizing enthusiast. "He led my feet to the corner of Campbell Street, near the Midland Station, where I preached my first open-air sermon; and he also started a series of Gospel services on Sunday evenings in the old Town Hall, one of which I had the courage to take. It was in his shop I had my first gossip with Arthur Mursell, then just escaped from Bristol College, and on his way to his ministry; and at Mr. Chew's house we often gathered after a hard day's work to listen to music finely rendered and songs brilliantly sung by Mrs. Chew."

Of other outstanding events of that time he recalls the oration of Louis Kossuth on behalf of Hungarian freedom. "What a welcome Leicester gave him!"

He went, as often as the good chance allowed, to hear the great preachers who visited the Midlands. He revelled in these opportunities of learning how to preach. Indeed, all through his life, one of his joys was "to go to hear leading preachers of all denominations," and his diaries record many such visits and his impressions. In his last reminiscences he recalls some of the preachers of his student days, and how they influenced him.

"The far-famed Dr. Raffles came from Liverpool, James Parsons from York, John Angel James from Birmingham, Dr. Legge and J. P. Mursell from Leicester, Dr. George Smith, Baldwin Brown, Binney and others from London; and the young people of the Churches walked three or four miles to see and hear them and catch the inspiration of their message. I kept notes of their visits and outlines of their sermons. Legge and Mursell I heard often. Dr. Legge, the brother of the Professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, was an entirely honest, outspoken and thorough-going 'Independent.'"

The Rev. J. P. Mursell had the distinction, not only of following Robert Hall, the most celebrated pulpit orator of his day, but also of maintaining Hall's work, increasing its efficiency and widening its influence in the town of Leicester. His spirit was magnetically fraternal; but his convictions forced him to the front in the advocacy of the "Liberation of Religion from State patronage and control," and he was one of the first to join Edward Miall in the creation of a society to accomplish that result. He and others in Leicester carried their protest to the point of resisting "the spoiling of their goods," and Mr. William Baines was thrown into prison for conscience' sake. Again and again Clifford acknowledges Mursell's great influence upon his mind and thought.

But to Clifford, as he indicates: "The one man who stands

STUDENT DAYS AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY

out head and shoulders above all preachers of his time was the Rev. Thomas Binney. The news of his visit to Nottingham was as fresh water to a thirsty soul. His sermon was over an hour in length, and its power was irresistible and unforgettable. He preached with surprising strength and ease ; when he was halfway through he halted, took out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then said with a smile, ' It is hot for you, but what is it for me ? ' and after giving his hearers that momentary rest, he resumed his speech and his spell, and maintained it to the end."

" Binney impressed me as an ample, all-sufficing man ; as having every kind of power, physical and intellectual, emotional and spiritual, of will and soul, as one who could do any work he wanted to do. He was born and trained to lead, to diffuse light and life, thought and energy. . . . His language was simple and strong, plain and direct. He avoided embroidery ; frills were an abomination to him. . . . He did not stand before his audience as if he were an actor ; he penetrated into its mind and heart as a prophet of righteousness sent from God."

One day Clifford eagerly started for Wellingborough, " whither I went to hear the young man who had already filled England with his name, and was rapidly finding a place in the thought of the world," and with whom he was to be brought into critical association in the Down Grade Movement.

" C. H. Spurgeon did not restrict his ministrations to London. He visited and spoke to the countryside. And how the people flocked to listen to him ! I was one of a group that travelled from Leicester to Wellingborough to see, hear and study the new planet that had appeared in the Free Church heavens. Opinions were divided about him. Where lay the secret of his amazing power ? Was it in his doctrine ? Hardly, for that was only fresh in that it blended most daringly teachings that the theologians had set over against one another. Spurgeon, in the sermons of that day, was half Calvinist and half Arminian. Was it his voice ?

" All agreed that it was an organ of exquisite sweetness and strength, and that his mastery over it, however acquired, was unquestionably complete. It was always musical and never harsh, not even in his loudest tones, and in its quietest and lowest modulations always easily heard ; in his fine and faultless elocution ; in his felicitous choice of language without a word that was difficult to understand ; in his clear, logical arrangement of his material ; and, above all, in his transparent and dominating purpose to bring men to God by the Gospel of Christ. . . . A living,

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

burning reality, preaching with tremendous force, was the secret of his power. So completely was I absorbed in what he said that I had to postpone all consideration of how he said it till the sermon was ended."

Dr. Vaughan had forecasted the arrival of a new era in the modern pulpit of the 'fifties. That era had dawned. Binney and Spurgeon were its harbingers. They pioneered the liberation of preaching from the polished fetters and dignified but crippling traditions of the past. They were original. The younger men were alert and some of them aggressive. Four theological students in one college broke away from the orthodox teaching in which they were being trained; in other colleges trouble had arisen; new departures were made. "The revelation of God in the Bible," said Clifford, "was declared to be a growth; as indeed a superficial reading made clear to those who had eyes to see, and an understanding of its substance fully confirmed. Geology compelled men to give another setting to Genesis; sociology forced preachers to insist on a higher and universal ethic; the discoveries of the men of science enlarged and vivified the conception of God."

Of Dr. Underwood, who became the principal of his college during his third year, and whose successor he was destined to become at Praed Street Chapel, Clifford recalls that his first glimpse of him "was on June 25th, 1851. . . . Very distinctly do I remember the feeling of disappointment which took possession of me when the 'Rev. William Underwood, of Praed Street Chapel, London,' slowly ascended the pulpit stairs. I suppose I had expected, as youths will, a man of portly presence and of arresting size, from that wonderful London, the London of the 'Great Exhibition'; and lo! I beheld only a long, limp, attenuated and altogether ordinary mortal; but the sermon so impressed me that the text and the preacher have been inseparably associated in my mind ever since. The text was, 'To whom we gave place by subjection; no, not for an hour, that the truth of the Gospel might continue with you.' . . . Chiefly it is to his careful work, along with that of his beloved colleague, Rev. R. W. Stevenson, M.A., the Baptist churches, at home and abroad, have been indebted for between forty and fifty ministers and I for much light and leading."

V

Similar testimonies to the influence of many another preacher upon John Clifford could be multiplied. We have seen how he loved preaching in villages during his student days. The sturdy,

STUDENT DAYS AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY

independent heroic disciples whom he met strengthened his own faith. Their example burned like a flame in his soul. Sometimes he would walk eighteen miles on a Sunday and preach twice. These village churches kept alive the evangelical truths in days when faith slumbered and slept. When Clifford was at the full tide of his ministry he returned to one such—Barton-in-the-Beans—on the occasion of the third jubilee of the village church. Writing of his visit he recalls the early Baptists and their influence upon him and upon the evangelical revival :

“ God has known this village of Barton-in-the-Beans on the western ridges of Charnwood Forest for one hundred and fifty years, and has wrought marvels of grace and power in, and from that inconspicuous centre, whose issues are operative to-day, with incalculable energy, not only over large breadths of middle England, but notably amongst the sons and daughters of our empire in India, as well as in other parts of the earth. For in 1745, this verdant hamlet was the birthplace of a society of believers in the Lord Jesus, which afterwards became the prolific mother of hosts of spiritual children. It is nearly forty years since, as a student for the ministry, I stood with much fear and trembling in the Barton Fabis pulpit ; and gladdening as it was to see the familiar faces of many dear friends, none of us could or would forget those ‘ angel faces ’ which ‘ we have loved long since and lost awhile.’ Nor were those others out of thought whose faces we never saw, but whose loyalty and courage, self-sacrifice and devotion, had made our heritage of faith and truth and goodness so unspeakably precious.

“ The third jubilee stirred the pulses of memory and reminded us that the advent of the ‘ Barton Society ’ was nearly coincident with the birth of our Modern England, with that auspicious morn when the breath of the Evangelical Revival was beginning to blow healthily over a country whose churches even had lost the ‘ name to live ’ ; they were so utterly dead. Wesley and Whitefield never knew their share in this Barton work, but it was indisputably real and great. David Taylor, one of the first of the preachers in the villages of the west of Charnwood Forest, was a servant of Lady Huntingdon, and had heard the Word of the Lord at Donington Castle ; and Joseph Donisthorpe, the Normanton blacksmith, another village evangelist, was brought to ‘ feel concern for his soul ’ by the Methodist preaching of that time. They and others like them came to Barton, and after going through the burning flames of persecution in their effort to preach the Gospel, a church of seven members was formed in the house of Whyatt the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

carpenter, and 'Messrs. Kendrick and Dixon were chosen elders, and Mrs. Kendrick elderess.' How sane are men and women when they give free course to the spirit of God and build their societies according to the principles they find in the New Testament! Greatly daring, these Christians no more hesitated to ask Mrs. Kendrick to accept office in the little Society than they shrank from going from house to house preaching to their friends and neighbours. . . .

"In the next half-century, besides planting churches in other villages in Leicestershire, they sent from the old home into the foreign mission field, and into the ministry, men and women of splendid consecration and burning enthusiasm; and to-day, in addition to a large number of separated and independent children, the Mother Church owns seven chapels, provides seating accommodation for over fifteen hundred persons, and gathers her congregations from over a dozen villages. From Twycross to the Leicester Forest, a distance of twelve miles in one direction; and from Market Bosworth to Markfield, a length of eight miles in another direction, she extends her evangelistic and beneficent operations under the leadership of her two faithful pastors, Revs. J. R. Godfrey and George E. Payne, and a company of courageous and self-sacrificing local preachers.

"Let those who despise the village Free Church produce the annals of one single State-protected village organization that can match the simple but eloquent story of Barton-in-the-Beans.

The healing of the world is in its nameless saints.
Each separate star seems nothing,
But a myriad stars
Break up the night and make it beautiful."

VI

We have now seen some of the sources from which John Clifford derived his faith, which moulded his life, and helped to make him the man he became.

His student days are now nearing their end. In his second year at College, Clifford acted as Student pastor at Market Harborough from June 28th, 1857, during his vacation. The Minute Book of the Church records that his services were so acceptable that a meeting of the Church was summoned at which he was first by a show of hands, and then by an upstanding vote, unanimously invited to become its stated minister. To this invitation the Minutes record:



JOHN CLIFFORD AT 21 YEARS OF AGE

STUDENT DAYS AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY

Mr. Clifford wrote :

I assure you it is with no little grief that I write this note to reply to your kind invitation to accept the pastorate of your church. My sorrow is caused by the ardent affection which has been excited in me towards you as a Church and the deeply pressing necessity that I feel for declining your invitation.

The Church Minutes add : " A second appeal, couched in the most convincing and persuasive manner Bro. Harris could command, and he was an able scribe, failed to cause John Clifford to turn from his purpose."

But he was not to be left to complete his course of training. Within six months of this refusal, Praed Street Baptist Church invited him to become its minister. His tutor, the Rev. R. W. Stevenson, did not wish him to accept at once, but to remain at least another year at College. He wrote :

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

I duly received both your note in answer to mine and also your epistle of yesterday's date. From neither of them, however, can I gather clearly whether it is the wish of the friends at Praed Street that you should go there at once, or whether they are willing to wait twelve months for you.

If the former I should most decidedly advise you to say " No." If, on the other hand, they are willing to wait until the middle of July, whilst I should scarcely like, without a further knowledge of circumstances, to counsel your acceptance of the call, I certainly cannot advise a hasty rejection of it.

Providing they are willing to wait, and you are inclined to accept, I should advise you to make up your mind to matriculate next July. With patient application during the coming session you may do it, and the thing will then be off your mind.

I should then say, in October, 1859, join *two* of the classes in the University College, which will cost you about £15 per annum, and attend two classes a year for three successive years. You may then, if all be well, take your B.A. degree, and, I think, do it with ease and credit. . . .

It will not, I trust, tend to make you vain when I say that, in my opinion, God has endowed you with considerable ability for the acquisition of knowledge, and has bestowed on you powers which, with a large and liberal culture, may enable you one day to render good service in connexion with the cause of Christ. On the other hand, without this extensive culture I believe that you will be more than usually prone to fall into the errors of half-educated persons.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Trusting that you will make this subject a matter of earnest prayer, and fully believing that in answer to that you will be guided to the right decision.—I am, my dear young friend, yours sincerely and affectionately,

R. W. STEVENSON.

After prolonged consideration our student decided to accept the invitation on the definite condition that he was to have full time to pursue his studies at London University.

The original faded letter which he wrote to the Church, accompanying a more formal acceptance, has been preserved by Miss Dexter, the granddaughter of one of the leading elders at that time. Mr. T. P. Dexter had written to him telling him of the unanimous call of the congregation and how they wished him to commence his ministry without delay. As Praed Street and Westbourne Park Church will be the only church of which he will be minister, it is important to discover at length in these letters the attitude of his mind and soul towards the ministry, and this church in particular.

BAPTIST COLLEGE,
SHERWOOD RISE,
NOTTINGHAM,
September 16th, 1858.

To Mr. T. P. Dexter.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I was very much pleased with the warm and genuine outburst of feeling conveyed by your letter. There is no question as to your sympathies—none as to your friendship, and I hope none as to those sympathies and that friendship being as warmly reciprocated by me.

I have just now re-read your letter, and it still seems warm with the heat of affection and fragrant with the dews of blessing. I do most heartily endorse your closing expression, i.e. the hope that this slow process of communion may be quickly exchanged for one at once more speedy and more felicitous and more beneficial. And I not only hope for this, but if our Heavenly Father permit, I have strong faith that ere long we shall have closer union and experience, greater mutual good through that union. At present it is a matter of faith (as you will see by learning the contents of a letter I sent by this post to Mr. Brown). My condition and relations are such as that it would be most unwise (as far as I see at present) to *leave* the College without the sanction of the Committee. Let me say that the more I think about this subject, the more I pray about it, the more I am convinced that it is my duty to commence my pastorate at Praed Street as soon as I can consistently with my relations and duties to this College. To act up to this conviction is my daily study and I

STUDENT DAYS AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY

shall most assuredly take those steps which will eventually secure my presence, labour and happiness amongst you.

I do believe with you (as you expressed it in Hyde Park during one of our rambles) that it is the Will of God that I should come amongst you early. Circumstances of such a nature have transpired as are calculated in every sense to enforce this upon my attention, such for instance as the absence of all design and manœuvre in my coming first of all. The universal sympathy excited—the advantages of a literary character in connexion with the sphere—these and other minor things in appearance, relating to the inner spirit too sacred to be soiled with ink—too spiritual for the touch of pen—things that may be felt but not seen—that are known without the intervention of the senses—these are amongst the indications afforded that to come is the path of duty. Hence I have two feelings in coming to Praed Street. One of solemn responsibility and another of cheerfulness—I feel almost ready to ask—Shall I not fail? Can I perform all the duties of the pastoral office with that fidelity and care they demand and at the same time attend to my educational duties? Am I sufficient for these things? No, verily, but my sufficiency is of God. The Almighty Father never sends a man to do a work for Him without promising him help to do it. God will help—God will bless. Hence I feel glad and rejoice at the prospect of working for my Saviour and King. It is a matter of profound and lasting joy to consider that I am using God's means for saving men's souls and advancing God's glory.

This it is that makes me, while I tremble, still rejoice. I tremble at the extent and character of the work to be done. I rejoice in the privilege of doing it.

But, my dear brother, you know as well as I that I *shall be powerless alone*, therefore I shall be anxious for two things in connexion with Praed Street, as the introduction to something fuller, i.e. an increase in prayerfulness of spirit and of individual effort for the saving of souls. These two things I must press again and again. Each member must *pray* and each member must work or else the Church will not prosper. I may *preach* for half a century *without these* helps and do nothing, *with them* I may preach a month and do much good.

We must have *more prayer* to lay hold of God and secure this blessing and *more work* to lay hold of man and secure his sympathetic effort.

While I am here, will you do what you can to prepare the way for the reception, *more full*, of such truths and the practise of such actions. I should very much like a chat with you and friends Morgan and Brown on these matters; it is such a slow way of expressing one's thoughts in this letter system.

I shall be much pleased to hear from you as speedily as possible.—I am, my dear brother, yours most sincerely and cordially,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

He also wrote to the Deacons of Praed Street Church.

September 15th, 1858.

After prolonged consideration, devout prayer and humble trust in God, I have resolved to come in the strength of the Lord God and commence my Pastorate over the Church at Praed Street on the third Lord's Day in October—the 17th of the month. I do trust and fully believe that this step is ordered by the Lord and therefore I walk in it. I pray that the great Jehovah may consecrate our union and make it abundantly productive of good to men and glory to Himself.

I need not say, make my coming known, so that the members of the Church may all be very earnest in prayer to God for His blessing to rest upon me.

May the God of Heaven bless the Church.—I am yours, in the love and faith of the Gospel,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

His college life is broken, but his student days are not over. Young and ill-equipped, he is launched upon what will prove to be his life's work—his first Church and his last. Immediately before him are eight years of hard and continuous study at the London University, from which he will emerge with high distinctions; and likewise the exacting and multifarious duties and responsibilities of a pulpit and church which will develop rapidly under his enthusiasm and devotion, and open up to him a long life of great and noble service to his country and his God.

CHAPTER III

MINISTER OF PRAED STREET AND WESTBOURNE PARK

"The charm of this Church has lain first in its magnetic homeliness ; secondly in its glorious and noble freedom ; thirdly in its cordial and hearty invitation to all service ; fourthly in its sublime optimism ; and fifthly in the sweet restfulness and holy serenity which has been engendered in the heart of this institution as a Christian Church."—DR. CLIFFORD.

I

THE origin of Praed Street Church was on this wise. Alice Ludford, a true-hearted Leicestershire Baptist, was converted in her eighteenth year. Leaving her country home she came to London and settled in Paddington.

Her first efforts were directed to the discovery of her "own people." But the nearest General Baptist Church being at White-chapel, she united with the Wesleyans and devoted herself to Christian work in connexion with their organizations. It was as she was visiting the sick one Sunday afternoon, with her alert eye, open heart, and ready will, a new vocation came. In an underground kitchen she found a young man and his wife from Norwich, in poverty, the husband prostrated by disease. Conversing with him, she discovered that he was a General Baptist and an occasional preacher. "By God's grace," she said, "we'll get you out of this place, and if you can preach, when you get better, you shall." Her spirit and character are revealed in the account she herself gave of this incident : "He was nearly starved to death ; neither he nor his wife had anything on but filthy rags. I immediately betook myself to my old weapon, prayer, and begged my dear Lord to spare the man, and that after so many unhappy years he would bless my soul with a Church of my own persuasion in Paddington, which would stand for ever to shake the devil's kingdom. I felt sure my prayer would be answered, but at that time I could not see how such a thing could be done—for I myself was only poor."

Health came to the invalid, and with noble venturesomeness Mrs. Ludford furnished a back room in Praed Street for him to live in, and went in quest of chairs and pulpit for the front room

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

for him to preach in. This self-sacrificing woman met the whole cost herself, but being two pounds short, pledged her best cloak for that amount. Mrs. Ludford next found a chapel-keeper, begged for him a pair of shoes, and bought him a new coat. And now armed with a preacher and a candle-snuffer, in September, 1827, the place was opened with a congregation made up of the preacher and his wife, Mrs. Ludford, and her "deacon," Mrs. Ludford's sister and a few children. "For some time no one came," she said, "but we kept on preaching and praying." Being in need, they announced one Sunday a collection for the minister, and lo ! a new visitor, Mr. Wileman, put ten shillings in the plate. It was the gift of her son-in-law, referring to whose visit Mrs. Ludford exclaimed : "I shall never forget the flurry I was in when I saw Mr. Wileman come." And then she adds : "All the while the preacher was at his work I kept praying that the Lord would touch Mr. Wileman's heart and make him one of us." Her prayer was answered and he joined the little flock.

"The next day he came and said, 'Whose seats are those in that room ?' and I said, 'Mine, but I owe £2 on them.' He gave me the money and the cloak was taken out of pawn." Prosperity attended the faithful toilers. The Praed Street room became too small and larger premises were secured. These also became too small and the lease of a piece of ground in Church Street, Edgware Road, was taken in 1831, and a building erected thereon for £1,700, capable of seating five hundred persons. It was dedicated for worship December 27th, 1831, and the Church was formed at the beginning of 1832, by transfer from Commercial Road. So Praed Street Church was founded. It is a vivid illustration of the way in which the self-reliant and loyal dissenters of earlier days overcame all difficulties in promoting their faith.

By 1837 there were one-hundred-and-twenty-five members at Church Street, under Jabez Burns, and at the same time J. Ferneyhough held the pastorate in Edward Street, with eighty-six members. After a time, owing to financial difficulties forty-five members left Church Street and joined with Edward Street community when they went to Praed Street Chapel; and on March 14th, 1841, Dr. Underwood became the pastor. His ministry extended over eleven years, ending in April, 1852. In 1853 the Rev. Samuel C. Sarjant, B.A., a graduate of Glasgow University, was invited to the Pastorate. He relinquished the charge in 1855. On March 9th, 1856, the Rev. J. J. Owen came and remained pastor until 1858. Then for six and a half months there was no established pastorate and the Church declined.

PRAED STREET AND WESTBOURNE PARK

The day after his twenty-second birthday John Clifford entered the pulpit of Praed Street as its minister, "an audacious youth," he said, when he was eighty-seven.

An autobiographical fragment, written in 1923, says :

"It was a small community : only a little over sixty all told. It was not rich in the wealth of this world : but it was rich in faith and mighty in its grip of the conviction that it had a witness it was bound to give to truths and principles vital to the progress of the nation and the moral sway of the Kingdom of God. The members of that Church understood that they were 'legatees of the Reformation' and bound to carry out and apply its principles.

"They were Baptists and held fast the right of the individual to liberty of conscience."

Praed Street quickly felt the impact of the new pastor's enthusiasm and devotion. The erstwhile nearly empty church filled with eager listeners. He proposed scheme after scheme to develop its work amongst the young. Within a few months he had become so well known that the General Baptist Association asked him to address the assembly. There was some opposition to an invitation to one who had just emerged from College, but Dr. W. Underwood, one of his predecessors in the pastorate of Praed Street Church, who, as we have seen, was the Principal of his College and his classical tutor, who had prophesied great things of his favourite pupil, upheld the appointment. Clifford more than fulfilled their expectations. At a meeting on the following day, some critics said : "Speech, did you say ? It was not a speech, it was a battle-cry, a rousing shout from beginning to end." "And quite right, too," said one of his friends ; "he obeyed the prophetic injunction, 'Cry out and shout, thou inhabitants of Zion, for great is the Holy One in the midst of thee !' "

Among the men who welcomed Mr. Clifford to Praed Street were Joseph Morgan, whom he described as "true as steel, tender as a mother," Edward Brown, the Secretary, "quiet, genial, poetry-loving," and Thomas Poynton Dexter, "one of the three deacons when I accepted the pastorate, and he soon became a cherished friend, a helpful companion and a welcome comrade." All through his ministry we shall discover that he put unstinted trust in his deacons, who reciprocated with affectionate loyalty. The young pastor and Mr. Dexter spent their Saturday afternoons in reading the Latin classics together and discussing questions of literature, philosophy and politics. So friendships were cemented that lasted through the years. "Never at any time," says Dr. Clifford, "have I had any trouble with church officers or people.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

excepting such as have arisen from what I call the 'tyranny of their love.' My debt to my Deacons is immeasurable."

The little church, thus situated, with few people and low funds, had been neglected, and was in a bad state of repair. They could offer their pastor £100 per annum only. But these facts did not deter the young man with a wide horizon. The people were in the neighbourhood, and it was his business to reach them. On one occasion Clifford was asked why he succeeded at Praed Street and replied, "I could eat periwinkles with a pin, which is an allegory"; it means that he could make himself at home with the humblest of his members. He never allowed anything to come between him and his pastoral duties. The conditions under which the people lived were often distressing, and when disease came it rapidly spread. Burns Court, he recalled in 1923, "was within two hundred yards of Praed Street Chapel, and consisted of houses badly built—with sanitary conditions worthy of the dark ages, the stench and filth of the court were unbearable, and the ignorance and poverty of the inhabitants appalling. Visitors told me fearful tales of the violence of the dwellers when it was dark and of the impossibility of securing any attention to the better things of life. It has gone now and the Metropolitan Railway occupies the ground." On one occasion, visiting some sick members of the Church, Mr. Clifford was infected with diphtheria, and for some time his life was in danger. But he pulled through and was soon in harness again.

At the end of his first year, in his first Church report, he set out his views of the spiritual and social work of the Church.

"We exist as a church and congregation, not only for our spiritual improvement, but also and specially for saving the souls and bodies of the people in the neighbourhood in which we are located. We have a private object—the consolation and help of each other in the endeavour after spiritual manhood. We have a public object, the decrease of the evils of society, and the increase of individual and social good by the dissemination of the Gospel of Christ."

Sixty years ago it was a daring thing for a minister to take for his Sunday evening theme anything referring to current events; but he was already a convinced social reformer. One instance will indicate his methods. He had only been a few weeks at Paddington when a disastrous fire occurred close by, and several lives were lost. He at once advertised that on the following Sunday he would preach upon the calamity, with the result that the church was crowded and several strangers who were there after-

PRAED STREET AND WESTBOURNE PARK

wards became members. Steadily the clouds began to lift from the little Church, the congregations grew week by week, the prayer meeting, which had almost expired, took on a new lease of life and had to be removed from the vestry to the church. The week-night lecture and the Bible class increased, and a quickening hope arose in the hearts of the people. At the close of the first year, forty-two had been added to the Church by baptism, thirteen by transference from other churches, five by restoration, and thirteen had been added to the number of communicants, seventy-three in all. Amongst those who were baptized at his first baptismal service was Mr. J. Wallis Chapman, who afterwards became the architect of the Westbourne Park Church. Let us for a moment follow one or two points in the first New Year's address of our twenty-three years old minister, to discover the breadth of his views and his unusual degree of strong good sense. This address discloses his methods throughout his ministry.

"You will find some persons," he said, "who chiefly need persuasion. They do not demand conviction of the truth of the Gospel. They have had that for months. They need no 'Essays on Evidences,' no sermons on doctrine. The intellect is gained for Christ. . . . In the general object of His mission they see that which pleases them. And in their own life there is beauty. Charming is their conversation. Their friends praise them for their good disposition and steadiness. Let us not be rash there. These are not far from the Kingdom of God. Erroneous methods, though well-intended, may repel. It is true the heart is not changed, the soul is unsafe. Yet, 'be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' Say little of sin: they won't understand that yet. To them there is no sin other than crime. Speak rather of the pure, sinless Jesus. Charm them by the picture of His immaculacy. Show them the unsullied brightness of His character, and they will understand the prophet's words, 'Our righteousness is as filthy rags,' and the prayer will be offered, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"Others," he continues, "need argument. Within them there is a love of truth and a hate of intellectual serfdom. They say, 'Let me see; take away the darkness from my eyes. Give me more light.' They fear deception and enslavement. There is good intention, but mistaken view. Meet these, my friends, with a perfect chain of convincing argument, take them to the great facts and foundation principles of the Gospel Church. Centre their attention on the cardinal truths of Scripture. Waste very little time in speaking of matters which are trivial compared with

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

those to which I allude. The apparent discrepancies of Scripture, the difficulties of a surface nature may be left. Go to deeper ground, ascend to higher truth. Endeavour not to confine such spirits within the limits of a creed, but take them to the emancipating truth of Jesus. Show, with the manliest intellect and the most brotherly heart, that Christianity is not an abstract speculation, but a body of man-redeeming facts. Show that Jesus Christ was not a system, but a living, loving person, the 'God manifest in the flesh!' "

Here we get the true John Clifford, we see how anxious he was—and ever remained—to deal with each individual as his needs required.

Praed Street was probably the first "institutional" church in London. The Sunday services were not enough, the people wanted somewhere to go during the week, there were no clubs or classes for the young folk and no counter-attraction to the public houses. Mr. Clifford had no time for idleness and little use for idle people, so he began to set things in motion. In 1861 he established what was then a great novelty—a "Mutual Economical Benefit Society." The members paid fourpence a week and in time of sickness they received twelve shillings per week with medical attendance. Then a "Mutual Improvement Society," out of which ultimately grew the Institute, included free lectures during the winter and a study class which met at six o'clock each Wednesday evening. This was a decidedly heroic step. Perhaps it was disappointing so far as numbers went, but "the interest has been sustained throughout the year and much profit has doubtless accrued to those who have attended." A weekly social gathering was established—music, singing, brief speeches or lectures, conversation and refreshment filled up the hours, closing with family devotion.

It soon became difficult to make the old premises do for public worship. The congregation uncomfortably filled the place. In 1861 plans were considered to provide for the growing requirements, but there were seemingly insuperable difficulties. Houses could not be bought on either right or left of Praed Street Chapel and the building could not be extended in other directions. "We were compelled," he said, "to look for other quarters. At this time it was felt that the new site must be close at hand, but dwelling in a crowded neighbourhood it was found impossible to obtain a plot of ground sufficiently near on which to erect a larger house for God. Site after site was attempted, but in vain. Some favoured a site on Paddington Green, but the ground belonged to

PRAED STREET AND WESTBOURNE PARK

the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and they refused to sell to us. Again, Westbourne Park was considered by many to be too far away. But in the year 1870 our minds were directed to two houses, Nos. 4 and 5, Westbourne Park Place, Westbourne Park, about a mile west of Praed Street Chapel, and after certain details had been carefully gone into, the freehold of sixty-four feet by one hundred and twenty feet was purchased for the sum of £2,560." This was paid in the following year. So it was decided to build a new church and in the meantime make Praed Street as suitable as possible. Eighty seats were added, a new interior took the place of the old one, the schoolroom was enlarged and the working conveniences of the building increased generally at a cost of £1,000. The chapel was reopened by the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon on July 24th, 1872.

II

Amidst these absorbing activities, John Clifford pressed forward his studies without a slack day. It will be remembered that, on coming to Praed Street, the young pastor had resolved to continue his study course at the London University. He writes on a slip of paper discovered within the covers of Emerson's Essays :

"University College was to me one of the highest stars in the sky of the great city. I expected great things for the education of the upper stratum of the middle classes : through its influence a House of Commons would cease to be a mere 'talking shop' and begin to achieve great things for the nation. Its existence was a protest against the narrow caste influence of Oxford and Cambridge and a message of good cheer for all who yearned for the advance of the Kingdom.

"I knew nothing of its professors, but three of them soon—for different reasons—cast their spell over me after I had joined their classes in October, 1858. This I was able to do through the kindness of one who had known me and my family all my life. I had no money to pay for the classes. I was eager to attend in order to prepare myself for the matriculation in the University.

"My father had told me 'never to borrow a penny from any of the members of the Church. Keep your independence intact. Go outside the Church to borrow or go without.' Mr. Cox, a member of the village Chapel Choir led by my father, was a kindly and genial leader and lent me £25, free of interest for a year. It opened the door for me and I entered the classes."

At the University Clifford's achievements were most creditable. While in college he won the distinction of prizeman in New Testa-

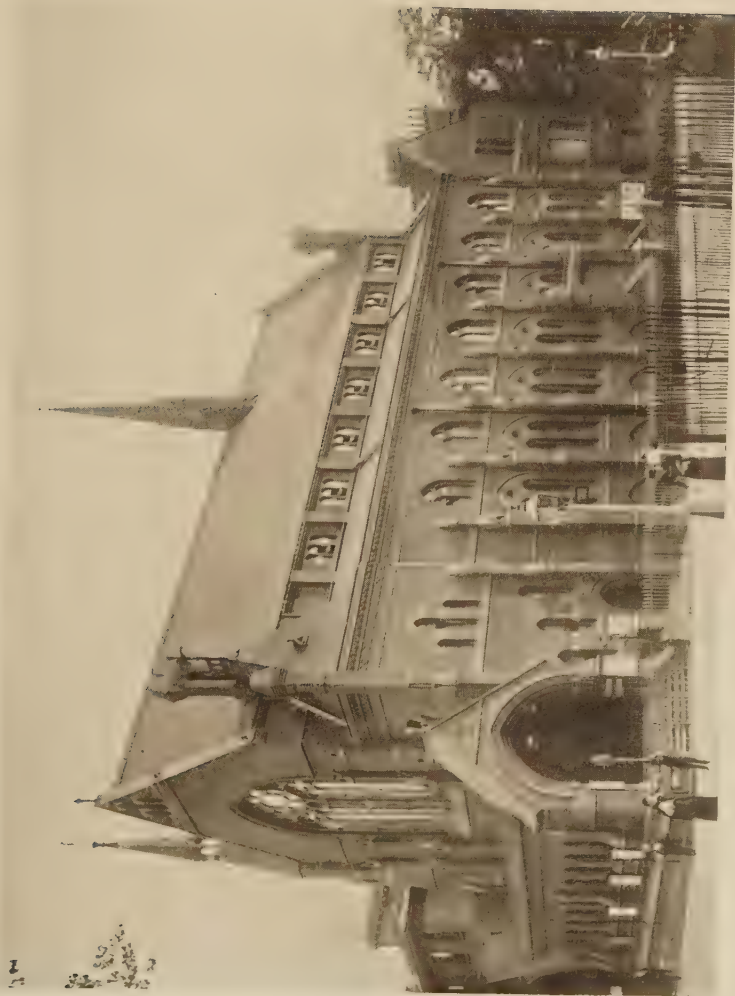
THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

ment Greek, Greek History and Latin. During the first year of his pastorate he matriculated in the first division of the London University, and then came a succession of brilliant triumphs. But he would never allow that he had exceptional ability. "We are all born lazy," he confessed, "and have to educate ourselves into industry and usefulness." He graduated B.A. in 1861, following it in 1862 with his B.Sc. with Honours in Logic, Moral Philosophy, Geology, and Palæontology. In 1864 he graduated M.A., coming out first in his year, and in 1866 he took the Laws Degree with honours in the Principles of Legislation. The Geological Society made him a Fellow in 1879, and in 1883 he was awarded the honorary D.D. of Bates College, United States.

His long course of study crowned with so much success was now completed, as far as obtaining degrees was concerned. The Church was a veritable hive of industry, and deacons and people were ready to follow him wherever he would lead. So the building of the new church was undertaken! It is true some were disheartened, having enlarged the old premises they thought that should suffice; they were afraid at the prospect of a heavy debt. The large business establishments at Bayswater which afterwards arose, were then non-existent, and the Church itself could not boast of any wealthy members. But their leader set an example of self-sacrifice and optimism to his followers. His work was more than doubled, but he refused any increase of salary until the debt on the new church should be removed.

The foundation-stone of Westbourne Park Church was laid by Sir Henry Havelock, Bart., V.C., M.P., on Monday, July 10th, 1876. The gifts for the day amounted to £1,150. Among the items of interest in connexion with funds raised for the new church is one: "Collection after sermon preached by Rev. J. Clifford at Beeston, £9 1s. 1d."—his old village church.

On Sunday evening, September 30th, 1877, came the opening and the Dedication of the new Westbourne Park Chapel. The building was in the early Gothic style and was, in fact, imposing as a Baptist Chapel, "and reminds one," said a contemporary critic, "of the rapid strides made in our dissenting circles in the course of only the last few years upon the subject of chapel building." Westbourne Park Chapel was so far in advance of the old style of building that it might easily have been taken for a cathedral. For something over £15,000 the trustees had obtained a spacious and beautiful building for public worship, and fifteen rooms for the numerous meetings and agencies of a religious character which have gradually grown up in the congregation. The architect, Mr. J.



WESTBOURNE PARK CHAPEL

PRAED STREET AND WESTBOURNE PARK

Wallis Chapman, was one of his deacons, and was only a lad when Mr. Clifford became minister and as we have seen, was the first one he baptized.

The opening of this new edifice was a wonderful event to the neighbourhood and to the whole Baptist denomination. The scene at the Royal Oak Bridge, and for some distance down Porchester Road was one of unusual excitement. The new and lofty chapel with its three brilliant tiers of windows, lit up for the first time, arrested the eye of every passer-by, and crowds besieged the doors. The building was crowded with thirteen hundred persons. The number of men, especially young men, was noteworthy.

On the following Tuesday afternoon the Rev. Charles Spurgeon was the preacher. Before three o'clock the building was excessively crammed, and the thoroughfare at Royal Oak Bridge obstructed. Even the pulpit platform was crowded by persons who willingly stood throughout the service. Those who got no farther than the entrances and could only hear the preacher, were not unrewarded. Mr. Spurgeon's beautiful, mellow, sympathetic voice, which was increasingly marked by "minor" cadences as he grew older, was heard with perfect distinctness.

The Constitution of the Church is an important document as exhibiting the breadth of the foundations of their faith and teaching; this Dr. Clifford drew up and read as approved by the deacons. He laid down its three distinctive principles as follows:—

1. The Church is Congregational or Independent in its policy; recognizes Jesus Christ as its supreme authority; and takes the principles of the New Testament communities as the expression of His will concerning the basis and conditions of united Christian life. Membership is therefore open to all who are members of "His Body," i.e. to all who confess faith in Christ, strive to learn and obey His law, not only in their individual life, but in and by association for mutual help, common worship, and beneficent work.

2. The Church teaches that Baptism into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is the privilege of each believer in the Saviour. Every applicant for membership is urged to consider the Lord's will on this subject, but the rule followed is "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," and act according to his judgment of the Master's teaching. The whole question is left to the individual conscience.* The obligation to be baptized springs out of the relation of the believer to the Church.

* "The most important meeting that I had with Dr. Clifford was in 1904, when I was preaching for the summer at Bloomsbury Chapel and saw him several times. On one occasion I was his guest in his home, at which time we talked over the question of membership in Baptist churches as it obtained in his Church. This, you know, was quite different from that held in America, but

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

3. The Church is a brotherhood of workers for God and man. Each member is asked to contribute his full share to the spirituality and glow of worship, to the effectiveness of the whole work, and to the funds of the Church and its manifold organizations. Everyone has some gift, whose use enriches the life and enlarges the usefulness of the society.

III.

Nineteen years of persistent and devoted labours at Praed Street bore signal fruit for pastor and people. The Church had become the home of the people. It was pervaded by the family spirit which they always cultivated. The new Church opened up wider fields for fresh endeavours. Pastor and people were so constituted that to lapse into a state of quiet ease was impossible. By 1890 extensive improvements in the structure, surroundings, and interior of the building were made, at a further cost of £1,000. In order to provide still further accommodation and better ventilation, the Church, in 1908, purchased the freehold house and grounds of No. 2 Westbourne Park Villas at a cost of over £1,000. A year later the church was renovated and improved, and a new organ was installed, the total cost being £4,500.

So many-sided were the activities of the Church that it is necessary, in order to give even an outline of them, to devote another chapter to the subject. The pastor received many invitations from other churches, as was to be expected, but to one and all he was stone deaf. He had consecrated his life and heart to his first love, and it should be his last. Dr. J. H. Shakespeare tells a very characteristic story of a "great and attractive offer" which was made to Dr. Clifford on one occasion. "It unquestionably opened up a position of commanding influence," he says, "and it was before he had come to be the power he is now. Two of his deacons met on the morning of the day when a special deacons' meeting was to be held to consider the situation. One of them said to the other, 'You, of course, will be there? It is very serious. They

after considerable conversation and subsequent thought I became a convert to Dr. Clifford's position. Immediately after that I entered upon a professorship in one of our seminaries, since which time I have again taken the Church of which I am now pastor, and only on Friday evening of last week did we vote through a proposition of admitting to our membership evangelical Christians much after the same order that you now accept them. Thus, after twenty years, the work of Dr. Clifford bears fruit in my own immediate parish.

"We regard him not only as the outstanding champion of Baptist principles in the English-speaking world, but as a gift to all the Churches in his great advocacy of the freedom of the spirit in things pertaining to God and religious duty." [The Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D., Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York, December 27th, 1923, to the biographer.]

PRAED STREET AND WESTBOURNE PARK

have offered the Doctor twice his present salary.' Then replied the other, 'I shall not trouble to come. It is all safe. If they have offered Clifford any earthly advantage, he will certainly refuse to go.' "

In all these labours Dr. Clifford was loyally supported by about thirty deacons and elders, many of whom he had himself trained during his long pastorate. They imbibed his spirit and sought diligently to follow his lead.

Writing to the late Rev. W. J. Avery, who was for some years one of his assistants whom he greatly loved, and who had written an account of Dr. Clifford for the *Baptist Magazine*, he says:—

MY DEAR AVERY,

It is like you. I will let you have your way. I have put in one or two notes. I am most pleased that you have not forgotten my *parents*, my *officers* and my beloved *wife*. If you could add a line anywhere about the devotion of my *whole people* I should be glad. I have had no difficulties with officers or people excepting such as have arisen from what I call "the tyranny of their love."—Ever affectionately yours,

J. CLIFFORD.

The Church showed its great love for him in many ways. He received shoals of letters of thanks for help and comfort; letters, too, of encouragement in the great fights he had waged against intemperance and injustice, which other chapters will disclose. At other times their appreciation took the form of gifts. On several occasions, when the funds of the Church more than met the requirements, the surplus was given to the minister—on the occasion of his marriage, in 1862; in 1875, when constant overwork caused a breakdown and his life was in great danger; and in 1894, when he received a letter signed by all the officers:

We, the undersigned, officers of Westbourne Park Church, have noticed with concern and anxiety that you have only been able to carry on your work with considerable effort and personal sacrifice and inconvenience, and that your health does not seem to be re-established since your recent illness. We feel, therefore, that it would be most desirable that you should take an entire change and rest from all work for a time. In our opinion this is necessary not only for your own immediate benefit, but for the future welfare of the Church over which you have so long and so ably presided.

They accompanied their advice with a cheque.

He enters in his diary: "I am most sincerely grateful and warmly appreciate the love of which it is the sign; and all the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

more as the years hasten swiftly by and the hushing of familiar voices suggests the approach of the 'minister of the awful silences of Eternity.' I am thankful to be spared to my family so long, and for their sakes I wish to remain yet longer so that they may have as good a start as I can give them in the solemn task of living."

In the year 1883, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the union of pastor and people was celebrated, what Dr. Clifford called "Our Silver Wedding," and in 1886, from the 4th October to the 26th, the Church's Jubilee. This was a great thanksgiving time. The inaugural sermon was preached by Dr. Parker. Amongst others who came were Canon Fremantle, Principal Chalmers, Professor Gladstone, F.R.S., and Dr. Underwood, whom he succeeded in the Praed Street ministry. The burden of debt had been wiped out. In a pastoral letter to his people he says: "By your chivalrous giving our debt is off. The load is lifted. WE ARE FREE. Land and property costing £15,000 is now ours; ours because they are God's and we are His to use them for His Service." Besides clearing off their own responsibilities the Church raised large sums for denominational and other funds.

On his return from some of his labours, a jotting in Dr. Clifford's diary reads: "Home again! a joy unspeakable. There is no place to me so welcome as the pulpit platform of Westbourne Park and the hearts of my loving people."

Soon after these celebrations Dr. William Underwood, his predecessor, died. "He was in his eighty-seventh year," Dr. Clifford said, and recalled Underwood's early days, which much resembled his own. "What a different England from that we see to-day was the England of the second decade of this century, when little William Underwood toddled along the streets of the village of Wymeswold, near Loughborough, to his first school—a school kept in a cottage, not by an elderly dame, but by a prim maiden of uncertain age! Not much school was to be had then by such as he, and so by the time he was eleven the lad was earning his living by winding bobbins for lace machines, and at thirteen he had advanced so far as to be able to take 'shifts' or 'turns' in working one of the lace machines. This part of his training for the ministry of the word of God to the needs of men was kept up till he was twenty-one years of age; and though it was not labelled 'College' education, it had as large a share in the making of the man as the time spent in the home of the 'Education Society' for ministers at Loughborough. . . . He commenced his pastorate at Wirksworth, Derbyshire, on £55 per annum, preaching

PRAED STREET AND WESTBOURNE PARK

three times on a Sunday and always three, and sometimes four, times on the week-days."

At this time his old friend, Mr. John Colebrook, had been writing to him about the payment of ministers, holding that they would be more free if they could be maintained independently of the Church they served. And knowing Dr. Clifford's sensitiveness about his freedom to preach what he believed to be the Gospel he asked him whether his salary curtailed his freedom. To which he replied :

December 16th, 1886.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

On the "stipend" question I may say I have no "scruples" at all ; but I carry about a few convictions. I hold it to be an "accident" of a Christian Society that it should "support" a pastor. The "Church" does not exist for that end ; but to *make character* and to love mercy and do justly and walk humbly with God ; to add to the sum of good-doing *of all* kinds in the world. I hold it to be the "curse" of Christendom that its "churches" are practically regarded as businesses for the maintenance of ministers. I have never held that view, nor permitted it to be taught without strong contradiction in speech and sometimes in deed. If a church can consistently with the securing of a maximum character keep a minister in "clover" I have not the slightest objection, indeed I think it ought ; but I say the Pastor or Minister is bound by all the laws of the Kingdom of Heaven to put the spiritual ends of Church existence first, and his stipend last. Indeed, he should care for it, i.e. his salary—on the principle that good work ought to have good and fair pay and that it hurts the character of people to obtain good work without paying a right price for it. Therefore I have never suffered my salary to interfere with what in my judgment has been necessary for the progress of the Church. But enough on such a theme !

His work as a pastor is described for us by Mr. Alfred P. Griffiths, who has edited for many years, with remarkable ability, the *Westbourne Park Record*, one of the best examples of church magazines.

In the early days of the present century a distinguished man of letters and a Cabinet Minister, said of the Pastor of Westbourne Park Church, "There is one thing about Clifford, you always know where to find him." For John Clifford, as a pastor, this could always be said, as regards his principles and his parish, in his public work and in the important culture centre of his own Church. His message was simple, clear and fearless, and as he spoke with the authority of conviction the listeners went away saying, "Here is a man talking to us in language we can understand, and not as a parson !"

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

What is remarkable to us to-day is the maturity of his mind at the age of twenty-three. The address he gave at the first annual meeting after his recognition as a pastor is fresh and ripe in judgment as regards the true fundamentals of Christianity and the modernity of progressive outlook to-day. He started his ministry asking for, and claiming, "More Room" for the forward-looking minds of his day, and the spirit of George Rawson's hymn, "We limit not the truth of God to our poor reach of mind," was as his meat and his drink.

It is strange to those who have been cradled in total abstinence at Band of Hope and Total Abstinence Societies to know that the venture of John Clifford to advocate temperance and to preach annually a sermon in connexion with the Praed Street Chapel Total Abstinence Society was openly denounced by officers of Christian Churches in Paddington.

John Clifford, like Erasmus, considered first what was right according to the light of his intelligence and conscience, and, being ever loyal to himself, he also, like the distinguished scholar, was careful that the method and manner of the advocacy of his principles did not make personal enemies. A City Missionary visited him regularly for some weeks, complaining that there was more geology than theology in his sermons. This was during the young minister's studies at University College and the School of Mines. Although the criticism was an irritation, the City Missionary was encouraged to come again, and he, of course, had to attend the services to substantiate his criticisms, and thus, in a few months, the young minister won over the man who had come to upset the progressive thinker. When Westbourne Park Chapel was opened, in 1877, it caused a moving amongst the dry bones of Bayswater, and the deacon of a neighbouring church affirmed by "book, bell and candle" that John Clifford drew crowds by lecturing and not preaching. He (the said deacon) had heard a sermon at Westbourne Park on a Sunday evening and the name of Jesus was not mentioned once!

When John Clifford came up to Paddington he was soon familiarly referred to as "the young man from the Midlands." He never developed the pontiff, but lived as a comrade. He was most industrious in his studies. He found it a relaxation, after attending University College lectures and preparing his sermons and class papers, to go about his Father's business in visiting the families of his Church in and about Praed Street, Edgware Road and Lisson Grove. He not only lent out his mind at the before-breakfast study circles for young men in Alpha Road, St. John's

PRAED STREET AND WESTBOURNE PARK

Wood, but he knew how to be sociable at afternoon teas, and won a place of respect in the homes of many of the working people because he could accommodate himself to eating winkles with a pin. It was a bright trait in his character to be ever on the alert to find the latch that opened the door of the heart, and, acting on the advice of one he frequently quoted, Ruskin, "he took a man's creed as he found it and put himself into it and helped the man to grow, *creed and all*." He was conspicuously tolerant with men and women who tried, however blunderingly, to follow Christ, and was sympathetic even with rebellious ignorance, and innocent and simple folly, but a Laodicean he could not abide.

He had buffeted his body, and disciplined his mind and will, so as to bring his whole being—"every fibre" as he often said—responsive to the call of service as a healer of disturbed minds and troubled souls. He was a sanctified scientist in his methods. Every bit of experience he gained in securing the London University B.Sc. degree (the first year it was open for students) he translated into service of the Master of his life. He had the vision to see character in the germ, he encouraged every young man to live his own life, and equally mindful was he that young women should develop mind, soul and character, in the spirit of independence and of direct communion with God.

He had studied botany and was always the centre of a group of students at rambling club picnics. As a botanist, he specialized in character. He knew the value of environment, that materialism kills and that minds could become potbound. By his personal chat he knew how to fertilize and dissect; how to prune and when to uproot; how essential it was for the germ to have good ground; how helpful for the seedling to have breathing space, and how the wind and rain, the storm and the sunshine, could minister to the growth of character. Above all things he taught that fruit was more important than timber; that the *giving* of the cup of cold water and the *user* of talents illustrated the Kingdom of Heaven.

His congregations were famous for the number of young people, and he was ever radiant as he observed their courting days and officiated at their weddings—not merely as an official, but he came as one of the merry party, as one of the family, and his few words to the bride and bridegroom in the home, as the parting toast of goodwill was spoken to, showed that he had reserves of good wine to make glad all the company. This bond of sympathy was not allowed to slip casually away, for Mrs. Clifford was ever considerate with the young married people, and by her sympathy and visits made the builders of the new home to feel that the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Church was a place where friends and kindred dwelt. Dr. Clifford, when he heard of a birth, genially claimed the right to visit the home and the newborn babe, but playfully he would say: "My wife says I must not go too soon, but I will, when she says I may," and the visit was always a joy to the mother and a benediction to the home.

As a pastor he not only made time for visiting, but he had the supreme gift of "knowing how." He often said it was easier to preach a sermon than to visit the sick. It was more popular to work at missions than to be a missionary at work. His memory for detail was extraordinary; not only did he recall names of Church members in a large church, but the names of the children were always correctly remembered, and, as years advanced, names of grandchildren were added. He never blundered about sexes or committed the unpardonable sin of referring to a baby as "it." A pastorate of so many years gave the sad and mournful privilege of visits to houses when loved ones were passing into the Larger Life. How many a family has been brought into the very Presence when John Clifford came in and solaced the stricken home with his faith as he breathed out the immortal love of the strong Son of God. As years advanced his visits were confined to the sick and infirm. Birthdays—his own and his friends'—were real Saints' Days, for they became opportunities for interchange of letters and not infrequently of presents of books. What a thrill and joy it gave an infirm and aged one to know that the book she had sent had helped her pastor, and that he had quoted from it at a Sunday or a week-night service. The blessings that enriched the homes of not a few came in letters to the little ones who had sent him lollipops on his birthday. Many who were "inclined to virtue," but not members of the Church, made a point of visiting him regularly to come within the sunshine of his dowered goodness, and he was ever mindful to treat them as friends and not as outsiders. He kept up a correspondence with former members who had left for the Colonies, for America and other parts of the world; and it was a great joy to him, when he went round the world as guest of the late Mr. Huddart, a member of the Church, to find that his pastorate included so many young men and families settled and become prosperous in every quarter of the globe.

CHAPTER IV

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

"Nothing is more fruitful and revealing of man and God than frank and fearless talks with young men on the actual experience of life."—
DR. CLIFFORD.

"It is very kind of you to remember your promise to a boy like me."—
JACK CUMMINGS.

I

WESTBOURNE PARK CHURCH was in every sense a missionary Church. A great movement on behalf of young people began in 1858. Clifford gave himself to help young men and women. Every Friday night was set aside for interviews—these first took place in his own home; later on in the church parlour. His patience, tact, overflowing love for all who came to him with their burdens and difficulties; his wise counsel in times of intellectual struggle and doubt, are amongst the great, yet unseen, things he did for over half a century. He has much to say on this subject from his exceptional experience.

The Preachers' Institute was the young men's training ground. He taught them theology, logic and the basis of sermon preparation. Sermons were fully prepared and criticized by the members, and at the close of the session an examination was held. Several men of outstanding abilities came out of this class, who became leaders in the Church. They all came to be known as "his boys." The late Rev. W. J. Avery, who was his assistant at the time, says of Dr. Clifford as their teacher, "He is large hearted, and the charity which 'thinketh no evil' is enshrined in his spirit. He is emphatically the friend of young men, and much of his teaching is specially directed to their needs and aspirations. His buoyancy and humour increase rather than diminish with ripening experience. These seem to constitute him at once a brother and a father amongst young people. He can feel with them and plan for them. It is interesting to note here, that during these thirty years, thirteen young men have passed from the membership of his Church into the regular ministry. He never loses sight of them. His home is open to them. He shares their confidences."

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

One of them was Dr. Newton Marshall,* one of the brilliant men of the Church whose life was cut off at the age of forty-two years.

Dr. Marshall writes of Clifford's personal influence :—

“ He becomes the friend of the man he would help, and writes him letters—letters, not mere notes ; not hurried excuses for not writing more ; actual letters. The art of letter writing is said by some to be lost to-day and perhaps it will hardly survive many more years of the present terrible scramble to be ‘on time.’ But when Dr. Clifford writes a letter to one of his young men he makes his correspondent feel that he has nothing in all this Tory-loving land to do but sit down and indite an epistle to “ Mr. Smones,” just as when you call on him on a Friday night he makes you for a while believe he would rather listen to you than deliver a speech on the Education Bill. Yes, it is this personal note in those letters of his that make them such efficient instruments for the continuance of that guidance which was begun from the pulpit and carried on by the care of the pastor. But when can he find time to write these letters? Frankly, I do not know, although I used sometimes to think (for the handwriting of great men is notoriously bad) that he must have composed some of them when on railway journeys, or when driving in a cab over the cobbled streets of some provincial town. But there they are. Things of inspiration and a strength for ever. I should like to quote some of them, to show the spirit of the model pastor for young men, but there are few passages in them that would be thus illustrative and yet not too personal for these pages. This, however, will serve to suggest the vigour of his encouragement, and the contagious faith that inspired him :

“ Cast yourself on God and ask for His Spirit's guidance and power, and you will find that through fire, still fire, yes, it is fire that purifies and prepares for service. . . . Above all, do not surrender a purpose formed in the clear light of day, because the night has come and all is gloom. Is the purpose good and right and of God ? It is. Therefore you have to stick to it and achieve it. Moses did not get out of Egypt at one step, but he did leave it, and took Israel with him, and the future of humanity. Courage, then, and work, still work : God's in His Heaven and you are His. Trust Him and follow on.”

Many other testimonies could be given of the peculiar influence he exerted upon the faith and work of his “ boys.” Not a few of

* Of the many intimate letters which passed between Dr. Clifford and Dr. Marshall whilst the latter was in Germany as a student, not one has been found.

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

them have publicly expressed their indebtedness, but one hears privately the full measure of gratitude for all that he does in this respect.

While maintaining that the spiritual part of our nature is the more important, the teacher reminds his boys that they have social responsibilities. Read how he speaks to them :

“Talent may be sharpened and strengthened in a back garret with a book and a candle on winter nights ; but the growth of a rich, robust, many-sided, powerful and useful manhood can only be had by playing a man’s part in the struggle of the world. It is as fatal a misconception of God’s way of making men, to postpone our share of hardship in the actual work of social and national existence to middle or later life, as it is to imagine that the exclusive culture of ‘talent’ is the education of the whole man.

“Another stumbling block in the path of social service is that unutterably poor ethical code which is summed up in a series of negative commandments, such as ‘Don’t bet,’ ‘Don’t drink,’ ‘Don’t cheat,’ ‘Don’t swear,’ and says, on these and their like hangs all the law of human safety and progress. Great are these negative directions, I admit, and most important it is to obey them ; but, as a method of life they are only sufficient for moral dwarfs and not for stalwart men. I have seen young men sign the temperance pledge again and again ; heard them forswear evil courses with energy born more of desperation and self-hate than love and purity and trust in God ; and yet nothing has come of these endeavours but an ignoble and exasperating breakdown, until they have taken up with passionate earnestness some work for others, and given themselves with all their might to a bit of genuine work for the needy and imperilled, and thereby brought in virtue with such overwhelming power that they crowded out or stifled down all their former vices. The plainest of maxims, confirmed by the widest experiences, are : Do something for somebody else ; love your neighbour enough to take trouble for him ; work, take your share of the struggle against selfishness and injustice ; serve, and you shall ‘save yourself’ in saving those you serve.

“I do not deny the strength that is required to say ‘No’ to the fascinating angel of temptation, and I admire the intrepidity that says it so promptly, and with such defiance as startles and stuns the radiant temptress ; but I am sure it is far easier to utter the repellent ‘No,’ when mind and heart and life are so full of Christ and men that there is no room for any devil of any kind whatever.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

“The two methods are characteristic. The former is of the world and man; the latter is of heaven and Christ. The first fixes the eye on small personal wants; the second on the larger needs of life and man. That leads to egoism, levity and failure; this to self-fulfilment and success. That is the repression of the bad. This is the stimulus of the good. By the one you render yourself ‘Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,’ but from the other you will derive the warmth and glow of increasing life. Contented with negations, thought is poor and aims are low. Adopting the positive way of life, the mind is quickened and expanded; the high aims and bold enterprise are created. It is a divine law; you can only do the best for yourself by doing your best for everybody else.”

When we read this we do not wonder that he sent forth a flame and created a passion for service, and that a score of them sought admission to the Christian ministry.

How his “boys” loved him! Their affection is unbounded, and they cheered his heart time and time again by their unstinted devotion to the cause he loved; not only so, but they showed their appreciation in more substantial ways by presentations and addresses. Things he could use with so much joy because of the love that prompted the gift.

Some of the correspondence that passed between the Doctor and one or two of his boys who went into the Ministry has been recovered.

Mr. R. M. Julian, a member of the Bible Class, went to the Midland College. His first charge was Baxter Gate, Loughborough. He went out to Calcutta to the English Baptist Church there, and is now General Superintendent of the West Midland Area. He wrote to him:

August 31st, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . By the way, I meant to have said to you: Be sure and avoid all “love complications” in the earlier (and all through if possible) part of your College course. Be free and make your work your *lover*.
—Ever affectionately yours,

J. CLIFFORD.

June 20th, 1884.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

Let me beg of you to have no misgivings as to your to-morrow. Do practise *now* the Christianity you have to preach to-morrow and the day after. It will be part of your training. The mastery of your fears and misgivings will be of more use to you by and by than the mastery of Greek or the victory over Buddhist Teaching or the acquisition of polished speech.

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

. . . Do not hurry or fret. God is before you. I know it is difficult, and therefore I write in fullest sympathy. I have been along the road you are travelling and know it well, its unseen jagged rocks, its pitfalls, its "gorgons and chimeras dire," but I also know that the living God is not absent from a solitary inch of it. Do not lose heart and all will be well.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. CLIFFORD.

August 13th, 1884.

MY DEAR JULIAN,

Don't be content with being an *instructor*. That is a great function ; but it is not the main. Instruction is the channel of spiritual power ; and the pulpit is measured by, and depends upon, the life of the preacher ; on the intensity and reality of his faith, the glow of his love for men and for it ; the sincerity of his purpose, the depth and fullness of his self-absorption in his work.

You know how I value intellectual force, cogency of argument, a fine illustrative picturesque style, a perfect form of utterance beyond most ; but I am sure that the secret of the power of the preacher is deeper, more inward and Godlike than any one of these features. Jesus is our Pattern. We must be *true* to speak the truth, ready to mediate, to sacrifice ourselves to God for man, to preach any valuable doctrine of mediation ; holy to convince a soul of the value of holiness, and subdued and ruled by the unseen if we are to speak with any effectiveness of the powers of the world to come. My dear Julian, do not forget the *hourly* preparation of *yourself* ; whatever else you fail to secure, get that conquering vitality of conviction and consuming zeal for souls and for God which is the secret source of the spiritual magnetism which will make every service communicate warmth and sustenance to all who share in it.

J. C.

Mr. C. W. Vick was a member of the Bible Class and of the Preachers' Institute. He had settled at Wood Gate Street Church, Loughborough, and Dr. Clifford took part in his induction services, and Mr. Vick afterwards sent to him on his birthday Wordsworth's poems in six volumes.

25.10.82.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Please book me for Wednesday. No, I cannot say as yet whether my wife will be able to come. I am sure she would be very pleased to do so if she could arrange what my colleague calls her "domesticities."

Be assured, my dear friend, I value the present you have sent for what it is itself. Wordsworth I enjoy with a pure and serene satisfaction. Of poets for meditation I put him first. To him life is wholly "moral," I might say in the best, the most refreshing and quickening sense, theologically. By the way, how is it that the word

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

that has in it deeper pathos, profounder suggestiveness, and wider range than all others, should be uniformly associated with what is dry, sapless and arid? Are the "Professors" to blame? I fear so. They have made the science of all others that required "heart" less interesting than the work of the chemist amongst his crucibles and tests, litmus paper and scales. The true theologian ought to be a "poet" in the make of him, a man,

endowed with higher gifts
The vision and the faculty divine;
Though wanting the accomplishment of verse.

But enough on this line, I value the gift more because I so thoroughly and highly appreciate the preciousness of the feeling which dictates it. Your affection, I assure you, is heartily reciprocated and my desire for your increased mental and spiritual culture, and fullest usefulness knows no bounds. I rejoice in your consecration and pray that it may be entire; in your self-subduing zeal and trust it may be complete, in your zest to do solid service in your day and look to Him who is the Pattern and Inspiration to aid you at every stage.

Do forgive me saying my thanks, my hearty thanks, in this way.
—With true affection, ever yours, J. CLIFFORD.

Another of Dr. Clifford's boys was Mr. R. Mudie Smith. He joined Westbourne Park Church when quite young, and from the first, pastor and boy were drawn closely to each other. He fully intended entering the ministry and was eminently fitted for the work, but his health was frail and he had to turn his attention to another walk in life. He took up journalism and determined if he could not preach the Word he would use his pen to that end.

Many are the letters that passed between the Doctor and his most beloved "boy."

1901.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am very glad you have gone for a rest. It is the wisest course. Although I knew you were paying a heavy price for your place on the D.N., yet I did not feel that I could very well counsel you not to take it. It has been a most gratifying success from a literary point of view. You have shown your hand, and in this new development (census of the Churches)—one of the most important of recent years in the Press world—you have proved yourself able to take a leading part. Be grateful and get well—get well straight away. Turn all your attention to what the A.V. calls "the vile body" and renew its forces and then come back again to us. We are sorry to miss you at our Dedication Services and shall think of and pray for you.—I am, ever affectionately yours,

J. CLIFFORD.

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

13.5.1912.

MY DEAR MUDIE,

It is written that "all things work together for good to them that love God"; and it is the truest thing that is written. It is the sovereign reality of life. Hold up, look up, march on; God is in front. He is and He really cares. I regret the severance, but it is for some better unity. Shall be glad to see you.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. CLIFFORD.

4.9.1912.

MY DEAR MUDIE,

I shall be thinking about you to-morrow, when on my way to Lancaster, and trusting and praying that all will go well, and that, as in my own case of 1897, you may be better for the rest of your days after undergoing the operation. Surgery is so near perfection now that the dread of it is disappearing, if it has not actually gone. It takes its place amongst the swiftest and surest methods of recuperation. It removes obstacles to health. It gives nature its full chance. . .

—I am, ever yours,

J. CLIFFORD.

25.2.1915.

MY DEAR MUDIE,

What a fine article that is of yours on Fairbairn. I greatly enjoyed reading it; and I have also been delighted with the story of his life. It is full of stimulus. It shakes a lazy man to the centre of his being to come into touch with one who worked so hard and with such tremendous concentration on his wisely-chosen tasks. He must have been a mighty force in the lives of the men who came near him and entered into fellowship with him day after day.

I never forget my interviews with him. They were few, but they were full of his mental and spiritual force, more of his mental than of his spiritual, for it was in the realm of intellect he was mightiest. I shall be home Saturday afternoon next. Will you come and have talk for a little while? Shall be glad to see you.—I am, ever affectionately yours,

J. CLIFFORD.

When Mudie died, after long suffering, Dr. Clifford wrote in his diary:—

"*Saturday, January 15th, 1916.*—Visited Mudie. Found him in a state of coma. He had scarcely opened his eyes all day. Though I stayed for three-quarters of an hour he did not wake. This sickness is the saddest experience I have had to face amongst my boys. His relatives are heavily burdened by its long continuance, but the *Daily News* proprietors are acting most generously in the matter."

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

"*Tuesday, February 22nd, 1916.*—Dear Mudie died. This is a long-expected blow, for he has been ill more than a year. Yet it comes with crushing effect. He was to me as a son. Not one of my 'boys' was more attached to me or shared more completely my aims and ideals. His gifts were great. I cherish the memory of his love and devotion with thankfulness to God, and pray that the bereaved may be comforted in their loneliness."

To The Rev. R. Birch Hoyle, another of his boys.

4.4.1911.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How good of you to write me so long a letter. It teems with interest. All the books you mention I have read, except E. F. Scott on "The Kingdom and the Messiah"; and in the main I endorse the conclusions you have reached on the question of the Holy Spirit; and have been thinking lately (because I have had to write an article for an American review on the "Baptist attitude towards Catholicism—Roman and Greek") that the doctrine of the Spirit demands fresh investigation and an entirely new setting. Men roam in the wide domains of the illimitable vague when they speak of the Holy Spirit, or they are prone to fall into the error of attributing to the inaction of the Holy Spirit the failures of men . . . with regard to the "decline" of membership, I want our people to inquire into the facts; to do it in a thoroughly systematic way. They persist in bemoaning the absence of prayer; and talk about the decadent "sense of sin," and so on. To me it seems people were never really more prayerful than now, and as to the sense of sin, I am sure there was never so active and enlightened a conscience in the world as to-day.

But I took up my pen, not to say this, but to tell you how glad I am you are "pegging away." I rejoice in your patience and courage and toil. God is preparing you for great work and wide service. He will not fail you, I am sure. A thousand thanks for your letter.—
Yours affectionately,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

P.S. . . . The Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill is threatened from the Liberal side of the House of Commons. Justice to Welsh people is being ignored on the false and delusive plea of generosity towards the Anglican Church in Wales; but the present Bill errs by its excess of generosity to that Church. The fact is the House of Commons is super-saturated with the poison of compromise, and it is necessary for us to reassert our principles and urge every Liberal M.P. to stand true to them to the end.

J. C.

Dr. Rushbrooke, to whom in several places in this biography Dr. Clifford refers with affection and admiration, writes to the author :—

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

"My memories of Dr. Clifford go back to the beginning of my sixteenth year, when I came to London as a raw country lad, and was taken the next Sunday evening to Westbourne Park Chapel. Lord Shaftesbury had just passed away, and the subject of the sermon was 'A Typical Christian Socialist.'

"It was a new kind of preaching to me and it arrested me at once. Moreover, I noticed that the congregation was of unusual composition. More than half were young men, and the searching and manly directness of the preacher appealed to them. Dr. Clifford inspired men with the belief that life is a noble vocation.

"His influence upon my own life I did not realize until two or three years later. What he did for me was this : he led me through the dangerous years when all kinds of questionings were arising. He helped me because his preaching was always positive. Mere negation had no place in his discourses. He dealt with error by presenting the truth which would crowd it out of the mind. Above all, his fine idealism, and his passionate devotion to his Saviour, and the crusading energy which distinguished him made strong appeal to young men.

"When I recall my later association with John Clifford, it is to place on record that the hero-worship he aroused in me a generation ago was but strengthened with the passing of time. I recall him at the Preachers' Institute, assisting in their studies a group of young laymen ; I think of his tear-stained face and his affectionate words spoken to me at a time of overwhelming sorrow ; there comes back the memory of the long and intimate talks accompanying my decision to enter the ministry, and of his encouraging response to every call that I made upon him in the after years.

"The story in detail has no place here ; it is parallel to that which could be told by many others. One chapter, however, should perhaps be emphasized. When, in 1920, the call came to me from the London Conference, representing the entire Baptist world, to act for a period as Baptist Commissioner for Europe, a momentous decision had to be taken. I appreciated the unique honour of being called to represent the denomination in the effort to develop the work of Baptists on the Continent, and to represent the denomination before the various Governments. I had seen, too, the economic distress following the War, and the task of relief—though in its nature temporary and finally less important—had its own appeal. Yet I shrank from a decision involving such tremendous responsibilities. Dr. Clifford, however, when I consulted him, had no hesitation regarding my duty, and his strong support has cheered me immeasurably."

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

The Rev. W. Remfry Hunt was also an "old boy." He served thirty years in Central China, and is now minister of Central Christian Church, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. He writes of his beloved "father": "In the corridor while taking 'last peeps' at the paper prepared for our class, in Latin, a warm and living touch that breathes pressed on my shoulder, and placing his brave and magnetic arms around me, the voice that is now still whispered: 'That's business; you'll get it: plod on and win.' I got it."

"Dr. Clifford was one of the finest gifts of God to the epoch-making morning of the twentieth-century theatres of action in the Church as well as in the State; and also in the pulsations of its struggling life in the factory as in the veins of its economic circulation. His prophetic fire was kindled in prayer, and his soul moved plumb true to the radiations of the Cross."

"Westbourne Park 'old boys' are around the world. Twenty of them became ministers. In China we associated with Rev. James Heal, one of the old students at Westbourne Park."

"He builded my faith impregnable and with ever-advancing ranges of ampler revelation in the deity and Sonship of our Lord Jesus Christ."

II

Out of this work amongst young men evolved the Institute in 1885. At a public meeting the doctor was publicly bemoaning the dying out of the zeal for mental culture on the part of the young men of that day, whom, he said, had not the grit of their predecessors in 1858. "Try us!" said a voice from the audience. Dr. Clifford at once accepted the challenge and began the Ruskin class, which studied in succession "The Crown of Wild Olive," "Unto this Last," and "Munera Pulveris."

This was the method of study: first of all one of the members gave a résumé of the previous week's study, reported the observations on the different parts of the lesson, and stated the conclusions reached. That prepared the way for the morning's study. "I then selected out of the portion to be considered what I regarded as the key-paragraph of Ruskin's teaching."

"Occasionally," he wrote, "I introduced questions for them to write upon, such as: (1) Can the excesses of competition be adequately restrained by Government interference, or by any authority external to the industrial organisation itself? (2) Criticize the statement, 'It is futile to attempt to raise wages by artificial means.' (3) Can co-operation be regarded as a permanent cure for the evils of competition? (4) Is co-operation opposed to the prin-

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

ciples of hired labour ? (5) Must there always be a large class of society dependent for maintenance on the more common forms of physical labour, and constituting what we know as a 'labouring class' ? ”

In the Church report for 1888 the objects of the institute are set forth as “ the establishment and carrying on of such agencies as shall afford legitimate recreation and contribute to the social and intellectual well-being of our members,” and the means adapted to the end were varied and comprehensive. Scientific and literary lectures, geological excursions, archaeological visits, concerts by the Choral Association, classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian, mathematics, elocution, shorthand, building construction, dress-making and geometry, a reading room and library and the literary and debating society. From a membership of 200 it grew to 1,300.

Efficient teachers were appointed and the place throbbed with young life ; as many as seventy classes met every week. There seemed to be no end to this vast organization. As a matter of fact, the Institute was the only intellectual centre in the wealthy borough of Paddington, and received grants from the Government and the London County Council. The greatest care was taken to bring before the students the best talent that could be procured. It was indeed a people's university.

We saw that the Church purchased two houses in Porchester Road for the sum of £4,200. Now the house nearer the Church was at once adapted for use as a church parlour, library, reading room and chemical laboratory, and the garden was occupied by a gymnasium opened in January, 1888. In 1896, however, the gymnasium was fitted up at a cost of £336 as a chemical laboratory and science teaching department. In 1903 the language, technical, scientific and art classes were transferred to and became part of the Paddington Technical Institute in Saltram Crescent, North Paddington.

Thus the old church was the pioneer in a great scheme of education. It needed no other proof, if proof were needed, than to see crowds of young people, all anxious to learn ; they only wanted the opportunity.

III

Westbourne Park “ Home ” was opened in the year 1886 at a private house in Harrow Road, the site now occupied by the L.C.C. Weights and Measures Testing Offices, and after some years was moved to 49, Porchester Road, W.

At a church meeting held at Praed Street Chapel on September 1st, 1885, a committee of the Church upon social questions was

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

formed. Mr. W. T. Stead was, at that time, engaged in his Purity Crusade. His name stands out as a champion of the fallen, and many a great fight he had with the powers of darkness. The home was opened for the purpose of giving young girls accommodation, many of whom were stranded in London and thrown into great difficulties. Clifford took up the cause of purity and womanhood and wrote : " In our Church we are trying to *create* argument—the argument of fact, to grow *logic*, demonstrating the work of the Church for purity and for the elevation of woman. It is a serious indictment of the Church that it has been so laggard in occupying the same position towards women that Christ did. I want to make it manifest that the Christian society has to fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ for degraded, lost woman. We have started, but the work is preternaturally difficult. Still, if we will work up to the point of dying for it we shall win. There is a resurrection for every man and society that will die for the causes that will bless and save the coming generations."

Many were the pitfalls that awaited their untried feet, and for want of a helping hand and a kindly word the road to ruin has all too often been travelled by them. Girls came to London to seek situations and often had no idea where to spend the night, without funds or guidance. What could they do ? The Westbourne Park leaders were ready with help and support. No sooner was a thing thought of and the necessity felt than a remedy was at once supplied. The Home was chosen, suitably furnished, a matron engaged, and opened with great enthusiasm. Hundreds of young women write from all parts of the world testifying to the great kindness and hospitality shown to them.

The Church had at first to help the Home financially. Like all the children of Westbourne Park, it had to be nursed ; but it grew and prospered as others had done, and instead of receiving aid, the Home was able to give. For twenty-eight years Mr. and Mrs. John Ryan were untiring in their attention to every detail of its management, and Mr. Ryan's death was a great loss to those who were associated with it. There was a servants' registry office attached to it. In the year 1914 the Home had accommodated 377, 207 being servants, and the others were delegates, employees, students, governesses and trained nurses.

IV

Dr. Clifford established a pastors' class for the careful grounding and training in the principles of Christian faith of the young people

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

who desired fellowship with the Church. And a Christian workers' training class for the study of Biblical subjects, aiming at the all-round development of its members, who were encouraged, though not required, to take part in the meetings, whose views were always respected and whose suggestions for the greater efficiency of the training given were always welcomed. Special attention was given to the preparation of teachers for their valuable work connected with the Sunday School. On Sunday afternoons there were two gatherings in which Dr. Clifford was specially interested—the one the S.A.G., and the other the P.S.A. Brotherhood.

The Sunday afternoon conference began as a young men's Bible class, under the leadership of Mr. Alfred Towers, and continued as such till 1894, after thirty years of valuable work, when it was thrown open and ladies admitted. Its objects were fellowship and the devout co-operative study of the Scriptures. The P.S.A. Fellowship was inaugurated in October, 1902, and enrolled nearly 300 members within the first month. In another chapter we give some account of Dr. Clifford's connexion with the great Brotherhood movement.

The Christian Endeavour movement was a great feature with the young people of the Church. The society has had the beneficial result of making the young people study and think for themselves, and has encouraged them to express their ideas clearly at their meetings. Many able workers came from its ranks into actual church work.

Sunday evening socials were held every Sunday except the first in the month, after evening service, and were very enjoyable features of the church. From 8.30 to 9.45 Dr. Clifford was there as head of his great family. Conversation, singing, refreshments and family devotion finished up a well-spent day. On Tuesday evenings were lectures on interesting and instructive subjects, and on Wednesday evenings popular concerts and entertainments were arranged for the people. A permanent building society, benefit society, cricket club, gymnasium, rambling club, cycling club and temperance society all went to swell the many ways in which Dr. Clifford and Westbourne Park Church set themselves to help the people and to make their lives happy and profitable.

The Sunday Schools were held, two of them, on council school premises, for which £70 a year was paid. The schools were well-attended, having some 1,600 scholars. The Band of Hope and the Girls' Life Brigade have been features of the schools. The senior scholars were graded into the Institute known as the S.A.G. (Sunday Afternoon Gathering).

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Dr. Clifford's work amongst the young in the Sunday School bore much fruit. The announcement that this biography was about to be written brought numerous letters from adults who had passed through the school and whose lives had been changed for good by his influence. Some of them cherished letters which he had written to them as children, and many young people have sent similar letters. One or two may be quoted.

At one of his great meetings, at which Mr. Lloyd George spoke, one of his scholars asked him to obtain for him the autograph of the Prime Minister—and he did. The boy wrote to him :—

CAPELLA,
88, COWPER ROAD,
HANWELL,

September 20th, 1919.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

Thank you so much for sending me the promised autograph of Mr. Lloyd George.

It was very kind indeed of you to remember your promise to a boy like me, especially at such a great meeting when there were so many things for you to think about.

I shall keep your letter, so that when I become a man I may follow your example and remember the boys and girls.

With kind regards from Mother and Dad and my grateful thanks.
Your loving young friend, JACK CUMMINGS.

To another on holiday :—

18, WALDECK ROAD,
W. EALING, W.13,
18.VIII.1923.

MY DEAR PETER,*

Thank you for your card. What a lovely world you are in ! What jolly paddles you are having in the sea ! Happy as a "sand-boy" ; but what sort of a boy is a sand-boy ? What Peter is he like ? Is he like you or Peter the Hermit ? There is a Hermit *crab*, have you found one in your bay ? But the "crab" did not get its name from Peter the Hermit. You are not the only Peter. There was a Peter who jumped into the water and became so frightened that instead of swimming he felt that he was sinking ; but he had a Friend near who saved him.

The other Peters you will hear about at school and will meet them in books and papers.

My love to you along with the Children's Newspaper.

Good-bye.—From your friend and neighbour,

Master Peter McIntosh.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

* Written whilst Peter was at Rhossilly, in South Wales.

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

18, WALDECK ROAD,
W. EALING, W.13,
9.IX.1919.

Should I not like to have joined you, dear Joan and Barbara,* on your morning pilgrimage to the mushrooms! Yes, indeed! only that I should have got out of bed sooner than I wish to do, and therefore I am the more grateful to you for going out, as I suppose you did whilst the grass was steeped in the dews of night, so that you might gather these fruits of the dawn. Edith and I thank you very much for them and are going to enjoy them this evening. We were glad to hear from your father what a jolly time you are having, and shall expect to see you taller, stronger and more lovely than ever! We send our love to all of you and shall be ready to throw up our hats when our "noisy neighbours" come home again. Really, it is very quiet without you!

Greetings, i.e. kisses to you both.—From your young friend,
JOHN CLIFFORD.
The Misses Joan and Barbara McIntosh.

18, WALDECK ROAD,
W. EALING, W.13.,

DEAR PETER, 30.8.21.

Your letter was as sweet as a lollipop and I feasted on it as if it had been one of Pascall's best. How I do miss you! The morning comes, but it brings no Peter's voice through my bedroom window, nor do I hear the run of the barrow driven at top speed by your nimble arms and legs. The day closes and again I hear no Peter. The door opens, but Peter does not come to my side as I eat my breakfast. Oh! Peter, we have missed you. Make haste back and bring with you the freshness of the sea, the music of the birds. Come along, Peter! I want to hear your voice again. It is very dull without you! What is the world without Peter?

Good-bye, from the Doctor who is old.†

MY DEAR FRIENDS, 19.X.1911.

Your lollipops are the sweetest to the taste and the loveliest to gaze upon of any I have tasted and seen. Really, you ought to "set up" a business in sweets. I will give you a good order as soon as you do. I have been eating them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Thanks, a thousand and one, for them.

—From yours affectionately, JOHN CLIFFORD.

The Misses Wood.

* Joan, aged 14, and Barbara, aged 10, had gathered mushrooms and sent to the Doctor from Rhossilly whilst on holiday.

† Written whilst Peter was on holiday in the Isle of Wight. Peter had lately remarked to someone: "The Cliffords are old, aren't they? At any rate, the Doctor is."

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

The sweets are warmer and richer than ever. I am enjoying them ! It is a sign that I have not escaped my childhood yet—for that is the way to put it—I am not in my *second* childhood. I am still in my *first*, and expect to be there to the end. Accept not only my thanks, but *our* thanks—for I do not keep them all to myself ; that would be naughty. We all enjoy them, and are all very grateful to you both for sending your good wishes in that sweet form. Our love to you all, not forgetting the young people, who are, or were, away, and I am, affectionately yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

The Misses Wood.

30.X.1915.

MY DEAR GOOD GIRLS,

I have had two of your “peppermints” just now. The box is in my study, but not within reach without getting up from my desk, or I might feast on them to my hurt. My grandson is here for his half-holiday, and he is by no means reluctant to help me in my enjoyment, though he professes *not* to care much for peppermints ; but *yours*—ah, they are different !

We, that is, my “mother,” my grandson, my daughter, and I, are all very grateful for your kindness to an “old man,” who has never escaped his first childhood in the matter of sweets and certain other things ; but is as much a child as ever.—I am, affectionately yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Many named their children after him. To one such who was about to be baptized he wrote :—

Bradford, Yorks,

15.VI.1917.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It will be sixty-six years to-morrow since I was baptized at Beeston, Nottinghamshire, on a profession of my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I do not forget that I learnt when I was at Bratton, the other day, that not only do you carry my name, but what is infinitely more important and interesting, that you, being in your fifteenth year, as I was, are to be baptized on Sunday next on the profession of your faith in, and allegiance to, the Lord Jesus Christ. I was 14 years and 8 months on the day of my public dedication to the service of the Kingdom, and year by year, as the day comes round, I like to get alone to look into my spirit, to review the year just closing, and to give myself again in will and with a fresh enthusiasm to the work God has set me to do. I shall think of you on Sunday and pray for you that the day may be one of real and full consecration of your whole soul to Christ, to purity in thought, to noble and unselfish aims,

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

to the Church of the Lord Jesus, and to the dissemination of His Gospel. It is not easy to be a Christian out and out. There is a fight of faith nobody sees but God ; but He sees and He helps us to conquer in the battle. We must not fear ; but adventure our utmost in His name, and all will be well.

Our contest will strengthen us ; and our struggles add to our resources for the days to come. Your pastor will be a real help to you. Do not hesitate to take advantage of his guidance in your reading and writing, so that you may discipline your thinking powers and fit yourself for usefulness in the days to come. God will find you work, *the work* for which He will equip you if you wait upon Him.

Praying that you may be able to live a Christian life according to the pattern given us in Christ Jesus,—I am, sincerely yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Master Clifford Stokes,
Bratton, Wilts.

To a Sunday-school teacher :—

DEAR MISS USHERWOOD,

May we hope to see you at Praed Street Sunday School on Sunday next ? I sincerely hope so, and that you are much strengthened for your work by your holiday.

In case you resume work on Sunday next, may I suggest that you send a note to each of your scholars, telling them of your return, and saying how pleased you will be to meet them.

With kindest regards I am, sincerely, your friend and pastor,

J. CLIFFORD.

To within a month of his death he continued to write letters to boys and girls on their birthdays. Here is the last :—

To Master Ronald Midgley.

18, WALDECK ROAD,
WEST EALING, W.13,
25.X.1923.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How did you spend your birthday ? I expect you had a great and helpful time with Mr. Gilbert Laws. How I would have enjoyed a share in the “ talk ” and in the good wishes for you.

You are now 14 years old. My 14th year I remember very clearly. It was the year of decision for the service of God for me. The month of November was a very anxious and troubled time, but the gracious Father led me by His Spirit to understand the freedom and completeness of His forgiveness ; the words of Paul, II. Corinthians, v. 19, entered into my thought and life, never to go out again. I saw as I

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

had not seen before that the forgiveness of sins goes before amendment and leads to, and inspires for amendment. "Not imputing to men their trespasses" gave a fresh significance to the Gospel. And when I was 14 years and 8 months old—on June 16th, 1851—I was baptized and received into the Church at Beeston, Notts. So you see why I am so deeply interested in your entering upon your fifteenth year.

Thank you for your good wishes, and specially for your picture. I greatly value both.—Remember me to your father and believe me, affectionately yours,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

"Only to see the children with 'our dear old Doctor' was enough," said his honorary assistant, Rev. E. E. Hayward. "He evidently loved them, and they evidently knew it and loved him in return! How often have I been privileged to witness the truth of this assertion. When I have seen the children of Hall Park and Amberley Road and of Bosworth clustering round the Doctor, I have said to myself: 'In the centre of them is the veriest child of all.' He, like all the children, seemed always to realize the blessed presence of that Unseen Playmate so beautifully spoken of by 'R. L. S.':

When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the Playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lovely and good,
The Friend of the children comes out of the wood.

I am sure that Dr. Clifford felt as did the writer of these truly childlike, but by no means childish, lines: 'Kids is what's the matter with me; there is no sense in this grown-up business!'

"In his beautiful children's addresses from the rostrum at Westbourne Park Chapel all this was evident to any careful observer. But, as I have said, to see the Doctor with the children themselves was proof positive of his instinctive love for them. With reverent joy we can now think of him as standing fully satisfied in that Presence 'where their angels do always behold the face of the Father.'"

V

Westbourne Park Church was a missionary church. Bosworth Road was one of the most poverty-stricken districts in the Metropolis, therefore the place for missionary work. The houses were mostly let off in tenements, and fifty-five per cent. of the people belonged to the poorest class. It was one of the places in which

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

Dr. Clifford learned the necessity of social reform in housing the poorer classes of the community. The mission celebrated its thirty-seventh birthday in the Westbourne Park Lecture Hall on May 4th, 1914. It was made a day of thanksgiving and presentations. When Dr. Clifford added Bosworth Road to his parish there was only a small hall; the only place he had for extra meetings was an old workshop. In 1893 ground was secured and the building extended. Miss Ruth Dearle began her work as deaconess at the same time. When she had been working for a few months in the old building some friends came to see her, and after describing her work, one of them said: "It strikes me you are wasting your life to spend it in such a place as this." Twenty-one years makes a difference, and if the same friends came to-day to Bosworth Road they could not say other than that Sister Ruth and her band of workers have done right well.

In 1903 a new building displaced the old one at a cost of £3,700, and it was paid for by the end of 1904. It is a substantial edifice and affords permanent facilities for the maintenance and increase of work for the neighbourhood.

About a stone's throw from the hall stands another proof of good done. This is "Clifford's Inn," the public house without beer. This stands as a memorial to the ministerial Jubilee of Dr. Clifford. As everyone knows who has anything to do with slumdom, drink is one of the social cankers. If the people would, they cannot get away from the gin palaces at every corner. The workers felt this; all the pleading and persuasion seemed of no avail whatever unless something was done to counteract the influence of the public-house. A properly constituted limited liability company was formed, supported by philanthropic funds both in the church and outside, with a share capital of £5,000 in 5,000 shares of £1 each. The "Inn" is now the sole property of the Church, and is managed by a council which also takes oversight of the Bosworth Hall Mission.

We have in "Clifford's Inn" an attempt to solve some of the problems that have been caused by the drink trade. All the social advantages of the public-house are provided. Good food at very low prices can be obtained; meals are sent out to customers; there is a bar; club rooms for both women and men; a billiard room with three tables; indeed, everything that conduces to make it a place of rest and refreshment and without the dangers of the public-house.

Another instance of the good work done in the neighbourhood was the forming of the Temperance Trust. This scheme was started

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

by Mr. J. W. Chapman—ever an enthusiast for good works—and his son. The object of the Trust was to help forward the various agencies of the mission and at the same time to add to their numbers whenever openings occurred—as an allotment association, a tenants' housing society, and suchlike propaganda. Two houses were converted into offices for the need of the work.

Then came the idea of giving breathing space to the people in the overcrowded tenements. Mr. E. J. Horniman, J.P., bought up some old cottages that remained of the village, and they were pulled down in 1912 to make way for the "Pleasance," which was presented to the L.C.C. This little Bosworth Park was opened for the people of the district on May 20th, 1914. Viscount Peel, supported by borough and county councillors, received this gift from Mr. and Mrs. Horniman. It is known as the Emslie Horniman Pleasance, and is open to the public for ever. But it is not practicable here to enumerate all the agencies at work initiated by Westbourne Park Church. The whole presents a noble example of a missionary church.

VI

THE WIDER ACTIVITIES

A word or two must be recorded of the wider activities of the Church. As we have already said, Praed Street Church was under Dr. Clifford's care after the opening of Westbourne Park. During 1878-81 the Church was also closely identified with the building of Haven Green Chapel, Ealing, a chapel erected in connexion with Dr. Clifford's presidency of the London Baptist Association for the year 1879. This beautiful and commodious building was opened on May 25th, 1881. Westbourne Park will always regard its share in this work as amongst its most interesting reminiscences. But besides this, Ferme Park, Hornsey, owes its birth to Westbourne Park. The Preachers' Institute had had for its members a preaching station—Crouch End Chapel, N. It became apparent that a church here was necessary, and the generosity of members and friends of the congregation made it an accomplished fact; the chapel was opened in 1889.

Dr. Charles Brown bears his testimony to the help Dr. Clifford gave in founding that church: "It was when I came to London, in 1890, that I came into intimacy with Clifford. My church owed its existence in a large measure to him. A retired General Baptist minister, John Batey, lived in the neighbourhood and had started Sunday services in the Broadway Hall, Crouch End. There was a General Baptist Fraternal which met monthly. At every meeting

WORK AMONGST YOUNG PEOPLE

Batey raised the question of a chapel at Crouch End. He gave Clifford and the others no rest until they had secured a plot of land in this rapidly developing neighbourhood. He went about soliciting money for it. Dr. Clifford used his great influence with the General Baptist Association, with the result that the Home Mission made a grant of £1,500 towards the building of a new chapel. When I came to speak as the pastor-elect at the first anniversary, Clifford presided and gave me a warm and loving welcome. One of the greatest pleasures and privileges of my first years in London was the meetings of the General Baptist Fraternal. Clifford was rarely absent, and when we met at his home and he introduced the topic for conversation we had a rich treat. For several successive months, at our request, he led us in an exposition of I. John. I was impressed at once by the simplicity of his home, the graciousness of Mrs. Clifford, and his own warm friendliness. He naturally took the keenest interest in the progress of the Church and never failed to express his joy thereat. On most of our great occasions he was with us to share our gratitude and hope."

At East Finchley, too, stands another memorial of the devoted labours of Dr. Clifford and his people. A school chapel was built at a cost of £1,500. This was opened in 1890.

There can be no doubt that whatever he was elsewhere, Dr. Clifford was happiest among his own beloved people. Always a day was set apart for prayer and conference at the beginning of the winter's work, and the proceedings closed with a sermon which he would ask some friend to preach. I had that honour once or twice and went over at other times. The delightful time was before the sermon, when the Doctor talked to his people out of his heart of his hopes and plans for the winter. He was always on a high level at this gathering. It was always a time of re-dedication of minister and workers to the high service to which they were called.

I once saw Dr. Clifford on an errand which in his kindness of heart he had undertaken, but considerably against his will. He was asked by deacons of another church to wait upon me and to urge my acceptance of its pastorate. He laid before me the claims and need of the church in question. He enlarged on its great opportunities and pleaded earnestly for my favourable consideration of what was sure to be a unanimous call. It was the only time in my life that I detected the least shadow of half-heartedness in any effort of my revered friend. I turned to him when he had finished and said: "No, Dr. Clifford; you know that you had a great deal to do with my coming to Ferme Park. Do you now seriously advise me to leave it?" A most whimsical look came over his face and

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

with a twinkle in his eyes and a smile, he said, " Well, no. I don't think I do, but I had to do my duty." " But you really think I had better stay where I am ? " " Yes, I am afraid I do."

Besides Westbourne Park and Bosworth Hall Sunday Schools, there is another flourishing school in Hall Park, Edgware Road, and the other in Amberley Road, Harrow Road. The young people in these Sunday Schools number some 1,000, with a staff of about 100 teachers. The Sunday School is the nursery of the Church. It is to the Sunday Schools we must look for those who are to carry on Christian work. The returns throughout almost all the churches show how sadly this branch of the Christian Church has fallen behindhand. Westbourne Park has done well in establishing these schools. They are the great hope of the Church.

But Westbourne Park was not content to help the homeland. In 1905 contributions were made to start a Church in Calgary, Canada. It is called Westbourne Park II. and the Rev. William Grant, B.A., was the first pastor.

So the years have rolled on. Dr. Clifford means Westbourne Park and Westbourne Park means Dr. Clifford. It was the centre of all his labours. For it he lived. His outside public work was auxiliary to it. There have been many great days in connexion with the Church ; days of thanksgiving and rejoicing when young and old alike came forward with loving congratulations and gifts to the Doctor and his wife. Birthdays and anniversaries and a jubilee—all have been landmarks on the long road that they have travelled together. It is indeed a marvellous record, a fifty-seven years' pastorate. Never has a people had so much to be thankful for as Westbourne Park Church. Coming as a young and untried man to minister to a handful of people in a neglected church he, by self-denial, great patience, labours, gentleness, devotion, goodness and truth raised them to a unique position in the world of Free Churches.

CHAPTER V

ON THE KING'S SERVICE

"All I wish is to use my gifts and opportunities so as (1) not to hurt any single soul, and most of all not any feeble, sensitive, suffering soul; and (2) not to enjoy any benefit life offers in such a way as to injure another; and (3) to make every enjoyment and use of life an aid to others."

—DR. CLIFFORD in his Diary.

I

LET us turn for a few moments from the administrative and Church aspects of his work to look at the man himself and his wider interests; to follow him as he goes about on the King's service speaking and visiting, and meeting his contemporaries; and to watch the growth of his own soul as he reveals himself in letters and diaries.

To begin, here is a view of his appearance and ways of life about this period, recorded for this biography by one of the few now living who was intimate with him in those early days. "He was then," says the Rev. C. W. Vick, "about forty, and had recently recovered from a serious illness. Pale, thin, almost to emaciation, he gave little promise of living to old age, and, indeed, had been warned that it would be wise to accept an invitation to Australia, which I believe had recently been extended to him. But he preferred to take the risk—London or Heaven—and, besides, the church at Praed Street was then meditating good things. The villas in Porchester Road had been purchased, plans prepared; Westbourne Park, with its extended opportunities, was already shaping itself in the minds of the Church leaders. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, with their young family, had just moved to 51, Porchester Road, the house adjacent to the new site. It entailed no small sacrifice, one of the many cheerfully endured. The quiet of St. John's Wood was exchanged for the dust and turmoil of a house by the side of which the house-breakers were demolishing the villas. Just across the road, too, the trains of the G.W.R. thundered by on the old broad-gauge lines and tresses between the "Royal Oak" and the Harrow Road.

"It was not long before I was made free of the house, but by this time the new church was in full swing. How well I remember

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

the Sunday evening teas, the long table surrounded by members of the family, the circle enlarged with young men and women, teachers in the Sunday School, students, young people from neighbouring business houses ; the pleasant chat, the always friendly badinage, the serious note, with the gracious mother at the head of the table. Presently Mr. Clifford would slip away to the study, and whilst the talk and laughter went on unchecked it was always understood that unnecessary noise should be avoided—an understanding, I fear, not always too strictly observed. Then came the evening service next door, the crowded church, the extra seats in the aisles all full, chairs brought in and set down at every available point, with total disregard of all risks incurred by overcrowding—for the L.C.C., with its wise and necessary regulations, had not then been dreamed of—the rows of young men to whom the discomforts of a gas-impregnated atmosphere and a temperature far above normal were as nothing when weighed against the inspiration that came from their hero's words.

“ One sees again the frail little figure in the distance, surrounded even on the platform with crowded chairs, whose occupants appeared to be in imminent occasional danger from the vehemence with which the preacher clinched his argument with some sweeping gesture, or drove his point home with a sudden lunge.

“ I do not think we ever thought of Mr. Clifford, as, of course, he was then, as naturally eloquent, in the way in which Spurgeon or Parker was eloquent. His was rather the eloquence won by incessant mental discipline, the eloquence of thought harnessed to the task of interpreting to modern men the eternal realities. He made demands upon us. It was impossible to sleep under his sermons, and difficult to fall into those facile inattentions into which without permanent loss of the thread of the discourse, it was possible with other preachers, to drop. There was little padding. Thought was knit to thought, argument to argument, until there was no logical escape, and if we did escape from the practical conclusion, the deed up to which the sermon led, it was always with the uncomfortable feeling that we were recreant to a trust.

“ For me, all too soon, came college days far away, with but occasional visits to town. It was always a red letter day for us when Mr. Clifford came into the Midlands to open a new church or school, to preach at the induction of a minister, or to attend a meeting of the college committee. Then, if the engagements were near the college we would troop over in a body, or if farther away the more stalwart and enthusiastic would tramp several miles, to be rewarded not only with a pattern of what preaching could be,

ON THE KING'S SERVICE

but with a friendly chat in which the difficulties of college life would be frankly reviewed, the dangers lovingly revealed, the encouragements emphasized. Then home again to talk with each other and pass judgment on what we had heard. ”

II

He flung himself into the flowing current of contemporary activities, appearing upon many platforms to promote social and political reforms, concentrating all the time upon righting the immediate wrong as he saw it, and inch by inch gaining ground for the Kingdom of God. He was not unmindful of the imperfections of the means he used, or of the temporary character of some of the ends he sought, and of his own limitations, of which he was deeply conscious.

He wrote to Mr. John Colebrook :

23.III.1877.

. . . If I were not obliged to produce, to meet the incessant demands of the hour, I would give weeks to work that now receives only hours ; yea, I would give months. The work that endures is Now. That into which we put most of ourselves (ourselves filled with it) is the best, most fruitful. Still, I can understand the impatience to attack the stupendous iniquities of our time.

Grateful for your encouraging words. They do me good. I am pursued morning, noon and night with a sense of inadequacy—imperfection, unfitness ; and though I do not show it, and have never said it before to anybody but my wife, yet this conviction of comparative uselessness and imperfection haunts me till it gives me fits of despair. Did I not know He was more merciful to me than I feel I dare be to myself I should have surrendered long before this. But His marvellous grace in accepting what a man *intends* and *purposes* and *agonizes* to *be*, and *do*, is an unutterable solace to me. I adore Him for it !

He knew his true vocation, although ever conscious of his defects, and when later he was tempted to a political life he resisted it. To Mr. Colebrook he wrote in 1885 :

The Parliamentary idea is gone ! I am told all round my return was certain ; and I may tell *you* that the breadth of human interest, the intense practicability and the fine possibilities of service in Parliamentary life fascinate me strongly : but my vocation is that of a religious teacher—and by it I *stand* for this present.

He was often criticized by friends who did not relish his hammer and thrust attacks on things which he believed to be evils. He writes, on hearing that he had been called a servant of Satan :

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

To Mr. John Colebrook.

. . . I am not in the least disturbed by my critical friends. I am used to it : expect it ; know it *must* be ; and am willing to carry all it involves. Not that it is pleasant to be called " a servant of Satan," *etc.*, *etc.*, but even such epithets and portrayals suggest a fellowship with the Highest Witness for Truth, and supply evidence that one must be near the right when bigotry and narrowness betray themselves by the use of such suspicious weapons. My chief wish is that men will not judge truth by the combatants ; or ignore the claims of Reason and Revelation because of their sorry setting.

The Rev. R. B. Hoyle reminds us of Clifford's powers of sleep, which enabled him to get through his multifarious engagements. On a journey from King's Cross to Leeds he ran through the London papers and snipped out with his pocket-scissors cuttings he would later use. Then he curled up and went to sleep until the train reached Peterborough. He gave me a handful of coppers to buy a copy of every local paper. " I can find more news of London in the provincial papers than in the London papers. The editors in the country mark London news better than City editors : they know that country people who have been up to town always like to hear of things they saw, and so I get much of my information from the country papers." After cutting out extracts and placing them methodically in a notebook he turned over to sleep again. Again at Grantham and Doncaster he got the local papers : took four sleeps and arrived in Leeds as fresh as though he had just risen from bed and come down to breakfast.

And of his democratic views. There had been a somewhat heated discussion at the executive meeting of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, just previous to the annual meeting at Bristol, at which the Doctor was president. Hugh Price Hughes and several others had been advocating that the presidents should appear in gown and hood when they took the chair.

" My difficulty," Clifford urged, " would be to know which of my many hoods and gowns to select. I can't wear them all at once." To that someone replied, " Put into your bag the gown that represents your greatest proficiency—your London M.A. gown." " Ah, well, I should not need to put any other gown in than I usually carry about the country with me," he replied. " What is that ? " " My nightgown—that represents my greatest proficiency," and the warm discussion was settled in laughter.

His love of the democracy was a passion. He always travelled third class, " because there is no fourth class," he explained, " and

ON THE KING'S SERVICE

it enables me to see the class from which I sprang." Once at a Fabian meeting in the early 'eighties some working men tauntingly asked him what he knew of hard work, seeing he was a parson. George Bernard Shaw, who was present at the meeting said the taunt roused Clifford's wrath, and he rose like a lion. He told them of his early hardships as a factory lad, in days when there were no Factory Acts, of how he was dragged from bed when but nine years old "to work at times, not ten hours a day, but often sixteen, and sometimes twenty, and occasionally beginning on Friday morning at five o'clock and not ceasing work until six o'clock on Saturday night."

Simplicity was the mark of all his life. The following instructions to a housewife, somewhat fearful of taking him as guest into her home, will indicate the Spartan rigour of his life. It is from his "Recording Angel." Miss Kate Clifford, his secretary. "Father will not want a fire (it was raw November), but he would like a hot-water bottle at night. I hope Mrs. H. won't be bothered about her 'responsibilities.' If she will give him a basin of hot bread and milk for supper, that is what he has at home and *likes best*. He does not take bacon for breakfast, but if it is *perfectly convenient* would like a stewed or baked apple and tea."

All his life, especially when his public activities imperatively absorbed him, he longed for quietness, in order to do better work. In his diary he writes :—

January 1st, 1887.—I have a large slice of work in me, and after a long spell of public work, such as comes with every autumn, the yearning for a season of quiet (not for inactivity) becomes almost insupportable. I hate publicity and long for "a boundless contiguity of shade"—"a lodge in the wilderness," anything to take me away from the eternal clatter of men and secure for me the healing silences of nature. I have with rich joy arranged for a holiday, but, alas ! it is a long way off—February 21st.

Collectivity of thought is necessary to fullness of life. The man who can only see through his own eyes does not see much ; and he who always looks through other people's will not see clearly. We must use the eyes of others to see *wholly*, and through and over the world of fact : we must use our own very strongly and daringly to see distinctly and accurately the fact as it is. . . . I rejoice most in men who differ from myself. I try to know my own thought and character, and echoes and duplicates of it do not interest me ; those who are widely different fascinate and hold me. They are like a new flower, or an unknown spot. I fraternize and learn.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

And into 1891 he continues, every now and then, to record his reflections at the close of the day.

January 14th, 1891.—All I wish is to use my gifts and opportunities so as (1) not to hurt any single soul, and, most of all, not any feeble, sensitive, suffering soul; and (2) not to enjoy any benefit life offers in such a way as to injure another; and (3) to make every enjoyment and use of life an aid to others.

He enters a passage from General Gordon which afterwards he frequently quoted:

November 1st.—Do you want to be loved, respected, trusted? Then ignore the likes and dislikes of man in regard to your actions; leave their love for God's, taking Him only. You will find that as you do so men will like you; they may despise something in you, but they will lean on you and trust you, and He will give you the spirit of comforting them. But try to please men and ignore God and you will fail miserably and get nothing but disappointment.

III

A few further extracts from his diary exhibit his movements and interests at this period, with one glimpse into his home life.

May 10th.—Lunched with Gladstone at Dr. Parker's. Speech from Gladstone of singular lucidity and power on the Irish question. His manner most earnest. The trend of his mind majestic, penetrating, victorious and irresistible. He is a commander of men. Plain of speech and simple, clear and aggressive. The moral momentum immense. It was a contest. The hearer felt he was witnessing a fight for righteousness, for humanity, for God. He speaks with what seems slow and sustained deliberation, but with immense mental and moral force.

Mrs. Gladstone gave an invitation to a garden party on the 21st at Dollis Hill, but said there was nothing to be seen, except *him*. She has a wife's exalted pride in her husband.

June 1st.—Visited Westbury Leigh, Wilts, neighbourhood of the Westbury "White Horse" along with W. Willis, Q.C., to preach at the 225th Anniversary of the W.L. Baptist Church. Rode along with Willis. A man of exhaustless energy, strong impulses, pure aims and fearless courage. His conversation turned chiefly on *C. Stovel*: his wonderful genius, deep feelings, unswerving loyalty to the Lord Jesus. He described his preaching, his private life, &c. I urged him to write his biography. It is due to the Baptist denomination and still more is it due to the cause of righteousness and goodness. His influence was far greater than many bishops, and yet,

ON THE KING'S SERVICE

alas ! he is not known by the younger men of this generation. "What shadows we are," but what *realities* we pursue, who work for the invisible Kingdom of righteousness and truth. . . . Had most helpful services and after them sat up till one o'clock a.m. discussing great preachers of the Puritan Age. Willis knew them better than most divines ; was quite at home with Sibbes, Thomas Adams, Richard Baxter, Henry Smith, Thomas Cartwright, &c., but Milton was his great master ; he recited Lycidas, Il Penseroso and L'Allegro, &c. Next morning walked to the "White Horse." Altogether a memorable and quickening visit. Discussed the methods of barristers and preachers, &c. ; defects of the pulpit, &c.

. . . My own defect is excess in accumulation of material as compared with rigorous and strenuous work on the analysis and mastery of the subject—fixing of figures and illustrations in the mind ; and so I fail to keep the *recollective* faculties in abeyance, and to give free play to the creative spontaneity, &c.

June 13th.—Visited House of Commons. Debate on Coercion Bill Amendments. If the progress of England depended to any considerable extent on Parliament we might at once prepare for the utter collapse of our nation, and the Gibbon of to-day would find material for the story "Decline and Fall of Great Britain" more abundant in House of Commons than in any other part of England.

October 29th.—Article in *Pall Mall Gazette* of to-day on Spurgeon's withdrawal from the Baptist Union. Stead wrote me for it and after consulting the Secretary of the Baptist Union—Dr. Booth—I wrote it. The Down Grade movement is in full swing.

August 30th, 1888.—British Museum. Working on my address all day. . . . He enters some reflections : "What perishes in the general struggle which throbs through all history is the limitation of the individual and the limitation of the nation."

"'Tis not the mere stage of life—but the part we play on it—that gives the value."

"An ideal, far in advance of practicability though it may be, is always needful for right guidance."

September 16th.—This day has deeply impressed me (1) with the need for more attention to the *social* problems of the day. Churches should have social missionaries attached to them, should also become organizations for the promotion of the social welfare of the people. Workers should be trained who should not be *theological*. The Church has made too much of theology. "Ethical Culture" is a reaction against extravagances and follies of the theological party. (2) The need for work to attract the young people from the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

pavement. Sunday Schools must look to their work. The churches and the young people.

November 26th.—A boy born. Doctor says “a fine strong little fellow.” I hear the voice sounding in the next room in a most lusty fashion. Clearly he has strength. May God bless him and make him of real and noble use in the world. May He watch over and restore the darling mother, to be still the light of her home and joy of all our hearts. It is half-past seven—a.m.

January 23rd, 1889.—In a conversation with Frederic Harrison I heard that Mr. Gladstone was asked a little while ago “how he had retained his great vigour to such an advanced age,” and he replied: “By exercise—at Hawarden in walks and tree-felling and in London I walk,” said he, “till I get into a good sweat.” Had a long conversation with Mr. Frederic Harrison on Education. I lay great stress on Home Training. He said, “I have kept my boys at home till fifteen or sixteen and then I have been obliged to send them to school, but I do not like to do it at an earlier date.”

January 24th.—Met John McNeill, the “Scottish Spurgeon,” so-called. On congratulating him on his coming to London, he said: “It dwarfs a man, does London.” Putting this with his statement as to giving “visibility” to Presbyterianism in London one sees one side of the man.

January 31st.—Salvation Army still under censure. I was the chief defender of its action.

March 28th.—Received a letter from Rev. W. Evans suggesting that I should state my willingness or otherwise to accept the post of President of our College. At present I feel no “call” to the position. The door seems closed owing to the poverty of the Association. I could not for my children’s sake surrender the half of my income. This is one item. But my work in London does not leave me free to change. Yet the work of training men for the ministry is one I should prefer as a matter of personal choice to all others.

April 1st.—Meeting of the “X” [a company of ten leading ministers] at our house. Dr. Allon and J. G. Rogers raised the question of the prospects of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, and the conversation turned chiefly on the religious fibre of the prospective leaders. Suppose Gladstone gone, what have we to look to? The outlook was thought to be very unpromising. John Morley is by no means lacking in the soul of religion, but his agnosticism is a menace. Bradlaugh is the hope of India and his antagonism to Christianity, as commonly understood, is a note of warning. Sir George Trevelyan or Stansfield and others were

ON THE KING'S SERVICE

discussed, but not with much hope. This issue was qualified by the fact that leaders do not usually appear long before they are wanted and that old men rarely see who are to take their places, and yet those places are taken and often filled better by those who follow them than by themselves.

The story is told that once at Clifford's house, at a meeting of the "X" the Doctor was engaged in a furious argument with one of the party whilst he was balancing the turbot on the knife and neglecting his guests. "You fool," thundered Dr. Parker, "I want my fish before it grows cold." The roar of laughter could have been heard across Sunderland Terrace. And when after dinner Clifford gallantly took Mrs. Clifford to Dr. Parker for him to lead her to the drawing-room, Parker gruffly said, "I intended to take her out, whether or not." Parker told a story of Henry Ward Beecher. When Beecher was lecturing at Liverpool a man in the audience interrupted him by crowing like a cock. Beecher took out his watch and said, "It is only nine o'clock: still the instincts of the lower animals are not to be questioned."

Another autobiographical note says that Parker "was the most original member of the ten. He was distinctly the genius of the company. His mind moved forward apparently without prompting by any others. He was not the most widely read. Far from it; but he was the most adventurous in intellect. He gave a touch of incandescence to everything he wrote and said.

I was in the pulpit when he exploded in what seemed violent denunciation of the Sultan*; but really I did not feel that the statement was undeserved. It did jar on some minds no doubt—but it was justifiable.

"Dr. Guinness Rogers was another of the happy ten. He was impulsive, irascible, explosive, eager in debate; always ready for an encounter with Dr. Parker, and I used to find delight in raising a topic in which I judged they would not agree. He was most kind-hearted, although he was a redoubtable worker for what he believed to be true and right. He was devoted to his friends Dale and Berry, and his admiration for and trust in Gladstone knew no bounds."

October 18th.—Oxford, Nov. 10. *Origin of Mansfield College.* Dr. Fairbairn recited story at table to-day in answer to my question. In 1882 he was dining with the Master of Balliol, at Balliol, and

* This was when Dr. Parker exclaimed,—and he was badly misreported in the Press—"Not as a man, but as the Sultan—God damn the Sultan." I was also present and heard him.—J. M.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

said something about it, but said he feared it might be sectarian and it was unwise to introduce a theological college here. Then the master, who was then vice-chancellor, said: "You send your sons here; why should you send them where you are afraid to go yourselves?" And a clergyman said: "Do your duty to Oxford and to England through Oxford. Men here must either become High Churchmen or Agnostics. They need something which is devout, without High Church theories; that is critical, without leading to agnosticism. You could supply it." That deeply impressed Fairbairn. He made a record of it. Meanwhile, Spring Hill College was being left by Simon, who was going to Ed. This led Dale to think of it. Bryce called a conference to consider whether all Noncons. could not go. I attended it. Bryce and Fairbairn wrote on it in *Contemporary Review*. It was brought up in Congregational Union and C.U. appointed six members to act for it on committee. At length C.U. took it up. But it is a monument from first to last of the skill, energy and devotion, etc., of Fairbairn.

December 3rd.—Visited *Thomas Cooper*, the Chartist. He is in his eighty-fifth year. Appeared weak and drowsy when I entered; but on referring to Kingsley and Carlyle roused himself and entered with the utmost heartiness into a long conversation, giving references to W. G. Forster, K. and C. freely, and expressing his sense of obligation to them, specially to W. G. F. In an allusion to Goadby's pronunciation of the word *Isaiah*, he showed all his old power of attack and of self-assertiveness. As I came near the time of my engagement he put his hand on my knee and said: "Now you must pray." I knelt down and prayed. He followed every sentence with the heartiest zest, saying: "Yes! Amen!" etc.

It was an interview with one of the workers of the century not to be forgotten.

This December he dines with Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *American Outlook*. "A most pleasant and refreshing evening. Dr. Abbott, who preached for me on Sunday morning last, is a man of fine gifts, wide culture, striking sincerity, sweet naturalness, and intrinsic goodness. His conversation is easy, allusive, anecdotal. His theology is broad and wholly bathed in the *Zeitgeist*: centres in the infinitely loving nature and glory of God. Christianity in America is advancing and coming into line with the best elements of English theology."

IV

In several places in this biography, in diary and letter, are revealed his relations with the late Mr. W. T. Stead. Mr. Stead

ON THE KING'S SERVICE

propounded a scheme for a Civic Church and wrote to Dr. Clifford :

From Mr. W. T. Stead.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

June 11th, 1890.

I told you the other day I was a Calvinist ; you told me I was a Quaker. I am afraid many people will consider that I am a heathen man and a publican after reading my latest effusion. May I ask you to do me the favour of glancing at my preface to "Centres of Spiritual Activity," copy of which I send herewith, and which, together with my letter in the *Methodist Times*, may be regarded as summing up my views of the doctrines to be preached and the organization that should preach it. Thanking you for the very pleasant visit you paid me the other day.—I am, yours truly,

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

From Mr. W. T. Stead.

SCHEVENINGEN,

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

6th June, 1899.

You are very nearly as bad as Cardinal Manning. When I was propounding my idea of the Civic Church, years ago, he said to me :—

"Drop the word Church and I am entirely with you. Retain it, and I will not lift a finger to help you."

Do you not think that it is very advantageous for the Church itself to be compelled by some such rough handling to realize what may be regarded as the secular side of her functions ? It is a new form of differentiation between the Spiritual and the Temporal. The real inner Church, of course, has nothing to do with the State. That is, from my point of view, the only real Church ; but I am quite certain that the Civic Church or the Church naturalized, as I proposed in the Cromwell Article, is much more like the genuine thing than the conventional conception of a church as consisting of a parson and an edifice in which certain rites are performed and certain sermons preached. Therein I think you will agree with me. In so far as the Episcopalian sect is not conterminous with my Civic Church, it has no business to be a National Church. Therein I think you will agree with me also.

I wish you could come over here for a day or two and enjoy the fresh air and witness—at least from the outside—the meetings of one of the most important assemblies ever gathered together in the world.—Yours sincerely,

W. T. STEAD.

After several visits to Mr. Stead he writes in his diary :—

January 23rd.—Stead referred to the highest compliment ever paid to him, as coming from Cardinal Manning, who said that he regarded him as the *Cromwell* of this age. Stead thought the compliment left-handed as coming from a Catholic, but Manning said that he did not refer to Cromwell in Ireland, but to the Crom-

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

well as the embodiment of the principle of Justice, and of faith in the living God. Manning, according to Stead, gives more credit to Nonconformists and Quakers than to Anglicans. Nonconformists do maintain the reality and necessity of the Spiritual Life. Quakers especially believing in the Divine Light in the light of the Spirit within.

Stead, speaking of his work, said that he usually rose at 5.30 ; that he was still working on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and had dictated the leader of to-day. He was hoping yet to have a penny *Daily*. He showed me a letter from Bismarck's secretary, and said he intended to get an interview with him.

September 11th.—Cardinal Manning said of Stead and his Purity Crusade: "No one could have done the work he then did unless he had been fired with a passion for the salvation of souls."

April 28th, 1891.—Had an interview with W. T. Stead in reference to the case of Sir Chas. Dilke, and the question of Private Morals and Public Life ; found that it is necessary if public life is not to be depraved, to continue the warfare and to secure an increasing protest against the introduction of men into public life who are themselves not of good character. Still, it is difficult to find the lines of action. A legal conviction is a strong *prima facie* evidence of guilt, but it is not final in an absolute sense. The Christian standard is one of freedom from immorality ; but it is difficult to get a working definition of immorality. H. Stead was present. Read a letter of great beauty and force written by Mrs. Butler on the subject. Saw Michael Davitt and had a chat with him. He is going to California. He thinks Home Rule is put off for a long time, and that it is not likely to be the test question at the next election. He impresses me as a man of great strength.

August 28th, 1892.—Visited Mr. W. T. Stead, Cambridge House, Wimbledon. Heard Mr. Blomfield Jones in the morning ; dined with Mr. Stead. Miss Stead, his elder sister, two years older than himself, and with whom in his father's home he used to discuss all questions of life and thought ; the governess, little Jack and a cousin were also present. The house is situated in Wimbledon Park and is as completely *rural* as though it were twenty or fifty miles from town. Mr. Stead said that he had almost perfect seclusion there, not more than twelve persons having visited him on business during the twelve years of his residence there. In the afternoon we had a long walk around the lake, and over the Common. Passing Newnes' house he spoke of the prodigious circulation of *Tit-Bits*, and of the character of its proprietor, describing him as exceptionally ingenious in interpreting popular wants, but by no

ON THE KING'S SERVICE

means a man of intellectual force or high ideals. We discussed for hours—indeed, far into the night, questions of religion, literature, socialism, etc., etc. Mr. Stead gave a résumé of Bjørnsen's new vol. "The Heritage of the Hosts," just prepared for the next *Review of Reviews*. His judgment was that Romanism amongst religious forces was not growing in England, but the High Church Party was advancing at a rapid rate; whilst Nonconformity was with difficulty holding its own. Two things specially engaged and absorbed his thought. The initiation of his daily paper, and the utilization of Spiritualism. As to the first he thought that he ought to do it, and do it early, but felt that *he must have a call*, a divine call, and best adequate means. Many of his plans were discussed as (1) the style of it—to be about the size of the *Leisure Hour*, and folded up into a little book and cut, 32 pages. (2) To have one heading in the centre, (3) to give all the features of the day, (4) to present the Bible in the dress of to-day, (5) news to be done up in an interesting form, (6) luncheons of leading religious men, statesmen, editors, etc., (7) prepaid, (8) £100,000 given away—paper to be 13/- per year, (9) collect for day.

As to Spiritualism. The need is to convert the general faith in it to such use as will convince men in this day of the permanence of the individual life over and beyond death. Mr. Stead read me a series of marvellous communications which had reached him by the way of automatic writing from a Julia Ames (life written) purporting to be the autobiography of one who has passed on to the other side. The talk was as incessant as it was interesting. As we were going to the station, a woman and a boy were going before us, the woman carrying a heavy bag. He touched the woman on the shoulder. "Are you going to the station?" "Yes, sir." "Give me your bag." He had it in a minute and carried it all the way. I objected to his monopoly of the privilege, but in vain. He rushed into the carriage nearest the engine and was gone. I learned afterwards that this is his habit.

I was deeply impressed with the real and deep religiousness of his spirit; his lack of *conventional* reverence in speaking about God, his high appreciation of a non-dogmatic and practical Christianity, and the general sanity of his ideas as well as the strength of his convictions. He is not an adept in the art of under-statement, nor has he failed to recognize the testimony borne in upon him from so many quarters, of his exceptional and outstanding abilities, but like most great men he feels that he is an instrument, a tool in the hand of God and is most anxious only to move as God bids. Whilst himself believing in and using the communications said to be from

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

the spirit world, he is careful to (a) discriminate between the actions of his own consciousness that do not fully emerge into recognition, and the so-called communications, and (b) to test all by the possibility of utilization for mundane ends. I urged this *cui bono* and he recognized it at once.

Speaking of John Morley's house, in which he stayed, Stead remarked that it had no family worship—there was no opportunity for exhibiting the solidarity of the family life, for the meeting of servants and mistress—and all on one plane, and in recognition of a common humanity.

Absence from worship deprived them of the chance of helping forward the work of the world—of giving and of working. A little Methodist people do more for bringing righteousness, etc., on the earth than all the Positivists.

Mr. Stead has high notions of family worship. He told me his plan. It is full of variety : (1) A hymn, (2) a general confession or collect, or (3) a reading from Scripture, (4) another hymn, (5) then a reading from some book like Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," etc., (6) his own prayer. He believed family prayer was being given up because of the lack of interest. Fathers did not make it a love-task.

In the afternoon an American lady called to see him on a certain case which created a stir throughout the world. It illustrates the way in which Mr. Stead has inspired in the minds of people all over the world that he is the champion of lost causes and may be trusted to see right and justice done. Monday morning's post brought him a letter from a youth asking advice as to his career.

Stead told me that it was his custom to require each of his children to report one fact they had gathered from the papers or from life each morning at *breakfast*, and to have one *opinion* about a fact.

From Mr. W. T. Stead.

3rd September, 1890.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

I know that you are desperately busy and therefore I suppose it is useless thinking that you will come and see me at my new offices ? But I would like, very much, if ever you are in the neighbourhood of the Strand, to arrange to have a talk about a project which I have at the present moment in my mind—that project is this :—Five months' experience proves that it is in vain to try to cover all the ground in a

ON THE KING'S SERVICE

monthly *Review of Reviews*, and I should therefore like to publish another in the middle of the month in which I could shunt my Association of Helpers—thereby making it a true Church Militant and devoting it especially to Religious, Moral, Educational and Social Reform—I think there exists a Public (and a large Public) who would welcome such an organ, but I think that you are about the best qualified to advise me as to whether I am right or wrong in this matter, and I therefore write to you before writing to anybody else.—Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

V

During 1895 he had spoken frequently and passionately about the Armenian* atrocities, and had taken a leading part in organizing a meeting of protest. He had written to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone about it, who replied :

From Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

HAWARDEN,

Dec. 16, 1895.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

The Nonconformists do themselves honour by the meeting of to-morrow.

We witness at the present moment a strange spectacle. The Six Great Powers of Europe, which between them spend over two hundred millions in each year upon what are termed defences, lie prostrate at the feet of the impotent Sultan of Turkey, who, with their cognizance, appears to prosecute massacre at his will from day to day.

Presumably this is a condition of deep disgrace for us all ; presumably now, and if it continues, then finally and irrevocably.

Which Power, or Powers, are to blame, we know not. Our country is quite able to cope not only with Turkey, but with five or six Turkeys, and she is under peculiar obligations. But she is not omnipotent. I sincerely cherish the hope that her Government has not been in any degree responsible for bringing about the present almost incredible yet undeniable situation. At any rate it is some small consolation to know that you and your coadjutors are contributing your share towards filling full the measure of proof that the people of this country have no part or lot in such a matter, and are ready for whatever duties they may be called upon to perform.—I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

* For many years exiled Armenians held their Church services in Dr. Clifford's church.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

VI

And now, after many wanderings on the King's service, promoting religious, educational, and liberal campaigns, he arrives home, and sets down in his diary his determination: "(1) To speak with more directness and frankness the thought and emotion of my spirit to men.

"(2) To think and speak more *concretely* and with greater simplicity of phrase; but not with less beauty.

"(3) To aim more directly at *spiritual* issues. To adopt a more free, direct and rousing style.

"(4) To get to work as early in the day as possible, and to get all the work done I can whilst the day is young.

"(5) To *adhere* to work at W. P. C., Praed Street and B. Road, and refuse as far as possible all outside engagements. Wednesday evening sacred.

"(6) To increase as far as possible the amount of my visitation of my people."

CHAPTER VI

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

"I have had sixty years in the Free Church Ministry, and if I were making choice of a vocation for another sixty I should be constrained by my experiences on the one hand, and my convictions on the other, to give an unhesitating and enthusiastic vote for Ministry to a Baptist Church such as I have served these many years. I cannot imagine a set of conditions more favourable (1) for the cultivation and development of my powers; (2) for the discipline of mind and heart, conscience and will; (3) for entire liberty of conscience; and (4) for the inspirations and aids offered for the service of others and thus for the advancement of the Kingdom of God."—DR. CLIFFORD'S Declaration on his Retirement.

"Whoso would be a man must be a Nonconformist."—Underlined by DR. CLIFFORD in Emerson's "Essay on Self Reliance."

I

WE have seen that, from the beginning, Dr. Clifford manifested a gift for preaching. He strove to cultivate that gift by the systematic study of great examples and by exercising it continually. All through his student days he seized every chance to preach and to listen to leading preachers. Their names, character, texts, sermons, anecdotes and achievements filled a large space in the conversations at home. Even during the period of his own busy ministry whenever he could take a Sunday off he spent it listening to well-known preachers—Church of England, Catholic, Nonconformist. Those who knew him chiefly as a platform orator thought that there was the centre of his interest, and that there his gift was best displayed. And politicians pressed him into their service and tempted him to a political life.

"I hate politics," he declared from his pulpit, "with perfect hatred, and if I could have got rid of my conscience I should never have touched them, and if I could escape them now and be at peace with the pursuits of my own choice, nothing would delight me more. But it cannot be. A conscience is a most inconvenient commodity, and to give it sovereignty over life is the destruction of personal preference, and the exclusion of freedom of choice. Its rule is despotic. Its imperative is final. We *must* take the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

hard and not the easy course ; the disagreeable and not the pleasant path. For, as President Garfield said : ‘ you have to go to bed with your conscience,’ and it is the wisest, and in the end, the happiest course to yield to its authority, and carry out its orders even when they go against the grain.”

He was pressed on several occasions to stand for Parliament and assured that he would be carried shoulder high to Westminster. But he knew the evanescent value of the rapturous applause which surrounds platform oratory, and he never lost himself in the labyrinthine ways of politics. The platform manner did influence his pulpit style, as was inevitable. And the breadth of his pulpit work covered phases of political interests which are usually left to Press and Parliament. In the competition for his choice of theme, the social, national and international subjects which afforded him a wide sweep and called for many-sided illustration, appealed, where narrow theological subjects failed. But to him there never was any contradiction or even contrast between the evangelical and the ethical ; he dealt with the ethical evangelically and with the evangelical ethically. Nor did he allow any conflict between faith and reason, or between moral and spiritual issues. History, literature, art, science, governments were used to achieve moral and spiritual ends. He saw the individual soul for whose salvation he cared supremely, and society, which he would make purer and sounder for coming generations, against the awful background of eternity, and he consistently summoned men and governments and nations to the judgment bar of God.

He gave himself unreservedly to his pulpit work. His sermons were beaten out in the sweat of his brow and heart. They did not come to him easily—labour and again labour was his constant habit. He spoke from his own experience when he said to ministerial students : “ What skill doth every part of our work require ; and of how much moment is every part ! What skill is necessary to make plain the truth, to convince the hearers, to let in irresistible light to their conscience, to keep it there, and to drive all home ; to screw the truth into their minds, and to work Christ into their affections ; to meet with every objection that gainsays, and clearly to resolve it ; to drive sinners to a stand, and to make them see that there is no hope, but that they must unavoidably be converted or condemned ; and to do all this by language and manner as becomes our work, and yet as is suitable to the capacities of our hearers ; this, and a great deal more, should be done in every sermon, should surely be done with holy zeal.”

On his eightieth birthday, speaking from his intimate experience,

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

he was sure that the outstanding note of preaching should certainly be that of personal sympathy; a genuine feeling of oneness with all that men and women suffer and endure, with their efforts and defeats, their hopes and disappointments, their joys and sorrows—a sympathy acquired by vital contact with the people. Bearing their infirmities and carrying their sorrows is the divine way of doing good. It was Christ's way and it must be ours, he said. Preaching is an aid to that sympathy; and pastoral visitation, after the fashion of Baxter's "Reformed Pastor," is a method of preparation for the pulpit that completes and carries to finest utilities the preparation of the study. "In my judgment," he said, "that is our foremost need—a more distinctive dealing with persons. We are all in danger of seeking the crowd and forgetting the individual soul, its perils and its cares. The 'lime-light' is the preacher's chief danger. He must be a pastor, carrying to his people his higher ideals and his enriched spiritual personality."

We shall see in another chapter that his last great effort was to promote personal evangelism, and that he died whilst taking part in promoting the movement. But it may not be inappropriate here to recall the closing passage from his sermon before the Baptist Union on "The Problems after the War," which deeply moved the assembly.

Putting his manuscript aside he said, amidst tense silence :—

"If an old man may speak to his brethren in the ministry, it shall be the word which my mother gave me when I went to college: 'John, find out the teaching of Jesus. Make yourself sure of that, and then stick to it, no matter what may come.' Our first business is to make men see Christ. Get away anywhere, hide yourselves anywhere, if only to make men see Him in the brightness of the glory of the Father.

"Next may I add in all your work get into personal touch with the individual soul. Don't be content to have the crowd. The best work I have done has been directly upon men and women, personal work, making them my solicitude: and as I look into the future I think no benediction will be so welcome as this that comes from those whom I have led into the presence of Jesus and enabled to grasp His hand.

"And the only other word: Stick to Christ, cling to Him. Care for the individual soul. Suppress yourself. That is the hardest task of all. Self is so subtle and the temptations are so strong to put self in the front. It is only as the heart is daily enriched by communion with Him who gave Himself for us that it is possible for us to secure this crown. May God hear us and help us that having

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

received His Gospel we may never bring the slightest discredit upon it, and that He may make it through us a power for the salvation of the world."

II

But behind all his preaching was the man himself, of simple tastes, devoid of affectation, wholly disinterested, unbribeable, veracious, with a burning passion for justice, exhibiting the martyr spirit in defence of liberty of conscience, speech and action, free as the air, bound by no creed or dogma or priest, denying any essential difference between natural and supernatural, and taking the whole world for his parish and the universe for his knowledge. "The Baptist," he wrote to Mr. Rotherham, "is a severe individualist because of the superlative values he sees in the human will and the faith and hope he cherishes for its development and perfection; but he is the most 'Catholic' minded dweller on this globe. The whole of humanity is his parish for the Son of God is the Son of *Man* and stretches forth His hands from the Cross to all men that He may draw them unto Him."

One who saw him in the pulpit in his middle years said there were three great Baptists—John the Baptist, another, John Bunyan, and a third, John Clifford—a veritable voice crying in the wilderness, eater of sacerdotal locusts and wild honey of reform, straightener of rough paths and valiant preparer of the way of the Lord.

Many have taken in hand at different periods to describe his appearance in the pulpit, and in cartoon and sketch have produced all manner of impressions. Some aspects of these impressions may be brought together. Clifford's head was one, James Douglas wrote, that the old masters would have gloried in. All brow and eyebrow, animalism clean gone, spirituality paramount. No wrinkles, no furrows in face or forehead, but an intense, parched ghostliness as of white fire. Two deep hatchet-marks of thought between the half-quenched eyes; square, unyielding beard greying and whitening. Nose sharp, eagerly sensitive, ears large and alert, mouth beautiful but hard as steel, opening like a strong-room, shutting like a vice, the mouth of a man-at-arms, made for words of fire.

His clothes unclerical. Dull drab grey coat, turn-down collar, sober-coloured loose knot for necktie. The whole garb eloquent of mind aloof from externals.

But withal his was a majestic figure. The tones and the gestures free, unstudied, but not ungraceful. Right fist now flourishing like

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

a warrior's leading a charge, sword in hand ; then the hands crossed in quiet exposition ; the spare, wiry frame now still, and now shaking as if he were forcibly hurling the eloquence out of his body ; open palms spread out in winning appeal ; pointed forefinger of menace or accusation.

The voice ran through the whole range of tones. But its characteristic tone was that of a strong man pleading for strong men, a man like Paul, like John Bunyan. "I am going home to prison," said John Bunyan. "You feel that before long John Clifford may say the same," exclaimed one during the Education controversy. He is "able for anything," able as Paul was able. "No trimmer, no compromiser, no balancer, is this man. He is made of the stuff of martyrdom. No niggler, no dilettante, no hair-splitter, no sophist, no casuist, but a live thunderbolt of spiritual fire."

He kept his passion white hot. "His body," said another who had seen him during the Boer War campaign, "works like a windmill in a hurricane ; his eyes flash lightnings ; he seizes the enemy, as it were, by the throat, pommels him breathless with blows, and throws him aside a miserable wreck." In the pulpit his slight, bent form moves restlessly to and fro ; he fixes someone with his glittering eye ; argues with him, as it were ; wrestles with him ; poses him with questions ; draws back to make a point ; leaps forward to convince him. *Punch* declared that he wore two cravats, one in front and one behind, so that in the midst of his passionate speeches the one behind could take the place of that in front. In the case of a long speech the cravat behind recovers its position in front, having made a complete tour of the Doctor.

But these impressionists were almost wholly blind to his tender appeals, his child-like gentleness, his winsomeness, his happy laughter, his tears in wrestling with God for a sore stricken world, his motherliness which drew little children to his side, and made every mother joyful in his presence.

III

He was regarded as the young man's preacher, and we have already seen how they flocked to hear him, to be taught by him, and with what enduring results. His courage and knowledge, his sympathy and unconquerable optimism won their hearts.

On the first day of each year, from 1890 to 1920, he delivered an annual survey of the course of events, to catch and express their practical message for the uprising and eager young lives around him, so soon to have cast upon them the respon-

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

sibilities of making history. Each of these addresses occupied two hours in delivery. They ranged the whole world—social developments, scientific discoveries, notable books, the state of education, wars and rumours of wars, elections, Parliamentary reforms, missionary enterprises, the loss of leading citizens, the failures and triumphs of the Church, the condition of other nations—from the doings of the L.C.C. to the rise of the Japanese nation or the fall of the Kaiser. To read through them is to have a panorama of the chief events of each year unrolled before you, salient features brought out vividly, and the whole living story related in vigorous, picturesque, burning words, and telling quotations from the world's literature, enforced by closely knit arguments and hard-flung facts, fiery denunciations, and glowing appeals to justice, liberty, freedom—calculated to fire the souls of his hearers to white heat—delivered with all the fervent passion of a missionary with a high evangel, giving himself to save the world, but controlled by the tight reins of a disciplined judgment.

In their printed form they would fill over three hundred *Times*' columns, and exceed in their range and effectiveness the annual reviews of that great organ. They were specially directed to young men, and from no other source could they have derived, within their limits, such a moving account of the course of human events, informing, inspiring, which, even when the record was dark and menacing, closed upon the ringing notes of hope and conquest.

His amazing industry, his wide outlook, his sure hold upon moral principles, his selective faculty were all displayed in his varied treatment of these surveys. As we read them, thirty years later, they still palpitate with the emotions of his soul, and one cheers and laughs, and tears fall and the heart burns, and the figure of the writer rises before one—alert, alive, fighting, hammering, demanding, persuading, compelling his hearers in tones grave, passionate, appealing, to live and work and die for liberty, truth, justice, and mercy for all the sons of men.

The character of these stirring and enlightening appeals which he made to young men in these annual surveys may be judged by one or two slight references. After reviewing the chief events at home in 1897—the Education controversy, the County Council election—he asks them what is their duty?

“It is to secure for *all* citizens a fair amount of leisure to investigate, and to attempt the solution of these civic problems; to afford facilities to the children of our State schools, for the acquisition of a knowledge of civic history and conditions, and a sense of citizenship; to stimulate men to equip themselves for doing

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

citizen work ; to make every church a source of civic enlightenment and a fount of civic enthusiasm ; to cultivate a sense of civic duty, of civic responsibility and privilege, and to get rid of that fearfulness of all diseases—the atrophy of the social conscience, the social heart, and the social will. Rouse yourselves, young men ! Stand by your County Council. Secure a decisive majority of Progressives at the forthcoming election. Fight for the city ; the city as one, and not as forty or fifty ; the city first and foremost, the city ruled by one strong, central popularly-elected government, capable of representing the unity of the city and dealing with it as a whole. Oh, young men ! dwellers in this greatest and most glorious of cities, with its tumultuous, seething, rushing life, with its maddening miseries, its haunting fears, its ‘ infamous wrongs,’ rise from your self-seeking and vanity, and devote yourselves to the purification and enriching of our metropolitan life.

“ Forward, then, is our motto. Our principles are eternal. Parties rise and fall. Principles endure. Majorities change from side to side. Ideas rule, and rule for evermore ; and the ruling ideas of the advancing life of men are democratic. The twentieth century will far surpass the nineteenth in the spiritual fullness and completeness of its development.”

He reminds them at the opening of another year : “ I, too, as you know, am a preacher, and, under whatsoever guise I appear, cannot claim to do anything else ; for the preacher is not a man who restricts himself to a particular class of text or speaks only from a particular place, but a man with a message he is seeking to get accepted and used by his fellows ; not because he thinks he has originated it, and it is his own, but because it is the message of the Eternal Father, written in the books of the years of the right hand of the Most High, for the guidance and warning, correction and instruction of His children ; a line or two of the pages of that ever-growing Bible of the human race, that, though ‘ slowly writ,’ is surely and clearly disclosing the mind of the living God to the sons of men.”

The story he has to relate, like the story of every year, is spread over acres of type, and recorded in a very babel of languages. Fragments of it are found in books of travel and of science, of theology and of song, of art and of criticism, and yet only fragments ; “ for we must add the splendid stores of the growing hosts of newspapers—newspapers of the morn and of the night ; of trade and of religion ; of labour and of capital ; of sport and of science ; and following these, the army of pamphlets that marches in swift succession through the months on all topics under Heaven ; and

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

even then the half is not told us. For the facts from which we try to sift our message of the year are not only in political catastrophes that startle nations, but in events that come to birth silently, as the dew gathers on a blade of grass ; and occur in New Zealand as well as in Paddington ; amongst the millions of India not less than in Manchester ; in the experiences of the tribes of Africa as well as in the United States. For the race of man is one, and the full revelation of God to each is made through the fullness and perfection of the life of all."

Another year he spoke of Five Great Conciliations :—

(1). Of the scattered and antagonistic forces of London through the idea of a corporate unity.

(2). Of industrial strife through the marriage of the idea of the permanent economic efficiency of personal character with that of improved social conditions.

(3). Of the conflicts of sex through the idea of woman's responsibility for social progress, and of man's duty not to erect barriers in the way of the discharge of such duty.

(4). Of the controversies of race through the idea of political federation and universal brotherhood.

(5). Of the interests of religion and of the churches through the idea of the oneness of all truth and the spirituality of all religion. Welcome that message. Cling to those ideas. They are true, eternal, reproductive. " Work for their incorporation with the life of men, work fearlessly through defeat and delay."

Take another typical appeal. 1904 was a year which ended in gloom, but 1905 in glorious sunshine. " For 1905 will be remembered by us, and marked off amongst the years by our children, as one of the most remarkable years not only of the history of Britain, but of the history of the world. I shall be surprised if it does not take its place by the side of 1832 in the character and number of the new and reproductive forces introduced into the life of man, and rank even with 1688 and the landing of William of Orange in the quality and range of the harvest of progress that will spring from the seed sown in its months ! It is a year of manifestation.

" It is the year of the unexpected and the surpassingly brilliant victories of Japan over Russia, and the entrance of the Japanese peoples into the grade of the primary formative forces in the organized communities of the world. . . . It is the year that chronicles the manufacture of the machinery by which the Roman Catholic Church, which has menaced the very existence of the French Republic, is separated this very day from all dependence upon and connexion with the State. . . . It is the year of the bursting forth

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

with revolutionary energy of the long pent-up fires of liberty amongst 140,000,000 of Russians. . . . It is the year of the freshly recovered rights of small nationalities to self-government, and of the return of the great empires to the things that concern the real welfare of man, wearied and dissatisfied with the results of their long wanderings to and fro all over the earth in search of more land. . . . It is the year of the distinct mediation of the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt, between the white and coloured populations of America, and the initiation of measures for their reconciliation."

Another year he called upon his young men to "work for universal brotherhood. . . . The chief and most exacting fight is for the practical obedience to the law of *universal brotherhood*. I do not care for the brotherliness that goes out to Timbuctoo and forgets the starving poor in Paddington ; nor do I value highly the patriotism that talks incessantly of the workless in London, and is dumb as death about the atrocities in Armenia, and the lynching of negroes in the Southern States of America. . . . Our freedom is the birthright of man as man, and the degree in which we possess it obliges us to do that which in us lies to secure the same blessing to others.

"I do not want to feed pride of race ; on the contrary, I wish you to recognize the inherited and inalienable responsibility of the Anglo-Saxon all over the world. We have faults, insatiable greed, an aggressive selfishness, and most of the vices of a conquering people ; but we are a great colonizing stock, and to us belongs the primacy in the task of rendering the family of man a homogeneous whole. We are everywhere. Our speech is going everywhere. The barriers between nations are lowered every year. Anglo-Saxon ideas make for unity. What is thought in this city is soon thought in Melbourne, in Sydney, in Adelaide, in Toronto, in New York, in Chicago. All kinds of particularism must therefore disappear, in religion and in politics, in trade and in society. Anglo-Saxon freedom, liberty of speech, as well as thought, is penetrating everywhere. It is affecting the Romanism of America and the Mahometanism of India. Anglo-Saxon self-government, practical religion, and democratic altruism must be carried to the ends of the earth. *It is the common man all over the world* we must help ; and help in all his life."

Opposed uncompromisingly to the Boer War, he was wholly on the side of Britain in the Great War. And it is necessary, because he has been misrepresented, to make his position and reasons clear. In his annual address, January, 1916, he said :—

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

"This war, after all, is only a 'stupendous interlude.' The monster strides over the earth in its hideous march, pushing everything else aside and claiming dominion over all. . . . It is an incident in the vast life of the ages ; a tragic episode ; separable from the main currents of our human experience. . . . In spite of the most tremendous war, there is real and substantial progress. War, even this war, does not force a total stoppage of the armies of Progress. The Cross still leads the generations on and leads them further and higher. War may slacken the pace for a time, or it may hasten it ; vary the immediate direction of march and rearrange the lines of advance ; throw down and destroy barriers in the way ; pull down the bad social and political work of centuries, and help in the transformation of the persistent past so as to secure for it a place in the reconstruction of the civilization of the future. But let us not fear. The whole round earth is still on its upward path. Civilization is advancing. Though there never was a war that equalled this in its range and scale, in wickedness and barbarity, the processes of human development are not choked off. They are moving on. The tides of a larger sea continue to flow into the souls of men in spite of the accumulated and heinous transgressions of princes and rulers. A higher and purer air presses through every pore of the body of humanity, inspires the soul that dwells in it, and lifts it to goodness and to God. . . .

"The effect of this revelation of the German mind on ourselves is many-sided, deep, disturbing and yet strengthening. In its presence the last shred of doubt as to the *righteousness of our cause has gone*. We were sure of our ground in 1914 ; we are a thousand times more sure to-day. Doubts that haunted us a year ago have been swept to the ends of the earth ; and questions we discussed with seriousness then are no longer put. We know the German mind, and that has helped us to know our own and make us sure what it is we have to do. With Lloyd George we can say, 'We do not like this war, but there is one thing about this war we do like : we have entered into it with a perfectly clear conscience.' That is our power. We have to do the right though the heavens fall. . . . Men have been profoundly shaken and stirred and stimulated by the experiences of the war, and compelled to cease taking things for granted ; to re-examine current ideas, to test severely accepted theories, creeds and beliefs ; to inquire into the claims of old institutions, philosophies, sciences and religions. We are living in a renaissance, a great re-birth of mind such as followed the revelations of life made in the days of the

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

28336
Crusaders, the expansion of soul due to the discovery of America and the liberation that followed the uprising of the 'monk that shook the world.' That is your privilege, young people! Awake to its importance! It is there."

He saw, too, the awakening of an international mind in religion. "It may seem premature to speak of the entrance of the international mind into the realm of religion, and yet we are all aware that the war has profoundly stirred the thoughts of men, constrained them to look into the realities of life and death, to sift traditional customs, beliefs and theories, to ask religious institutions to give an account of themselves, and show reason for their continuance, to investigate the ground of disunion amongst worshippers of the one God and believers in the religious life.

"Out of this awakening there has emerged a new league based on the fact that the Spirit of God has not left Himself without witness in any nation. He is not the God of the Jews or of the Christians only, but has revealed Himself to the consciences and minds of men throughout the ages and in all lands; and that whilst no religion has been entirely free from superstition and falsity, there is some truth in all religious organizations; and under the ministry of the Spirit men are being led to slough the patent falsehoods and hurtful practices that have grown around the Truth, and are gradually being trained in their different folds to form one great flock under the guidance and care of the Eternal Shepherd of Humanity. Hence a League of Faiths has been started to bring into helpful co-operation those who realize the essential unity of religion in the development of high ethical and spiritual ideals, the establishment of righteousness, the enlargement of liberty, the abolition of injustice and the promotion of the fraternity of man."

IV

Now let us turn to his pulpit work as seen in his published sermons and books.

Any description or estimate of Dr. Clifford's pulpit efforts must, as we have shown, give prominence to his sympathy with and service to young men. The sort of sermon he addressed to such may be studied in his "Dawn of Manhood."

"In my work as a religious teacher," he says in the preface to that volume, "I have ever felt the keenest sympathy with young men and made them my chief care. I have lived with them, worked by their side, discussed their difficulties in free and frank speech, shared their war with the wrongs and disorders of the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

time, striven to look through their newly-opened eyes on the new facts of life and science, history and art, philosophy and religion, spoken to their perplexities and weaknesses and sins; never, however, as an authoritative cleric—for that I am not—but as a brother toiler; labouring with manifold defects but a great hope, to be the man God meant me to be.”

From intimate converse, and the voluntary confessions of young men, he had knowledge of the dark and devious ways of city life, and the fierce temptations to which young men are exposed; and in the spirit and with the insight of the true pastor he literally agonized to help them. He was describing himself as well as Henry Drummond when he said: “First, he chose to present those phases of the Gospel to young men which are immediately related to living, to duty, to character and service. He told them, not that they could not die without Christ, but, on the contrary, that they could not live the life that is life indeed without His presence and inspiration. He preached a present and instant use of the energies of Christ in resisting temptation, in the choice of high ideals, in the building of manhood.”

“Two notes—the notes of optimism and joy—ring out clear and insistent through all Dr. Clifford’s deliverances,” writes Rev. J. G. Henderson. “The optimism enabled him as an old man to face with courage and confidence problems and situations which were causing young men to lose heart, but his was not the shallow optimism that shut its eyes to the dark aspects of human life. He got his faith from God, and found its justification in the evidences and illustrations of history and science. With Browning, his typical Christian poet, he believed that ‘the best is yet to be.’”

In discussing “The Modern World’s View of Christ” he boldly proclaimed that “fresh teachings await us if we are able to receive them. Through the last century the Spirit of Christ has been preparing for the next stage in the development of the Christianity of Jesus. New revelations are at the doors. New conquests in the realms of mind, and heart, and social life are about to be won, and the Gospel is soon to march forward with accelerated speed and wider applications.”

He forecasts an era of peace, when the ghastly happenings of war have become the nightmare of a dead past. “The World’s Coming Peace” in “The Secret of Jesus” is a powerful argument, with ample and varied facts and enforcements.

As persistent as the note of optimism is the note of joy. This he declares has been “the keynote of my ministry.” The ablest

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

of his sermon volumes is "The Gospel of Gladness," and the opening discourse is on "The Duty of Joy"—joy as a fact of life, joy as an obligation of the Christian life. There is also a fine composition in that volume entitled "Samson, or the Perils of Middle Age." And in "The Secret of Jesus" he has this exultant challenge:

"If you take out the joyous passages from the New Testament, what have you left? Begin with the Apostle Paul and see how you have to cut away breadth after breadth; you make his letters poor indeed. It is like taking the sun out of the Heavens, or the Saviour out of the Gospels. His first letter to the Thessalonians expresses the gladness of the Apostle in the midst of overwhelming tribulation. He talks of the abounding joy he had in the Christians of those days, notwithstanding their failures and defects, their immaturity and sins. He writes of the comfort of God that abounds in all their tribulation 'that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.' Like the flowers seen far away in the clefts of the rocks, brightening the region of eternal snow, so are these words concerning joy and gladness found amongst the writings of the New Testament. It is a fact that Jesus not only conceived and expressed His aim, but He achieved it. A finer commentary, one more luminous and convincing, upon this utterance of Christ's, cannot be found than that contained in the experience of the first Christians. But that purpose of the Saviour has been overlaid, forgotten and ignored by Christians of later times."

Dr. Clifford was often represented to be a bitter, intolerant, and extravagant Nonconformist, and as a consequence few men were more vehemently attacked and reviled, but the reader may search the pages of his writings without finding a syllable in the spirit of retaliation. He was, in fact, one of the gentlest and most humble-minded men who ever figured in public affairs, a trenchant but an absolutely honest controversialist, scorning the use of any unclean weapon. There was in him no tincture of malice or ill-nature; he was utterly without guile and magnificently simple. He could condemn and denounce, but only after sufficient reason had been shown, and the denunciation was devoid of spite; it was never defamatory.

Any discerning student of the published sermons of Dr. Clifford can at once discover his method of pulpit preparation. After the selection of text or topic he evidently did a good deal of reading, and there was free use made of his extensive notebooks. On the basis of a simple plan, the sermon was carefully arranged and proportioned, there was concern for clearness of expression, and then

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

a somewhat lavish use of quotations. Familiar with current literature and speculation, he cited copiously from a wide and miscellaneous variety of authors—Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Browning, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Mazzini, and a host of others being regularly and largely drawn upon. His discourses sometimes seem to be mainly digests of his reading, echoes of his library. It must be admitted that many of his poetical quotations are rather threadbare, but they are always apposite, illuminating his meaning, or advancing his argument. There is the carefulness of statement that indicates the exact thinker, and the serious-minded teacher; logical order, and an argument that can be followed without perplexity. Every thought, fact, illustration is marshalled for a plain purpose and makes for a definite end. Scholarship is evident where it ought to be in all true preaching, deep in the foundation, and wrought into the texture of the thought, penetrating every sentence. Dr. Clifford despised no drudgery that would enable him to explain a difficulty, or render service to a cause.

The printed sermons do not in the reading adequately disclose Dr. Clifford's power in the pulpit, but the intellectual force and clarity of the preacher, his learning, his sturdy moral earnestness, his scorn of shoddy compromises, and clever expediences, his burning seriousness, and his evangelistic fervour are apparent in every line. At the close of a sermon the listener or reader is conscious how thoroughly the orator has fulfilled his aim, and driven his contention into the minds of the persons addressed. He made no effort to be concise, or epigrammatic, he was never pictorial nor picturesque, not a master of phrase or jewelled sentences, for to him the substance was always more than the form. He hewed out the pillars with a strong hand, but he never attempted to embellish them with lily work.

To appreciate the genius of Dr. Clifford he had to be heard rather than read. The listener soon felt that here was a man who had faced the problems of his time frankly, a sincere and fearless thinker, entirely devoid of timidity, who would speak the truth as he saw it, a man too courageous to conceal, and too candid to indulge in any ambiguity.

Without any trick of rhetoric, or any artifice of voice or gesture, the whole man became tense, vibrant, alive, as he delivered his message. His frame trembled with furious force, he was concentration incarnate. The words became living things as they fell from his lips, they thrilled with that indefinable mystery we call personality, the mystery which is also mastery. The listener

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

instinctively tightened up all his faculties, and lay open to the reasoning and appeal of the preacher. People came in crowds and submitted with rapt attention to long and closely argued addresses, for they found that there was reality, a genuine prophet of the Lord, not a phrase-maker, but a spiritual dynamic.

The Angus Lectureship was founded as a Testimonial to the Rev. Joseph Angus, M.A., D.D., the former President of Regent's Park College. In 1906 he delivered the Angus Lectures, selecting for his subject "The Ultimate Problems of Christianity." The course consisted of eight lectures, which were delivered at the College.

The Rev. J. G. Henderson has also attempted a very brief analysis of them, as they contain the most substantial expression of Clifford's teaching.*

No attempt to portray Dr. Clifford, or describe his preaching, can overlook the fact that Jesus Christ was central in all his thoughts, and commanding in all his actions. In the preface to "The Secret of Jesus" he bows in reverence before "that Person who has been to me the centre of intellectual repose, as well as the guide and inspiration of my life, my Saviour and Master, Leader and Companion, Brother and Lord." Again he declares, "'Sirs, we would see Jesus,' is the request still addressed to the experts of the spiritual life by men who cannot escape the haunting consciousness that wealth, and light, and life may be found in Him, and cannot be found anywhere else." His intensity of love and adoration for the Lord Jesus Christ blazes through all his sermons. The volume mentioned above is a passionate presentation of Jesus as Saviour from all the evils of life, but that may be affirmed of all his publications. In his "Typical Christian Leaders" he writes: "Allow the supernatural Person of Jesus, and the body of Christian fact and truth has coherence of statement, precision of purpose, symmetry of proportion, and fullness of life-giving power; deny it, and we have nothing left on which to rest—life is a chaos, history a riddle, God a problem, death a terror, and the future an abyss."

While there was no loosening of hold upon the supernatural forces of Christianity, Dr. Clifford was modern to his finger-tips. Amid all his multifarious activities he made time to acquaint himself with all the best Biblical and literary culture, and the results of the Higher Criticism are incorporated in his treatment of his themes in a very frank and fruitful manner. This often laid him open to suspicion and assault from some people, but the most piercing

* See Appendix B, p. 294

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

investigation will fail to show any slackening of his grip upon the fundamentals of the Christian faith.

He believed that no religion could rest upon a basis of mere external authority. He identifies himself with Professor Henry Drummond, who "could not defend a position because it was traditional, or utter a message because it was orthodox, or close his eyes on a truth because it was new, or hold his peace because it was opposed." His method of approach to the persons he sought to reach was along the pathway of experience; to make his hearers feel that he was dealing with something that intimately concerned them; and this secured for his preaching the impression of reality. So far from being alien and external, or merely imposed, he taught that the Christian revelation finds its vindication in our most inward experience, and in the wide ranges of human history. Mr. A. G. Gardiner once well described him—"He does not deliver the law from an infallible throne; but comes down as it were into the market-place and talks the thing out with you; a plain man like yourself, offering you his opinion, and seeking yours. He might soar into the heights of the supernatural order, but this was done in order to attach men to the lowly duties of earth, and stimulate them to their discharge. The driving purpose of his preaching was to thrust the truth home to the heart and conscience and make it productive in character and conduct."

V

He was a lover of the "Pilgrim's Progress." And it is interesting to recall that when the Baptist World Congress was held in London in 1905, the omission in Westminster Abbey of some memorial to Bunyan was commented upon. Dr. Clifford was President of the Alliance and Dr. Shakespeare, Secretary, and the comment of the visitor was not overlooked.

A memorial was presented to the Dean, signed by the leading men of the day, asking that some place be found in Westminster Abbey for a memorial to this most illustrious of allegorical poets.

The "Pilgrim's Progress," written while John Bunyan was in Bedford Jail, has been translated into all known tongues. It has been said that "it follows the Bible as the singing of the birds follows the dawn," making for itself a home in the affections of all people to whom it comes. In our own land its influence still continues, and it is one of the most powerful links in that chain of a common literature which forms so strong a bond between ourselves and the great American nation across the sea.

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

At the Dedication Ceremony, on January 25th, 1912, Dr. Clifford said: "This window is not only a valuable addition to the art which enriches and distinguishes this temple of fame, it also commemorates one of the most powerful books written by one of the greatest saints. But chiefly this work is a memorial of one of the saints, who through the 'Grace abounding to the chief of sinners' still continues his ministry to men, and will from this spot witness to the vital truths of the Gospel, to the fundamental facts of Christian experience, and to the growing catholicity of Christian men all over the world."

Dr. Clifford was the Chairman of the Executive Committee and delivered this beautiful memorial over to the keeping of the Dean.

He received the thanks of the committee for the services he had rendered to the movement from its commencement. His practical help had been a great factor in bringing the project to so successful an issue.

VI

It is instructive to dip into his diaries and to note his own criticisms of his preaching.

March 3rd, 1889.—Preached at Ferme Park Chapel. Heard my sermon remarked on as surprising in its *tenderness*. This indicates, I fear, a phase of preaching I have not cultivated. Is not this a defect?

May 2nd, 1889.—One of my chief needs in style is that of short, tense and epigrammatic sentences; my sentences are too long and lose clearness, piquancy and force by their length and involution. I still aim to alter this right early.

May 3rd, 1889.—Prof. Elmslie's speaking is marked with immense courage, picturesque epithet, vivid presentment, rapidity, intensity.

May 24th, 1890.—It seems to me that one of my chief defects as writer and preacher is that I do not sufficiently think with my *imagination*. The "fault" of my college days and of which my dear old tutor, Joseph Wallis, used to remind me—*viz*: that I was not concrete enough, still clings to me. I need more imagery; more symbolism; less abstractions. I ought to read and study more *poetry*. This gap in my studies I fear I shall never fill. I ought to look more severely into the actual life of the *spirit*. This I need to be able to interpret the Book of Life to others in such a way that they shall see I am not dealing with words or signs, but

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

with *facts*, human and divine, and dealing with them with the severest sincerity.

August 6th, 1891.—Remember thou you and your blue Mondays, do not forget as you stand before your congregation on Lord's Day that there are many present who have their blue Sundays ; treat them accordingly.

And he visits other churches and records his impressions of other preachers :

Sunday, 6th.—Heard Dr. Wace in Lincoln's Inn Chapel. The place seemed full of suggestions of *F. D. Maurice* and his famous lectures on Sunday afternoon, where with a dim light and a select audience his soul wrought out its convictions and forced into other natures his living force. It is a poor place to talk in —Dr. Wace was the preacher ; but the sermon was not of signal merit. The audience was scant, and the fine singing was the chief feature of the service. In the afternoon I heard Canon Newbolt at St. Paul's. Some of his tones reminded me of Canon Liddon and here and there a flash of that uplifting spiritual radiance shot forth : but lost again through some defect in the speaker. Principal Edwards of Bala was present. Heard Allen Rees in the City Road Chapel. It was a weary business. Jejune in thought. No freshness of phrase. No fervour of feeling. The style was monotonous and the tone melancholy. The younger portion of the audience was as listless as though it had nothing to hear. Not a very profitable Sunday.

April 1st, 1896.—Lovely morning at Folkestone. Bright, bracing weather. Folkestone full of visitors. Read "*Mark Rutherford's Autobiography.*" It is sadly pessimistic in tone. Rutherford was lacking in pluck ; in common sense ; in grip of difficulty in a critical situation. He was moodily meditative.

But there are some fine passages. His style at points is often the perfection of beauty, and his ideas have a loftiness that will make them quickening to faith and courage in spite of a despondent mood.

April 2nd, 1896.—Heard a visitor preach on "*I thirst.*" It was a sermon well thought out, well arranged and delivered, easily but not effectively. The evening sermon was on Acts iv. 12, "*Salvation.*" Salvation through Jesus and Salvation only through Jesus. The sermon was an attempt to expose the hollowness and uselessness of expedients for Salvation, e.g. (1) Governmental changes ; (2) Improvement in external

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

circumstances of men ; (3) Education ; (4) Metaphysical culture ; (5) Refinement.

There was much of everything except Christ. All these other forces were treated as though they could do no good to anyone. It was a most unsatisfactory sermon, calculated to alienate all young and reflective minds. It lacked balance : worst of all it lacked Christ. And yet I do not doubt the preacher felt that he was preaching the Gospel.

April 4th, 1896.—The more I think of last night's sermon the more I see the urgent need for "reform in preaching." It was so painfully contrary to the teaching of God, and destructive of all *faith* in human progress in Christ's leadership ; so hopelessly blind and anti-Christian.

September 9th, 1896.—Sunday in London. I have no greater joy than a holiday Sunday in London, studying the secret of power in religious workings. Heard W. T. Davison, Canon Scott Holland and C. Silvester Horne, men representative of the younger thought in the pulpit. A day of signal profit. Davison, I gathered, lacked spontaneity, but was most intense. The sermon was calculated to rouse antagonism and failed in the main to reach the heart.

VII

Who came to hear Clifford, and what effect did he produce ? Eloquent testimony is found in the Church Records by a frequent visitor to his services.

Now that the discourse was over, he says, I turned round to leave, as did most of the group of men who had been listening intently in the vestibule. Next to me had been listening an able and promising young barrister, who as counsel for the prisoner has figured with great distinction in more than one historic criminal case during the last few years. By the barrister's side had been standing a well-known London magistrate, whose pawky but sympathetic observations on many aspects of human weakness for many years both amused and enlightened the London public ; the then editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, whose brilliant articles on the homes of the London poor were week by week then commanding the keen attention of all public-spirited London citizens ; and Dr. Beattie Crozier, of Elgin Avenue, who was then absorbed in re-writing certain chapters of his great work, "History of Intellectual Development," and had slipped quietly into the vestibule—as he often did—to get refreshment and stimulus, as he said afterwards, from the Doctor's cheery optimism and wide intellectual outlook.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

The editor of the *Chronicle* disappeared in the darkness, doubtless on his way to Fleet Street ; the young barrister and the kindly magistrate made their way down Porchester Road arm in arm ; while Dr. Crozier and I turned towards Maida Vale. Naturally our conversation hinged on the address we had just heard, and the great social, educational, and religious service of Dr. Clifford to London as a whole, and especially to Bayswater. The sermon we had just heard, Dr. Crozier thought very typical of the preacher's public utterances—bright, broad, thoughtful, scholarly, courageous. When asked wherein he thought lay the Doctor's unique power of so great service to his generation, Dr. Crozier said that whatever else had rendered Dr. Clifford so specially serviceable to the Christian world, at least during the great intellectual struggle in the preceding ten years, all thoughtful and intelligent men recognized that his fine mathematical mind and severe scientific study had enabled him specially to understand and appreciate the New Philosophy, to interpret it to the general public, and explain the points at which that Philosophy seemed to be at issue with the Christian faith. In his Sunday utterances alone, Dr. Crozier believed that Dr. Clifford had rendered inestimable service to the people of West London, not to speak of the many new interests and opportunities arising from the brilliant Tuesday Evening Lectures, which had also doubtless been instituted by him.

Nor was the effect fleeting. Dr. Timothy Richard, the great missionary to China, was a frequent worshipper at Westbourne Park when he was home on furlough. Before he leaves he writes to Dr. Clifford :

August 9th, 1886.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

I cannot return to China (we leave September 8) without sending you my profound thanks for the wonderful sermons which I have heard from you. They have done me more good than any I have heard. Stopford Brooke, Glover and Parker are the only other ones that come to my mind. I should add Dale and Conder, whom I only heard once at that memorable joint Assembly last May. Such teaching as you gave last night about :

(1) Christianity "assimilating" the good out of all nations till there was "not a thread of goodness left," and about

(2) Heathenism "clarifying" Christianity are things that were forced upon me some time ago, but any approach to such views exposed me to the charge of heresy all round to such an extent that some wrote home to the Committee. It was, therefore, most refreshing to me to hear these things and kindred truths preached with such power by you.

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

You have further presented Christianity in a *new light* before me as the true desire of all nations, etc. Owing to this, I am going to ask you a favour, and that is to give me the names of your published works and, further, to be so kind as to write out, unless it will be too much trouble to you, the names of twenty volumes which you would consider most serviceable to missionaries going out to China.

I fear it will be trespassing too much on your time to ask for more.
—Yours very sincerely,

TIMOTHY RICHARD,
Baptist Missionary.

VIII

Let us look once more at Dr. Clifford as a preacher and leader, this time through the eyes of Principal Blomfield, the President of the Baptist Union, who recalls that his earliest remembrances of Dr. Clifford date from student days.

“I heard him preach some of the sermons on ‘Is Life Worth Living?’ and some now published in ‘Daily Strength for Daily Living.’ I do not remember speaking to him in these years. I heard his addresses from the Chair of the Baptist Union in 1888. That on the ‘Great Forty Years of the Primitive Apostolic Church’ impressed me deeply, and from them I began my studies of the Apostolic age, laying my hands on all that British and German literature afforded me.

“I sympathized intensely with his broad interpretation of Evangelicalism, his appreciation of the work of Biblical scholarship, his resolute opposition to blind Conservatism, his repudiation of the antagonism between Religion and Science so often proclaimed by some in our own Church, and his steadfast adherence to the New Testament idea of the Church. He was a Congregationalist, *i.e.* he believed that the Christian congregation constituted the Church, and that the ministers were appointed for the service of their faith and growth. He could readily see advantages in Presbyterianism and in Episcopacy. He did not regard the New Testament as a Levitical code which the twentieth century must slavishly follow. But he did believe that the Congregational polity was deeply rooted in New Testament Theology and that departure from the spirituality and freedom of the primitive Christian age had meant loss, and that humanly speaking only the Reformation saved organized religion.

“His sturdy Protestantism was the outcome of his beliefs as to the nature of the religion of Jesus Christ. His adherence to the faith and practice of the Baptists was the full logical issue. He was an independent not in the libellous sense sometimes insinuated, which represents our forefathers as selfish, wrapt up in

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

their local society without a care for others. But he did believe in the local society as free from all *external* control whether of State or ecclesiastical authorities. In that sense he was an uncompromising independent. He viewed with suspicion any strong movements towards centralization. He believed that it was possible to secure an organized Congregationalism and preserve all that is worthy in freedom. But a centralized body governing Churches in matters of belief and practice was distasteful to him. In one of the last letters he wrote me I recall as near as I can these words : 'observe the threefold warning in Matthew xxiii, 8-10. What does it mean but this, avoid the very terms of the hierarchically minded lest you fall into the things these terms connote.' Students of the 'Expositor's Greek Testament' will see how largely A. B. Bruce consents to Dr. Clifford's interpretation."

But that which stood out most for Dr. Blomfield, as for all who knew him, was his noble Christian character, his deep love for the Saviour, his close following of Him Whom alone he called Master. He was the soul of truth and honesty. He scorned subterfuge and evasion. "I never met a man who so completely incarnated the great doctrine preached by Robertson of Brighton in his two sermons, 'Freedom by the Truth' and 'The Kingdom of the Truth.' John Clifford was a man 'on whose clear and open brow God had set the stamp of truth; one whose very eye beamed with honour; in whose very look and bearing you might see freedom, manliness, veracity; a brave man—a noble man—frank, generous, true!'

"Another equally striking feature in his character was his freedom from selfishness. He could have had wealth and great wealth. He lived and died poor. His generous services to weak and struggling Churches and to needy brother Ministers will never be known. They were constant. It mattered not what side he took in controversy. He could hit hard, but he could always be chivalrous towards the man whose theories he detested. You never thought of asking concerning him, 'What is his game?' He had no personal aims to serve. I have known him intimately for thirty years and I can only say this, I never heard a word from him which was unworthy of his Master Christ, and I can remember no action of his which was inconsistent with the severe standards he proclaimed to his fellow men."

Finally, Dr. Blomfield says, "I never met a man of so humble a spirit. He saw goodness and ability and greatness where ordinary men never saw it. He learned from all. One of the striking things in an Assembly was to see Dr. Clifford, pencil and notebook in

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE

hand, drinking in a quite ordinary speech, listening as to an oracle and taking notes! We often asked, 'What can *he* get from that fellow?' This great soul might have been self-sufficient. But he sought and welcomed help from us who could add nothing to him, and his generous appreciation of the tiniest service rendered him called forth such warm acknowledgment. One might well fear sending his biographer some of his letters. They are so full of generous eulogy of his correspondent. He believed in us and his faith has stimulated us to endeavours to be worthy of it."

CHAPTER VII

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

"I was born in a time of revolution, and the Chartist leaders saw that the true remedy for the wrongs we suffered was education, and that we were deprived of it by narrower clerical domination of the schools. Therefore we struggled for free, unsectarian and compulsory education for all."—Autobiographic note.

I

A NATION, like a man, lives by its ideals—"not by bread alone," not by vast armies and great fleets of ships, not by commerce and the increase of acreage; but by its conceptions of life and duty, its love of truth and justice, its social righteousness and self-sacrifice, and its efforts to work these conceptions into its collective life. And of these ideals there is not one of greater formative energy than that which it obeys in the drill of its youth; in fact, nations have taken their rank, and still take it, in the progressive life of the world according to the quality and content of this idea. It is this which has given indestructible vitality to the Jew. It accounts, to a large extent, for the brevity of the brilliant prosperity of the Greek. Rome knew its importance and expressed it through Cicero in the great saying, "The very foundation of the whole commonwealth is the proper bringing up of the young." It is the key to the unique position and influence of that fine Puritan product—the United States—for the men of the *Mayflower* made Harvard one of their earliest creations; and in one of their latest buildings, the magnificent library at Washington, "I saw," said Dr. Clifford on one of his visits, "the inscription 'The foundation of every State is the education of its youth.'"

II

This opening statement sums up Dr. Clifford's conception of the perfect State. He knew better than most men what it meant to be deprived of learning in his early days, and we are not surprised to find him valiantly fighting against the destruction of the School Board system, which had done so magnificent a work

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

for the great masses of the people. The Churches before 1870 had not only looked after the spiritual welfare of the nation, but whatever educational facilities there were came through them. From time to time a wave of unrest on account of the inadequate provision made for the teaching of the young had swept throughout the growing masses. Men and women and even children were good enough for hard toil, but the larger life that is found only through education was only for the few. But there were, as always when a great need arises, men for the moment.

Dr. Dale, John Angel James, Edward Miall in the Midlands, Dr. Clifford, the leader of the cause in the South, were untiring in their zeal for the promotion of education on wider lines.

The voluntary schools, together with private schools, had had their day and had done good work, but their means were inadequate. The population was increasing at a great rate, the majority of the children were growing up in rank ignorance; indeed, a great proportion of the people could neither read nor write.

The maintenance of these voluntary and private schools was, however, a great strain upon the few who took any real interest in education. The schoolmasters were poorly paid, but they were for the most part men of sound judgment, high ideals and great business tact. They looked with longing eyes to the villages in Scotland where at the public expense the son of the laird sat side by side with the lad from the crofter's cottage, both straining after the great goal of a University course.

Strange tales are still told of the old-time schoolmaster, but he had the vision—the lad who rose at dawn to study his Latin grammar before the day's work began and who spent his evenings in class became to him as one who would go far along the road of life, and he was always ready with help and counsel.

The establishment of the School Board system was to many the realization of the dream long held. Schools for all, governed by the people for the people, supported by the rates, being free but compulsory, local elected boards, salaried officers for administrative work, leaving the teachers free for the great work of teaching. Before 1870 schools were recognized as denominational by the Government; the inspectors examined the religious teaching and the grant was paid for that as much as for anything else.

Hence the Church claimed the right to test the inspectors. The inspectors were denominational and were appointed subject to the recommendation or veto of their respective denominations.

The School Board was established for London only, but was

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

introduced into many towns and villages. As was to be expected, men of all shades of opinion were elected on these boards, men of every sect and of no sect.

To meet the various views represented by the members a compromise as to the character and contents of the religious teaching to be given was accepted and loyally maintained until 1894.

Writing in 1870 in the *General Baptist Magazine*, Dr. Clifford stated that the Bill was an honest attempt to deal with the necessities of the nation in the matter of education, but he saw its serious defects.

With Dr. Dale and Dr. Guinness Rogers he vigorously condemned the reactionary clauses of the Bill and foretold with great accuracy the result. "Let this part of the Bill become law," he said, "and the fires of sectarian strife will be fed with inexhaustible fuel."

The compromise secured three things:—

(1) The Bible, in the Old and New Testaments, was read both by boys and girls. The Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments were committed to memory. The Miracles, the Sermon on the Mount, the Parables of our Lord, Acts of the Apostles, Selections from the Psalms, and other scriptural instruction acceptable to all Christian sects.

(2) The compromise secured that the Bible was taught as well as read, that its meaning was conveyed to the minds of the children as well as its words.

(3) The main purpose of the compromise was the express exclusion of the teaching of theological opinion. The Bible was to be allowed to speak for itself. Neither Trinitarian nor Unitarian, Anglican nor Nonconformist, had any right to go into the schools and teach sectarianism.

This Act had worked well until an aggressive Churchman proposed its alteration at a meeting of the English Church Union in 1893. Mr. Athelstan Riley described this undenominationalism as "a nasty, ugly, misshapen beast," and stated that he constantly heard when he first went on to the School Board that the School Board instruction was infinitely better than anything to be had in the voluntary school, because you get in the voluntary school sectarian teaching, but in the Board School you get pure Christian teaching straight out of the Word of God, without any mixture whatever, and he contended "that if you did not teach doctrine it was not the Christian religion, and that people must be awakened to the fact that undenominationalism meant no Christian religion. Undenominationalism is the biggest humbug the wit

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

of man ever devised." "Clearly," says Dr. Clifford, "undenominationalism must go. Undenominationalism has been given for twenty years; it teaches pure Christianity from the Word of God—but it must go."

In an interview, Dr. Clifford stated that "It would be a fatal calamity to debar the rising generation from access to the quickening moral and spiritual forces contained within the Bible. My view is that the Bible be taught under the limitation of the 'compromise' and the stipulations introduced by the London School Board.

"Everybody knows the 'compromise' does not supply the basis for an ideally perfect system of National Education. That was known at the first."

Mr. Riley, in a letter to the Press at this time, said: "All fair men will see that it is possible to be a thorough believer in denominationalism and yet to be true to an undenominational 'compromise' so long as it exists." "'So long as it exists,' exactly," says Dr. Clifford, "these words supply the key to Mr. Riley's position. He does not intend it to last long. It is based on the Cowper-Temple clause and must be got rid of.

"Surely all fair men will see that it is not easy to be true to that which you have threatened to destroy."

At this early date of the controversy he wrote:

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You had a telegram from me yesterday. I cannot take part in, or have anything to do with, a meeting which shuts out the religious aspect of this controversy. It is the main trouble. Of this I am more and more convinced every day. I deeply lament it; but I see my path clearly and I must walk in it.

Every educational contest since the passing of the Act in 1870 found Dr. Clifford fighting valiantly on the side of progress and freedom.

III

In 1894, the London School Board, on behalf of a certain section of High Churchism, thought it an opportune moment to propose a religious test upon the teachers. They were told in a circular what they could and what they could not teach; and if their religious views did not admit of their doing this, means would be taken to relieve them from this duty, without prejudice to their position. It also stated that it would not affect their appointment or promotion. The teachers called a meeting at which

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

they frankly stated their position, saying this might lead to persecution, many of them would find themselves in opposition to managers and members of the Board. A strong protest was made by the Progressive Party on the Board against this unwise and unjust policy. The High Clerics were in a large majority. "Their object was not," declared Clifford, "the education of the child, but the use of the people's schools so as to influence the child's mind and bolster up their own ritual." The Free Churchmen had always to be on guard; their liberties had been dearly bought, the freedom they enjoyed was not to be taken from them in this way. Dr. Clifford worked for his party—of which he was honorary organizing secretary—with all his powers. For months before the next School Board election he addressed meetings and wrote letters, had interviews and so influenced public opinion that by a majority of 145,000 votes the London electors showed their entire disapproval of Mr. Athelstan Riley's proposal.

Many voluntary schools were, unfortunately, dilapidated and unsanitary, gloomy and ill-equipped—a contrast to the Board School with its large and airy rooms and its up-to-date apparatus turning out numerous well-trained and instructed boys and girls.

"Archbishops and Bishops and Lords, who had enjoyed the privileges of the rich, were so short-visioned as to try to take away the little chance that the poor had of a secondary education."

The then Archbishop of Canterbury said: "We should prevent what is one of the greatest causes of the present extravagance of School Boards—namely, the constant desire to push elementary education higher and higher, and, as arising from that desire, the necessity of paying very much larger salaries to the masters."

The Marquis of Salisbury said: "There has been expenditure, both in the character and in the class for whom it is applied, not intended by those who originally passed the Education Act."

The Bishop of Manchester said: "It is absolutely necessary in any scheme aiming at the assistance of voluntary schools, that you should diminish the power now possessed by School Boards of ruining voluntary schools by unscrupulous competition."

Now, there never was any competition. The School Boards did not erect schools where there were already existing schools sufficient for the accommodation of the population. The children were forced to attend any school, board or voluntary, so long as the accommodation existed. The so-called competition was nothing more than the object-lesson provided by the existence of a well-equipped and hygienic school side by side with a school

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

of less suitability and the consequent discontent of those excluded from the one and forced into the other.

In 1895, certain Anglicans presented a memorial to Lord Salisbury demanding great changes in our educational system, and in 1896 a Bill was introduced by Lord Salisbury's Government to give effect to them. The opposition raised against the Bill was so strong that it was promptly withdrawn.

In a letter in 1895, Dr. Clifford quotes Lord Salisbury's advice to his party: "It is your business to capture the Board Schools, to capture them in the first instance, under the existing law, and then to capture them under a better law which shall place you under no religious disability. That is the aim which we should always keep in our minds. And, intermediately, we must do all we can to strengthen the voluntary schools, and to swell those resources on which they rest. By all means let us get what we can out of increased contributions from the National Exchequer."

This clerical party was then apparently defeated, but we find that the Government gradually conceded nearly all the demands made by them.

Dr. Clifford said of the Bill: "When I read the speech of Sir John Gorst I was willing to hope that the measure might contain the materials for an Act that would increase the efficiency of our educational machinery, and advance our educational status amongst the peoples of the Continent. I deeply regret to say that, having read and examined the Bill from beginning to end again and again, I am compelled to conclude that it is as bad as it is specious, as damaging to education as it is unjust to religion, as partial and reactionary as it is clerical and anti-democratic. The Bill is not intended to help education, but to stop it; and it does stop it, stops it surely and speedily. It ties the hands of future Parliaments from raising the standard of primary education beyond the position reached this year. Expenditure for the army and navy, for the relief of landlords, and for the Church, may go on by leaps and bounds from year to year, but expenditure for the education of the children is not at any time or under any circumstances to outstrip the point reached on the 31st of July, 1896. That date will mark an epoch in the annals of our country. Switzerland and Germany may advance, but our Clerics approach English commerce, and say: 'Hitherto you may come, but no further.' Henceforth English trade must be kept back, so that our 'Church may step into its right position.' Is this the way to commend the 'Church'—I say nothing about religion—to the toiling masses of England? On the face of the Bill it is an

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

offer of money, taken from the pockets of the people, in aid of education; as a matter of fact it was a gift of four shillings for every child in a clerical school. £490,000 would go to these sectarian institutions, and only £17,000 to the Board Schools—that is, nearly half a million more money to the priests and considerably less than £20,000 to the education of the children of the people.”

But the most distinctive note of the Bill was in Section 27. It was the outstanding merit of the Bill of 1870 that it provided elementary education at the cost of the whole people for the children of the people, independently of the Established Church, and of institutional religion altogether. Clifford says:—“The *Church Times* describes the situation with charming frankness in the words: ‘No doubt our own schools will go on pretty much as before, and we shall have the right of teaching the faith in the Board Schools, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished.’”

“If the sons of Hampden and Cromwell are going to submit to this with their minds informed and their consciences alert, then we may say farewell to Britain’s primacy in commerce, in love of justice and in religion.”

Sir Edward Russell once said: “Every Nonconformist is an educationist, first and last.” That is true. Clifford’s antagonism to “clericalism” in education was due, not to his dislike of ritualism, but to the fact that it was in his opinion disastrous to real education.

Speaking from his intimate experience, he “avowed that the toiling masses, who are more interested in this question than are our Churches, are content that the Bible should be taught as it now is in the schools of the people, and have no desire for the dogmas of theologians or the creeds of the Churches.”

The Bill was a further attempt to cripple the Board Schools, but Free Churchmen were not sleeping, and vigorously opposed it. In 1897, Dr. Clifford led the party to victory, and for the first time in twelve years the Progressives gained a majority on the Board. Writing to a School Board candidate, he says: “One thing I have done and continue to do, and that is to insist that State education is from first to last a question of citizenship and not of Churchmanship or creed.”

The Progressive candidates adhered to the “compromise” on religious instruction reached in 1870, and which had worked so well. They were, above all, desirous of securing to the rising generation the best possible secular and technical education. Unless we have our citizens thoroughly well trained, unless they are completely equipped for the markets of the world, we may

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

depend upon it that England will be left behind in the world struggle.

They desired a system of education, broad-based upon the people's will and pointing to, as its one and only goal, the advance of the whole people.

He was justly proud of the return to power of the Progressive party and exclaims: "The crisis is passed. Nothing has been so cheering in this election as the enthusiasm for education. The battle for London is over; and to the utter astonishment of generals and soldiers on both sides, the Progressives have secured a decisive and glorious victory. The most sanguine did not forecast so triumphant an issue."

When he undertook work Clifford gave his whole soul to the task in hand; he never wearied in well-doing, and was the last man to expect praise for any help given. But the Progressive party knew that much of their success was due to his able leadership, and accorded him their thanks.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

There is a general wish among the members of our party that a formal recognition of your great services during the recent election is due to you, and I write therefore to express to you their sense of obligation for all you did in the Press, on the platform, and in committee to secure the success of the cause of liberal education in London. I hope that the work which we shall do will justify your effort to return us.—Yours sincerely,

E. LYULPH STANLEY.

Once more the School Board election comes round and we find Clifford writing to the papers urging the electorate to take their rightful share in the management of their own schools.

"The nominations for the next School Board for the metropolis were completed yesterday afternoon at four o'clock. The election takes place on Thursday, the 29th of the present month.

"To the 'good citizen' the children now make their appeal. For this is a fight for them, and therefore a fight for the 'Empire' in the deepest sense."

Encouraged by the success which attended the demands put forth in 1895, the clerical party in July, 1901, at the Convocations of Canterbury and York made further demands which asked that the Church schools while remaining under private management should be wholly maintained by public funds. One demand was that all schools be financed, as far as the cost of maintenance, exclusive of repairs of the structure in voluntary schools, out of public funds, whether Imperial or local, and that it be no con-

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

dition of participation in these funds by voluntary schools whether any form of religious instruction be or be not taught in these schools.

The voluntary schools, mainly composed of Anglican and Romanist schools, were to be maintained by public funds without public control.

In 1870, when the School Boards were established, supported by the public rates, the schools were to be absolutely unsectarian ; it was not to be expected that the great body of Nonconformity would contribute to the teaching of Anglican and Romanist doctrine. Now in 1901, however, these sects demanded that the rates be used to maintain their schools in order to teach their own particular beliefs.

In a statement made by Dr. Clifford he says : " The child attends school only for a few hours a day and on only five days of the week, and there is ample time for religious instruction apart from the school hours. It is not the duty of the State to make either Anglicans or Nonconformists, but to train its children so that they become good citizens. Only an enlightened and educated people can lead in the march of the nations."

From beginning to end, the religious question was involved. Before the session of 1901 was out it was quite plain that the whole scheme was to overthrow the School Boards and to improve the voluntary schools at the expense of the ratepayers.

In 1902, Mr. Balfour introduced a Bill which confirmed the worst fears of Liberals and Nonconformists. The compromise of 1870 had not been quite satisfactory, but on the whole it had worked well. This aim to put the voluntary schools on a solid and permanent basis, as Mr. Balfour frankly stated, at the ratepayers' expense, was vigorously opposed.

To the *Daily News* Dr. Clifford writes :—" I have just read the Education Bill in your issue of this morning. I find it is an indescribably worse measure than I forecasted in my letter of yesterday. If Englishmen have any conscience and pluck left they will start, organize and sustain such a resistance as will defeat a policy which threatens to kill democratic control of education, increase educational inefficiency, add to the State endowments of sectarianism, and fix more securely than ever the tyrannies of the State Church over the life of the land."

" It is a painful Bill, worse than anything I imagined," exclaimed Dr. Clifford. " It is most disastrous and reactionary, and will if passed make the influence of the ' Clericalism ' stronger than ever." He was quite right in saying Free Churchmen would resist

THE MODERN JOHN KNOX



QUEEN ARTHUR : " Won't someone take that man away? I do so dislike his style " (suggested by Wilkie's picture of John Knox preaching before Mary Queen of Scots).
 [Mr. Balfour, in a pamphlet published yesterday, says he doesn't like Dr. Clifford's style.]

By courtesy, from " The Westminster Gazette," Dec. 5, 1902.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

it to the uttermost. Meetings were held in every part of the country, and he went up and down the land educating the public as only he could, for his speeches were sound in principle and his gift of clear reasoning convincing. Wherever he went halls were never large enough to hold the throngs who went to hear him ; he was hailed as the champion of the hour. Of course he had his critics, but he always managed to " get his own back," much to the amusement of his hearers.

The following letter is from Mr. James Bryce, who was one of the foremost men of the Liberal Party.

HINDLEAP LODGE,
FOREST ROW,
SUSSEX,

Oct. 2, 1902.

MY DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

I have been watching with admiration your unwearied and brilliant efforts to rouse the conscience of the country against the Government Education Bill ; but I write not merely to express to you the gratitude we all owe you for them, but also to ask your opinion as to the present position. The best thing that could happen would be that the Bill should be defeated, the next best that it should be withdrawn, and third best, that it should be passed as it stands, for then we should have the strongest possible reaction. But the thing most likely to happen is that it will be modified, and the question for us in Parliament is—What line should we take if concessions are offered ? My own feeling is, and yours will doubtless be, against all compromises. But we have to consider how we should stand for the future if we refused what might seem to be large concessions, since some who are now with us might turn round if we appeared to be unreasonable. What, therefore, in your opinion are the points on which no concession should be made *by us* ? What do you say to these points as vital in our view ?

(1) Popular management of all State-aided schools everywhere (*i.e.* popular majority on manager boards).

(2) No tests for any teacher.

(3) Cowper Temple clause to be retained wherever it exists now.

I should like to extend C.T. clause to *all* schools, but this is a counsel of perfection at present.

Do any other points occur to you as essentials in our view ? Or do you think we could admit any minor departures from the above three ? I am most uneasy with regard to (2) and to the Hugh Cecil plan of letting all kind of religious teaching in all schools. Some of our friends will be caught by the latter, some will refuse to stand out for the former. But my impression is that Liberals outside Parliament, especially Free Churchmen, are clearer and stronger in the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

matter than many Liberals in Parliament, and that outside opinion might in this matter have the greatest weight.—Yours very sincerely,
JAMES BRYCE.

On April 26th, 1902, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman received a deputation from the National Free Church Council, and he assured them that he and those with him would oppose the Bill in the House of Commons and in the country.

On June 12th, 1902, Dr. Clifford formed one of a deputation to Mr. Balfour. On December 8th he spoke at Spencer House when the Free Church leaders met the small band of Liberal peers, amongst whom was Lord Rosebery.

A great campaign was started with a crowded meeting in St. James's Hall, but the greatest was in November, 1902, in the Alexandra Palace. The place was packed to suffocation and thousands were outside. Mr. Asquith and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were among the speakers. Dr. Clifford carried the vast audience with him, his voice at times being lost in the thunderous applause which greeted his telling statements.

Another great demonstration was held in Hyde Park in May, 1903. The King himself watched the battalions of Free Churchmen as they marched into the Park to protest against the Bill.

The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, but never did the crowd get out of hand. The Doctor was, however, on this occasion, overwhelmed by admirers, and the police had to make a way through the crowd so that he could get across the Bayswater Road into Edgware Road. He came safely through but looking very pallid, and rested in charge of a policeman. Two ladies passing at the time, thinking he was drunk, observed: "Dear me! What a pity! How shameful! and a respectable-looking man, too." A labouring man standing by said at once, and with a clear voice, "Don't you know who that is? That is Dr. Clifford; he could do no wrong."

As this was going on, some friends had secured a hansom cab so that Dr. Clifford could be taken home, and one of the Westbourne Park deacons shouted out: "That's all right, Clifford's in, Clifford's in." The cabman drove eastward towards Regent Circus. Soon Clifford wanted to know where Mr. Cabby was taking him, and got the reply: "Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street."

The by-elections held in various parts of the country speak of his influence. At North Leeds, in July, 1902, the Conservative majority was transferred into a Liberal victory, and even his opponents had to confess that he had beaten them. Sevenoaks in Kent and Camborne in Cornwall followed suit. He could reach

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

the hearts and consciences of men, and his simplicity and glowing ardour were captivating and communicating.

At this time the Doctor started a series of letters in the *Daily News* which, for clear thinking, sound judgment, and the marshalling of stubborn facts, did more to enlighten the public than even his enthusiastic meetings. He knew the value of the Press. The Nonconformist in the little village could get his paper when he could not personally attend a meeting.

Letters of appreciation came from all parts of the world thanking him. A member of Parliament wrote :

“Your published letters have been quite a revelation to me, and you know what that means to one who has closely followed the Committee stages of the Education Bill in the House of Commons. I am not one who usually takes an exaggerated view of things, but your letters have roused within me the old Puritan spirit that must be in the heart of every true Nonconformist.”

Dr. Clifford's vigorous letters to the Press and his pamphlet on the fight against the Education Bill, which had a circulation of hundreds of thousands, stirred not only Nonconformists to action, but M.P.s thought some notice should be taken of his writings.

Consequently, Mr. Arthur Balfour, then Premier, wrote an open letter to Mr. Middleton : *Time would not be wasted* in combating Clifford's efforts. He reproves him for his historical references, and his style. His arguments are examined and denounced.

Dr. Clifford was, however, not slow in taking up the challenge and answered the letter in characteristic fashion.

In spite of the gallant opposition the Bill became law. This was a great triumph for the Government and the clerical party—but it caused considerable disaffection in the ranks of the Government, for many who had voted for the Government in 1900 did not expect that their votes would be used for their own undoing.

IV

An Education Bill for London was, in 1903, one of the principal measures of the Session. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said at this time “that the differences between Government and Opposition were not idle disputes on random points, but episodes in the perennial battle for democratic Government and spiritual freedom.

“The London School Board about to perish was one of the first the most easily working, most successful and most effective machines ever created by the popular voice.”

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

The Bill which abolished the School Boards and gave full maintenance to the voluntary schools retained religious tests for the teachers.

Dr. Clifford says : " What has this Bill done ? Here is a member of the teaching profession, but who is not an Anglican, and for that reason, and that only, he cannot obtain any other than a subordinate position in 11,731 State schools, except by the special favour of private and sectarian managers, and cannot become headmaster in any one of them. Weigh the fact at its full value. There are 16,410 head-teacher departments in the English Church schools ; schools kept going in salaries and books, in ' wear and tear,' in nearly everything, by the rate and taxpayers, and from all these, Free Churchmen, because they are Free Churchmen, are excluded. Some of the inferior places are open to them ; the superior places, whatever their ability and scholastic experience, are closed.

" It is the re-imposition of the Test Act in the Civil Service of the country in the most flagrant way. It is a direct bribe to the Free Churchman to enter the Anglican Church, and I, as a Free Churchman, am asked to share in this act of bribery. It is putting a premium on hypocrisy, and I, as an honest man, am to join in the creation of hypocrites."

Liberals and Nonconformists of the time were further roused by an attack upon the London County Council, then a Progressive and Radical body. Instead of allowing the London Council to take over the entire educational work, the Government sought to minimize its power by co-opting borough councillors on the Education Committee, and gave to the borough councils the entire management of the provided schools in their respective areas, including the appointment of teachers and selection of sites for new schools.

The opposition to this was so strong—many of the Government's own supporters were against it—that the Bill was only read a second time on the understanding that it would be amended in Committee. Mr. Balfour was thus obliged to withdraw some of its most objectionable clauses.

It was in November, 1903, that the Passive Resistance movement was started, a movement that Dr. Clifford, from the first till the day of his death, heartily supported.

In General Assembly of the United Free Church, on June 2nd, 1904, it was proposed by Rev. James Barr, and carried by a large majority : " The Assembly, having regard to the conflict presently being waged in England around the Education (England and Wales) Act, 1902, and the Education (London) Act, 1903, and

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

being mindful of the support which the Nonconformists of England tendered to this Church in her bygone struggles for civil and religious liberty, and for the crown rights of the Redeemer, hereby resolve to send greetings to the Free Churches of England, assuring them of warm and watchful interest in all that pertains to their freedom and welfare, and, at the same time, they agree to adopt the following findings :

“(1) The Assembly express their strong sense of the grave injustice of certain of the provisions of these Education Acts, and their high appreciation of the resolute and unbending opposition with which these provisions have been confronted.

“(2) They heartily sympathize with those brethren who, under restraint of conscience, have been compelled to adopt the attitude of passive resistance, and have submitted, even joyfully, to the spoiling of their goods and to imprisonment.

“(3) They express their earnest desire and prayer that the rights now assailed may be successfully defended.”

V

In 1906 an Education Bill was again the Bill of the session, a Liberal Government having taken office and proposing to redress grievances. The Bill of 1902 was to stand ; it was plainly impossible to bring back the old School Board system, but the Government were under a promise to establish public control over all schools maintained out of public money, and to abolish tests for teachers. Another compromise was adopted : all the non-provided schools were to be transferred to the local authorities. In all transferred, non-provided and provided alike, the Cowper Temple teaching was to be the normal religious instruction and to be given by the teacher unless he pleaded conscientious objection. In the transferred schools denominational teaching could be given on two mornings in the week, but not at the cost of the State or by the regular teachers.

The famous Clause IV, over which there was much discussion, both in and out of Parliament, was inserted to meet the wishes of Anglicans and Romanists. Where four-fifths of the parents of the children attending these schools desired it, the school might remain denominational in character even though maintained out of public funds.

The local authorities were to take over all responsibility for the structure, but in the evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays the buildings were free for use by the said denomination.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

This clause, which was to meet the wishes of the Church party and the Romanists, did no such thing, however. They were up in arms and called it "confiscation and tyranny."

The Nonconformists were, on the whole, favourable to the Bill, but Labour, voiced by Mr. Keir Hardie, opposed it and called for purely secular teaching. The Liberal Party, with Mr. Birrell as Minister of Education, who handled his case with great tact, fully endorsed the clause, but the Opposition had decided on its destruction and rallied their forces. Certain Anglicans met at Lambeth and agreed, with only one voice against it—that of the Bishop of Hereford—to oppose the Bill. Great meetings were held and the Bill denounced. To his lifelong friend, Mr. Colebrook, Dr. Clifford writes :—

Our people will, I am sure, re-assert themselves in due course, and eject the priest from political and municipal power ; although there are signs of a contrary character in our condition. . . .

As usual, I am being denounced and praised, I judge, in about equal quantities ; but I am too fully occupied to pay much attention to either the censure or the eulogy. And what does it matter ? It is doing of the day's work in the best way that counts.

To R. Mudie Smith.

I gave my last Angus Lecture on Wednesday. The book is to be out in October. But there is an enormous amount of work to be done before it is fit for the Press. How I wish this Education question was out of the way. But it is the fight of the hour. It is the eternal fight between the intolerant and grasping holders of privilege and the incalculable human soul that is at stake, and the one thing that I am glad of is, that I know I am fighting for that human soul and not for any sectarian privilege.

The Bill passed its third reading on July 30th, and was read a second time in the House of Lords before Parliament adjourned. At the next sitting of the House of Lords in November and December the Bill was torn to pieces, and instead of being an improvement on the 1902 Bill was really that Bill with all the objectionable clauses incorporated and added to ; from being an undenominational Bill it was truly denominational. All head or assistant-teachers were given the option to give denominational teaching, and, adding insult to injury, the Council schools had to be brought into line and denominational teaching given in them ; and, unless this were given, no school should get any public money. Local authorities were to be compelled to take over the voluntary schools. It was a daring scheme and took away the breath even of their own supporters ; they were better championed than they imagined.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

Mr. Birrell, speaking for the Liberal party, said on November 13th "that they had no use for such a measure as the 'unrepresentative Assembly' were making the Bill which now fostered and bolstered up denominationalism."

The King was watching with keen interest and anxiety the struggle between the two Houses, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was instructed to keep him informed of what was taking place.

The House of Lords with its Bishops, and Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Opposition in the Commons, had the advantage of being in possession. The Bill was read a third time and laid before the Ministers. To fight the Bill clause by clause was not possible at this time, and the Cabinet rejected the Lords' amendments *en bloc*. The King was informed by the Prime Minister of this decision, and several letters passed between the King and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

In a letter to a friend about this time, Dr. Clifford writes: "Yesterday I had a very interesting interview with John Morley, and another with Bryce. I am getting signatures to the Bunyan Memorial. Morley was delightful, frank and self-revealing. He spoke about his indebtedness to J. S. Mill, to his books and his character, and of his formative influence on the young manhood of the 'sixties and 'seventies, a fact I could also illustrate from my own experience and observation. The point rose in connexion with State Education. I was urging that the Bible should be used as literature like Milton, etc. This he admitted, and then assuming for the nonce the position of the Archbishop of Canterbury he suggested that he would say that many of the 'graces,' etc., of character would be absent if dogmas, etc., were not used, and would support his case by reference to the character of the people of the United States. I urged that the reasoning would be false, that the failure in the 'graces' of the Americans was due to the lust of accumulation and not to the ignorance of dogma, and that theologically they were a conservative people, and that character was shaped by character and not by creed. To this he assented as John Morley, but clearly he did not think the Archbishop would."

In August, 1907, Dr. Clifford was spokesman for a deputation to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; he was also at the House of Commons when Mr. McKenna introduced his Education Bill and spoke for it. He says in a private letter; "The speech had strong conviction, impressive directness and a massive sense of responsibility."

Once more the Education Bill was lost. Each side had, so they supposed, reached the limit. One day this question must be

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

solved, the power will then be in the hands of the people themselves, they will legislate on their own behalf and the Church will then be free to carry out the work for which she came into the world.

VI

Another great question is under discussion, the "Veto of the House of Lords," and Dr. Clifford is in the midst of the fight. They had blocked the way to a settlement of the Education Bills, each one had through them come to disaster, so he is out to help clear the Veto out of the way of progress. He received the following from the late Mr. Keir Hardie.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
22.10.08.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

It is twenty years since I first heard you speak of political and social action. I think Robert Burns best expresses my feelings concerning you:—

"May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem
Fleet wing awa'!"

Yours sincerely,
J. KEIR HARDIE.

In July, 1909, a great demonstration was held in Hyde Park. It was estimated that the procession was two miles long, and the crowd was estimated at about 250,000. Dr. Clifford was there with a huge crowd round his platform. He was going over the results of the by-elections. He was heard to declare, "This is a great Christian Budget.

* Amongst his "autobiographical notes" he wrote about Mr. Keir Hardie:—"I met him for the first time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay MacDonald, on the occasion of the dedication of their son Alister (whom I afterwards married at W.P.C.). K.H. entered into that service as it seemed to me with deep devotion and zest. He lives near by in Lincoln's Inn Fields a very simple life indeed. Jesus Christ was the most real person he had known or knew. He was not a distant resident—not even so far as the next street, but a bright living reality to him—so at least it seemed. He read human life through Christ's teaching—felt the compassion of Christ for those who were in any way wronged by others. Social injustice was an injustice to Jesus and to the men whom He loved. He could not bear it. He was pained by the excessive care which the Churches showed for the 'respectable,' and what seemed to him their cruel indifference to the oppressed and the poor. So strong a believer was he in the Christ that later on in his life he said if he had to begin his life again he would devote it to the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus."

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

“The rejection of the London Elections Bill by the Lords is another indication that ‘Britons will be slaves’ as long as the Veto of the Lords is allowed to exist. Therefore it is the duty of the friends of freedom to abolish that Veto.

“Thousands of men are robbed of their vote every year. A man loses his vote by crossing Edgware Road from Paddington. He may be within fifty yards of his former abode, but his franchise is destroyed. But the Elections Bill is only one of their victims. Where is the Plural Voting Bill? Slain by the Lords. What became of the Licensing Bill? Slain by the Lords. Where is the Education Bill? Slain by the Lords. Who destroyed the Irish Land Bill? Again the Lords. And the murderous weapon they use is the Veto. Then the one thing we have to do is to take the weapon once and for all out of their hands.”

Many remarks were heard. One man said, “That is the man I honour more than any other man in London.” “Aye,” said his friend, “John Clifford is a great veteran.”

To Mr. Mudie Smith he writes :—

I was intending to call when I received your note. I go to Southampton to-day to speak at a meeting for the abolition of the Veto of the Lords. The counter-revolution must be started. The Lords have started their revolution, now it is our turn. We will not submit. We must not have any compromise.

To Mr. Colebrook.

Is it so? Fifty-four years ago we were at Leicester together. How far back it seems! The long stretch of the intervening years how crowded with fact and incident, with defeat and advance, with loss and gain. And how more crowded than ever the “living present” of which we used to shout and sing in Longfellow’s strains—

“Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within and God o’erhead.”

What an intensely vital time this is! At last, yes at last, it seems possible to have a hand-to-hand fight with all the tyrannies and despotisms at once. The hour is regal; if only our people have vision clear, purpose sincere, will fixed, and can march with solidarity of movement on the citadels of serfdom we may carry them to sovereignty over themselves, and thus to usefulness to the world.

It is called a crisis. It is such. It will test us. We shall, of course, lose a few of our missionaries of progress, though I hope not many, but men like — will slip off, afraid of the newer and more hazardous and more just Liberalism. But I still believe the heart

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

of the masses is sound and that the song of our older days, given us by Gerald Massey, will be fulfilled—

“The few shall not ever sway
The many who toil in sorrow;
The gates of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ will rise to-morrow.”

1910 will open with Armageddon. It will close one period and open another. Fiercer battle has not been fought than that which will open with the New Year. It is the battle for man's freedom of self-development—liberty to realize himself, individually and socially; freedom from the fetters and hindrances on the land, on travel, on the use of the resources of nature; on the administration of justice, on education; freedom to achieve the full purposes of civilized life. The fight converges on the point of self-government; but it covers a far larger field and will have far larger issues. I believe we shall win; for I believe that justice abides at the centre of the soul of man, and that though it may sleep for the hour and the day it will awake and claim its own on the morrow.

To the same.

I go to the States in 1911. I do not wish to make a hurried visit. There is much to be learnt there and I want to compare my notes of visits paid before with the facts of the present. The outlook, taken in the broadest way, seems to be more full of promise than ever. There never were such accumulations of opportunities for good work as now. I wish I was at the dawn of my work instead of being so far on in my career. But it is a joy to have lived in these distinctively formative years. There is no doubt that we are preparing our world for a better day than our fathers gave us; but their work was more difficult, more wearying, and not so abundant in exhilaration as ours. The rapidity of the world's movement makes it more magnetic and inspiring; and though progress, if viewed for the year and the day, seems unutterably slow, yet looked at in decades and even wider spaces, it is rejoicingly fast and solid. Think of the tremendous friction the human race has to overcome in its march, and it is surprising it gets on at all—the innate selfishness, the blindness, the stupidity begotten of personal interests, the dominion of bad legislation, power of Mammon, the lust of ease, the massing of the forces of evil and much besides, and one cannot escape the conclusion that there is a “divinity” that is shaping our actions to ends greater than we see and a destiny as divine as itself. Just now there is a “lull.” It will pass. The spirit of “Compromise” has taken possession of our land and is crowding out most other qualities for a short time. It cannot last. “Man is made to grow, not stop;” and he grows by effort, conflict, warfare, high-souled endeavour and persistent work. There is a breaking-up of the old in religious institutions,

"OLIVER CROMWELL'S SUCCESSOR"



THE REV. CLIFFORD CROMWELL: "Take away that Bauble!"
[Mr. Lloyd George says that "Dr. Clifford is the Greatest Protestant since Oliver Cromwell."
Mr. Balfour says: "This is what we have come to under Oliver Cromwell's successor."]

By courtesy, from "Pall Mall Gazette," May 9, 1906.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

in theories and theologies and philosophies, so that the things that cannot be shaken may remain. The "dead past" is memorialized and the "living past" preserved in new shapes and forms for the service of the coming generations. Therefore we may still sing with H. S. Sutton, "How beautiful it is to be alive!"

What a letter for a man of seventy-five to write! He looks back and sees the long and dreary way that humanity has climbed, delights in the things achieved within his own lifetime, and is still looking forward to greater things in the years to come. Life to him was one long wonder, and the beauty of it and the goodness of it filled his soul with thanksgiving. To him to live was indeed a joy.

In 1911 Dr. Clifford had been present during the final debate in the House of Lords. No Parliamentary scene ever impressed him more deeply. "The sacredness and solemnity of that scene deeply moved my spirit. The ring of sincerity was heard in every speech that echoed through the gilded chamber. Men felt that doom and deliverance were in the air, and that it would be impossible for them to escape the consequences of their actions. Some, no doubt, felt that the end of all things had come. Others felt that a new epoch was beginning, but all alike realized the gravity of the occasion and felt that they had come to one of the turning points in history." Dr. Clifford paid a high tribute to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

VII

"August 10th, 1911," said Dr. Clifford, "marks our entry on a new epoch of British life. I don't call this revolution, I call it evolution. It has been a long-delayed event. To many of you young men it has the freshness of the morning on it. To me it represents ideals long sought after. It remains for you, the citizens of this country, to carry to completion what has now been accomplished."

Nothing escaped Dr. Clifford that concerned the teaching profession. In 1911 a circular had been issued from the Board of Education describing the teachers as "creatures of tradition and routine," setting them aside as unfit for the office of inspectors, favouring men of the Oxford and Cambridge type. This was printed and circulated without the knowledge of Mr. Runciman. It was recalled. But, as Dr. Clifford says, "Who is to rule? No one is surprised by the appearance of this 'circular' who has kept in close touch with the educational life of England during

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

the last few years. It had the sanction of Sir Robert Morant, but not of his chief. It makes obvious one of the ways in which the subtle implacable defenders of privilege prevent the will of the people from prevailing. Not only are they thwarted by the House of Lords, but also by permanent officials of State."

In speaking at Hull, Leeds, Bristol and at the Baptist Union meetings in London, in 1913, Clifford was agitating for early educational reform. "It seems," he said, "like this: that the Irish can have their Home Rule and the Welsh their disestablishment, but we Free Churchmen are to have nothing but words. Against that we enter our emphatic protest. For nine years we have been struggling, and I venture to say to the Liberal Government that if they think we are going in the year 1915 to work for their return with our ancient enthusiasm they are being misled."

To Mr. Anderson he writes:—

I am very glad to receive your letter with its clear and strong teaching; its cogent witness and its fine courage.

My method has always been to stand firmly by my convictions, to state the principles and grounds of my action as clearly as possible and to treat my antagonists with the utmost personal consideration. I am not a Carsonite in any sense and have the fullest assurance that violence fails in the end of the day.

From Mr. Arthur Mee.

Ever since you asked my grandfather what he thought of your first sermon you have been cheering and stimulating and uplifting the world; and it is like you to give ten minutes of your precious life to me. There is no man in the world I would rather have that letter from than you; you have been to me what you have been to hundreds of thousands of men, one of the great Encouragers. In the great host that will carry on your torch I will try to keep near the front, always remembering you as, one by one, we see the walls of folly fall.

I am astonished—yet not astonished—at your undying strength. It must be wonderful to you to be standing full of power at the threshold of the new Time. What glorious things are going to happen with Home Rule and Disestablishment logs off the line! We can almost forgive the Government's treachery on Education—though I live in a parish of about 5,000 without one Council School, where Free Churchmen's children are driven to the Tied Church School. But God's in His heaven, and John Clifford the Baptist is on the earth, and all is well.

My love to you for that sweet letter of yours; my wife's remembrance to your household, and my little girl's love to your little boy. What wonders they will see!"

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

VIII

In 1913 the Session opened with brilliant promises. In the Speech from the Throne and in the Prime Minister's utterances the educationalists were led to believe that some redress would be given and hopes long cherished be realized.

Lord Haldane, too, said the Government were determined to lay foundations broad and deep of a really national, democratic and non-sectarian system of education.

Mr. Pease, who was Minister of Education, brought forward a Bill to this end.

Dr. Clifford writes : " It flickered for a few moments as the Session was ending, making the darkness more visible than ever. The Liberal Government has betrayed us. The fires of indignation burn fiercely. After ten long years nothing but promises."

" Nor is this all," he exclaims ; " the Session of 1914 is likely to end in the same way.

" Again there is the outline of a measure contemplating the removal of that part of the burden which presses so heavily on rural citizens, the creation of an available council school to every villager, the gift of more money to the Local Education Authorities, of more freedom to the teachers and more control to the citizens ; but whether these visions materialize remains to be seen."

The great War came along and plunged the country into an abyss. The education question and all other questions were thrust on one side. " How to win the war " was the one supreme thought.

All citizens were expected—and rightly, too—to give of their best to further this end, consequently, not only men and women were drawn into the vast army of workers, but boys and girls, who would otherwise have been at school, were employed ; the high wages given and the licence which naturally followed upon the loosening of restraint were not factors that tended to promote a high moral character in our young people.

In July, 1917, an Education Bill was proposed by the Minister of Education, Mr. Fisher, which for the advancement of our national life left little to be desired. There were, as always, people who thought first of their own advancement, and Mr. Fisher had to withdraw his Bill on December 13th, 1917, owing to the objection raised against it by Local Education Authorities and some manufacturers.

But at the beginning of the Session of 1918, amended and rendered acceptable to the objectors, it was brought forward again and received Royal Assent on August 8th. The Act compelled

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

attendance from five to fourteen, gave the Local Educational Authorities power to increase the age of compulsion to fifteen, established compulsory schools up to sixteen, and after seven years from the date of the Act up to eighteen ; forbade the employment of children under twelve, and limited the employment of those between twelve and fourteen to two hours on any Sunday, or any school day before the close of school hours, or any day between 6 a.m. and 8 p.m.

But though the injustice of the Education Act of 1902 was not dealt with, Dr. Clifford sees the star of hope rising and writes :

“ A new ideal of education has been lifted to sight. The teacher is to be better trained and better paid. The school-house is to be healthy and well-equipped, and the years of adolescence are not to be allowed to reduce to ruin the good work of childhood’s years.

“ Surely it is one of the signs of the dawn of a better day that we realize through the war what has long been taught by a few : that we must impart to the plastic and receptive rising generation an ideal of service, of helpfulness to others, of good citizenship in and for Britain and for the world—an ideal as wide as mankind, an ideal that teaches that we are here to enrich others, to cleanse the city and promote the welfare of the country, and to further the progress of man ; an ideal so taught that it becomes a habit of thought, a second nature, in which justice and right and love shall be supreme.”

To the very end the old warrior’s interest was unabated, as the following letters show :—

To Albert Pickard, Esq., J.P.

1921.

Thank you for a copy of the Bill and the reference to the *C. Times*. I am in correspondence with our friend Mr. Mundella on the subject. We shall have to act very decisively and evidently Clericalism is still in pursuit of its policy of “ grabbing ” the Board Schools for the Church of England.

I shall be glad if you will keep me fully informed of all that goes on in your area.

He makes inquiries of Mr. Ward, who as a member of the Gloucester City Education Committee was asked to arrange a new Syllabus of Religious Instruction for the County Schools under the Committee’s control. This was done and the Syllabus has been used now for three years.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION

Dr. Clifford came to know of this work, and wrote as follows :

1923.

DEAR MR. WARD,

May I trouble you on the matter of State Education ? Will you be good enough to send me a copy of your Syllabus of Religious Instruction ? Can you say what is the course followed in the Anglican and Roman Schools ?

What is your judgment of the working of the Education Act of 1902 generally in your district ?

Excuse me giving you this trouble, and believe me, with very kind regards.—Sincerely yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

The second letter, given below, is of more interest. Mr. Ward says : “ I had replied as desired giving my view of the position, and quoting a saying of my own College Principal, Dr. Henderson, ‘ Only Christ’s people can teach Christ’s truth.’ My point was that the teaching was often done in a mechanical way a repetition of words rather than an effort to make clear the moral and spiritual truth, and that one felt sometimes the need of special qualifications for scripture teaching in Council Schools.”

MY DEAR MR. WARD,

I am very grateful for your kind and full reply. Your Syllabus is admirable and the information you supply in addition is very helpful.

I suppose I may take it that the Protestant children are in no way exempted from the teaching given by Roman Catholics in Roman Catholic Schools ? There is no conscience clause at work ? Although, if there were, it would be of little avail against the whole personal and atmospheric influence in the school.

Do not trouble to answer this, unless I am mistaken on either point. Dr. Henderson is right, and that means :

(1) That the Churches should more vividly realize and discharge their obligation to provide religious teachers for the young within their own area.

(2) That we should seek more assiduously to make disciples for the Master, so that, by an experience of this grace, those who are likely to become teachers may give the influence of a regenerated life to their children.—With heartiest thanks, I am, sincerely yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Commenting, Mr. Ward says : “ Dr. Clifford’s services to religious education and his magnificent fight for Free Church principles need no eulogy from me, but these letters are luminous of his great spirit, and I feel should be seen by my fellow-workers in this field.”

Dr. Clifford stood for real reform and progress in the teaching

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

of the young. Good healthy schools with every facility for the advancement of the child, body, soul and spirit; teachers chosen for their teaching ability and not because they conform to any particular church or creed, being servants of the State to be treated as all civil servants on their merits alone.

He also believed that the school life of the child should be continued as long as possible, so that the formative years of the child should have the guidance of the well-trained teacher. Our educational machinery has broken down where it is most needed, between the years of fourteen and seventeen.

Many think he only fought because he was a Nonconformist. Such is not the case. He never in any instance wished to thrust his particular beliefs forward with regard to instruction in the schools, but he was just as confirmed in his belief that it was wrong for others to do so. He maintained that the State should look after its children and train them for citizenship, make them worthy men and women, fit to stand alongside those of other nations, in education, commerce and character.

When Dr. Clifford went on his world tour he visited many schools in our colonies and wrote his experiences in many letters. He was a keen educationalist, as we have seen, and the way in which the colonists met this important need was of great interest to him. He visited schools in Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, British Columbia, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, New Zealand, New South Wales, Tasmania and other places.

The educational system of the colonies has been described as undisguisedly secular, but he found, on going into the schools themselves, that it never meant non-religious and only quite rarely and in a limited sense non-Biblical. It merely stands for non-theological, non-dogmatic, non-credal, anti-sectarian. As a matter of fact, throughout his tour round the world, except in rare cases, he discovered that the Bible was used in the schools.

We have endeavoured to give a brief account of Dr. Clifford's efforts on behalf of education. The magnitude of the subject and the long years of conflict demand more; we hope, however, sufficient has been said to show that his great aim was for education as complete as possible, free from all sectarian bias. He wished to see here in England a system established that would give any child with ability and desire the highest and best that the country had in its power to offer.

CHAPTER VIII

FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE

I

THE PASSIVE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT

"Conscience is the best asset a nation can possess."—DR. CLIFFORD.

"For myself I am obliged to go my way, and utter my soul, and risk the consequences."—DR. CLIFFORD to the Rev. James Barr.

WE now come to the Passive Resistance Movement which was started by Free Churchmen in 1903, and which was foreshadowed in the previous chapter. Clifford was the life and soul of the movement. The injustice against which it was directed was not new. Free Churchmen had, from early days, been subject to restrictions and acts that were antagonistic to their beliefs. Theirs had been a struggle to liberty, and when the Education Bill of 1870 was passed they could not agree with some of its clauses. The Bill was not impartial, and it was freely admitted at the time it would have to be amended. We have shown that the "Compromise" was framed to satisfy as far as possible the conscientious views of the various Christian sects and made provision for those of other beliefs. From time to time, however, efforts were made to strangle public control of the schools; tests were imposed upon the teachers' entry into the schools to teach doctrines and creeds, and rates used for sectarian purposes rather than educational.

Free Churchmen were most willing to pay their share of the rates for the upkeep of school buildings and the instruction of the children in all that makes for good citizenship, but beyond that they would not go; hence the Passive Resistance Movement.

Professor T. H. Green, of Oxford, said: "We feel drawn to a man who, finding the law and usage of the land at variance with his conscientious convictions, calmly breaks the law, and sets the established usage at defiance. That is the way in which the boundaries of liberty have ever been enlarged.

"The principle that a citizen must never act otherwise than as a citizen does not carry with it the obligation under all conditions to conform to the law of his State, since those laws may be

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

inconsistent with the true end of the State as a sustainer and harmonizer of social relations."

It is not a new thing for dissenters to refuse obedience to unjust laws. They have often done it. Their fathers disobeyed, rebelled, resisted, actively and passively; and indeed, Hume, who did not love the Puritans, is obliged to confess that England owes her chief liberties to their refusal to accept injustice. It was their action which in 1779 secured the passing of the Act by which it was made possible for anyone to act as schoolmaster without subscribing to creeds and conforming to the State Church. The Act of Uniformity was passed, but the dissenters did not bow to its restrictions. The severe penalties did not stop them from preaching and teaching.

They did two things: on the one hand, they disobeyed the law and braved its penalties, and on the other hand they ceaselessly agitated for its amelioration and repeal. "Without habitual disobedience," says Dr. Fairbairn, "they would never have succeeded in their agitation; for only so could they have kept their zeal alive, and proved that no laws were so irreligious as those that professed to govern in the interest of religion. And without the agitation they could never have justified the disobedience and converted the Legislature to their view that liberty to teach was a moral right which no State could deny and yet remain progressive and happy and free."

From the firm stand Dr. Clifford always took upon the liberty of the individual in spiritual matters and things that concerned the conscience, we can well understand how it was he became the leader in this movement. He did not ask that others should walk where he feared to tread. He was one of the first to be fined for the non-payment of the rate, and his goods have been seized and sold. Because of the trust and faith that was placed in his judgment, he was deluged with letters from all parts of the country asking advice, and to those who suffered imprisonment his letters were a constant encouragement.

We see that the Colonies were not only keenly alive to the unfairness of the credal "protection" of the Acts, but they were quick to seize the opportunity of expressing themselves against the intolerance of the Bill.

The Master of the Methodist College, Auckland, New Zealand, was asked to send the following resolution to Dr. Clifford:

That this meeting expresses its deep regret that the Education Bill has passed through the British Parliament, and its earnest sym-

FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE

pathy with all English Nonconformists who intend to resist this unjust measure in the only way possible, viz., by refusing to pay the Education Rate. It directs that copies of this resolution be forwarded to the Rev. John Clifford and the *British Weekly*.

As was to be expected, the law laid hold of those who refused to pay the rate, and many were thrust into prison. It seemed to take one back to the days of Bunyan, Baxter and Fox. Nearly all the Free Churches have had their representatives in jail, and a few ministers were treated as common felons. For the sum of eightpence withheld, a fortnight in prison was imposed ; because a young Christian Endeavourer would not pay four-and-sixpence he was committed to jail for a month ; when a certain alderman withheld half a crown, one of those who were supposed to administer the law called out " Give him three months," and told the worthy alderman to " put his conscience in his pocket." At Nailsworth, Major Ricardo and his fellow-magistrates committed the Rev. S. J. Ford for two months to Gloucester Jail by way of chastising him for not paying one shilling and fivepence : a sentence so clearly excessive that the Home Secretary intervened. Mr. Edward Harris was imprisoned sixteen times. The Rev. P. J. Thompson, M.A., went eight times to prison and the Rev. D. Jenkins six times, and were not the least bit nearer to submitting to the injustice of the Act. In 1910 there were groups of resisters of 30, 26, 22, 75, 37, brought up at one time. These men have been called cranks with a passion for martyrdom, but Dr. Forsyth said " they were expressing the collective conscience of the Free Churches."

Imprisonment was only one phase of Passive Resistance. The sale of the defendants' goods followed, and many there were who had their goods despoiled rather than submit. Goods were taken in undue proportion to the amount claimed, and many had to suffer loss of trade in various ways, and even loss of employment. It was estimated that during the years between 1904 and 1911 Resisters had been forced to pay over £1,200 more than they would have been charged but for the unjust Act of 1902. In the city of Norwich, between 1904 and 1911, 1,350 summonses had been issued, £600 17s. 4d. was deducted from the rates, and £929 15s. 11d. recovered from Passive Resisters, showing that they had been mulcted of £328 18s. 7d. In many places Passive Resisters have suffered much more. Some of the magistrates have been Passive Resisters themselves and have again and again left the Bench to take their stand in the dock of the criminal court. Some have left the magisterial bench rather than administer the law under such

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

conditions, and others have expressed opposition to the Act and sympathy with those brought before them. Dr. Clifford lost no opportunity of making his position clear; his well-balanced mind and sturdy brave temperament forced him to speak with a frankness that was at once honest and just. Preaching at Westbourne Park Church he said :—

“Now, mark me, I am resolutely opposed to any man, a Mahometan or Methodist, a Ritualist or a Romanist, a Quaker or a Baptist, being made to suffer in the slightest degree for his religious opinions. In my fixed conviction those opinions are entirely outside the functions of the State. Parliament has nothing whatever to do with them. I am as strongly opposed to the establishment by Parliament of what is called undenominational teaching as I am to Romanism—*i.e.*, I protest with all my might against teaching at the expense of the ratepayers a set of dogmatic theological opinions on which Christians generally are supposed to agree, as I protest against the teaching of any distinctive Roman or Anglican doctrine. I wish theological dogma to be taught by the Churches, and entirely at the expense of the Churches. I have fought for Roman Catholics in municipal and Parliamentary contests. I shall again. What I oppose is, anybody’s effort to compel me to pay for the propagation of Romanist or any other church doctrines, or to use the Parliament of the people for that purpose. Against that I have battled, and will while I have breath, and if you try to make me you will discover that you have for once undertaken an impossibility.”

He was truly a man of peace, but when wrong was to be righted he was just as truly a fighter; and the cause for which he was fighting required tact and technical knowledge of the law, which is revealed in some of his correspondence.

He writes :—

25, SUNDERLAND TERRACE, W.

5.IV.1905.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

(1) On the first point—*i.e.*, the *date* of the deed of gift—I should not fight : but let them distrain for the debt contracted in the *quarter* within which that date occurs.

(2) As to the second distraint, it cannot be done if on the first visit the bailiff had free course to take what he wanted, and all he wanted—this rests on the case of *Bagge v. Mardby* (see Oldham and Foster on Distress, 2d. Ed. 1889), unless (*a*) there has been a *bona fide* error on the part of the bailiff. I judge this is what your bailiff will say. (*b*) As to this I sent the judgment in my case. *Please return me the papers* I enclose as speedily as possible.

FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE

(3) *Now as to the deed of gift*—exclusive of the question of date : see (1)—the following points should be kept in view :

(a) *Bills of Sale Act 1882*, ss. 4 provides that “a Bill of Sale to which this Act applies shall be no protection in respect of personal chattels in such Bill of Sale which, but for such Bill of Sale, *would have been liable to distress* under a warrant for the recovery of taxes and poor and other parochial rates.”

The question is *to which Bills of Sale* does this Act apply :—

Ss. 3 of the Act says : “The expression Bills of Sale and other expressions in this Act shall have the same meaning as in the principal Act (*Bills of Sale Act 1878*) except as to Bills of Sale or other documents mentioned in Section four (ss. 4) of the principal Act, which may be given otherwise than by *way of security for the payment of money* to which last-mentioned Bills of Sale and other documents this Act shall not apply.”

Now your deed of gift is not a “*bill by way of giving security for the payment of money*,” and therefore the 1882 Act does not apply ; and so the document prevents a seizure for unpaid rates. See *Stone's Justices' Manual*, 36th Ed. 1904, 749, Note (h).

See also *Crusaders' Manual*, 172, Justice.—I am, faithfully yours,
J. CLIFFORD.

The General Election of 1905 was a great Passive Resistance victory. Every resister worked with a will, the result was a magnificent victory for the forces of moral progress, yet it was all in vain. Again and again the effort was made, but it was useless. Leading politicians were in sympathy and promises were not lacking for the early adjustment of this important matter, as the following shows :—

10, DOWNING ST.,
WHITEHALL, S.W.,
Oct. 14th, 1908.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

I must thank you for your letter on behalf of the National Passive Resistance Committee. I can assure you that I am fully alive to the grievances to which, notwithstanding all the efforts exerted by the Government and the House of Commons since 1906, a large and important section of the community are still exposed, and can only repeat what I said the other day at Leeds—that a removal of the cause of those grievances is, in the opinion of the Government, an essential condition of the settlement which they will use all their efforts to achieve.—I am, yours very truly, H. H. ASQUITH.

When war broke out it was asked “Shall we proceed with Passive Resistance ?” Dr. Clifford defined his position thus :—

“Our Committee could not easily be got together, but the following conclusions were circulated on the 3rd September :

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

(1) Our Passive Resistance movement is essentially based on personal conviction. That is confessed by all. It is agreement in individual conviction which has brought us together and holds us together.

(2) It is in the interest of principles vital to the well-being of our nation that we protest, and if our protest collides at this juncture with that, we are bound to review our action and determine afresh as to what will be its effect.

(3) I have done so, and I cannot see that there is the slightest risk of dividing our people, or diminishing the unity of spirit in which they and we act, by continuing our protest. The most wholehearted upholder of the war will not be less zealous, determined and self-sacrificing by continuing his protest against the injustice of the legislation of 1902.

(4) There is danger that the reactionaries may take advantage of the war abroad to imperil liberties at home and force us backward. It was in such a time (and through the Boer War) that the unjust legislation against which we have been fighting so long was imposed, therefore I am forced personally to the conclusion that we must go forward with our resistance.

We must therefore prepare our Leagues for the work we shall have to do as soon as the war is over. We must urge our claims and insist on the rights of the children, of the parents, of the teachers, and of the commonwealth. The State must be brought back to the ways of justice."

Even to the end, when his physical powers were failing, he took the keenest interest in the work that had absorbed his attention during so many years of his life. The following is the little message he sent Mr. Constable (to whom Dr. Clifford used to send headings for the Passive Resistance posters) in connexion with his summons:—

18, WALDECK ROAD, W.,

MY DEAR FRIEND,

11. XII. 1922.

I have received my 57th summons to meet the Magistrates on Friday morning next at 10 o'clock. I hope to be there, but I am not sure that my "machine" will be in a fit form for the task. I will therefore send a copy of my reply to you, so that you may read it, or get it read, in case I do not succeed in getting there.—
Ever heartily yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

As Dr. Clifford did not change his opinion with regard to the Education question and the Passive Resistance movement, we may

FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE

fittingly use his own words as a conclusion to this brief survey. He says :—

“ We must aim (1) at placing the Minister of Education on the same plane as to status and power as any member of the Cabinet ; and since status seems to be determined by pay, he ought to have a sum equal to that given to any other post ; (2) to get complete popular control ; and (3) an *ad hoc* Education Authority in towns like London and Manchester, Leeds and Leicester ; and (4) to dismiss once and for all the sectarian element from schools and from training colleges and establish a really national system.”

II

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

The year 1899 found Dr. Clifford in opposition to the general opinion of the country on the South African War. He could not bring himself to see that force of arms between England and the Transvaal was a necessity. He admitted that mistakes had been made, but reason and patience and fair dealing between Christian countries should have avoided war. From the first he lifted up his voice against it, spoke and preached, and used every means in his power to bring about peace.

With Mr. Stead he helped to form a Committee towards that end.

From Mr. W. T. Stead.

DEAR MR. CLIFFORD,

At the meeting of the General Committee held to-day, we decided unanimously to elect you as President of that General Committee in favour of stopping the war. Your functions would be more honorary and titular than arduous. Of course we should be very glad to have all the help you could give us, but we know how busy you are, and therefore we do not expect you to attend Committee meetings, but we should like to work under your name, as the Crusade was fought under the Bishop of London.

Mr. Hocking is Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Mr. W. M. Crook is the hon. secretary. We have appointed a strong Executive Committee, which holds its first meeting on Wednesday afternoon next at 4 o'clock. I hope before then I shall have your reply, stating your willingness to accept this post.

The Conference on Thursday was a great success, and astonished and delighted us all.—Yours sincerely,

W. T. STEAD.

The war made a deep impression on Dr. Clifford's mind ; he was burdened with the gravity of the situation. More than that,

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

he stood almost alone ; but dauntless, fearless, his conscience his guide, he marched along straight ahead, feeling sure that right would triumph and that his country would in the end come back to a sane and righteous frame of mind.

He looked at the matter apart from party politics ; the bungling administration that brought about disaster was national, not party. A nation is responsible for its government, but conscience had become clouded, life had become easy and flabby ; it had lost its highest and best ideals, and when once the furies of war were let loose to talk of peace seemed to the wise foolishness.

Yet, with Mr. Stead, he planned and worked to that end. He writes :—

To Mr. W. T. Stead.

Jan., 1900.

DEAR MR. STEAD,

Yes, I will accept, if the Committee urge it ; but I hesitate on the ground that I am planned out of London three, and sometimes four, days a week from now till the end of April ; for example, I am at Cheltenham to-morrow ; Wednesbury, Wednesday ; and Newport, Thursday ; and therefore it is not likely I can attend the meetings of the Committee.

I have the strongest aversion to being a mere “figure head,” rendering no service. Therefore I hope the Committee will elect someone else.

If you should place me in this position I shall be glad to be kept posted up as to the whole work of the Committee.—With heartiest greetings, I am, my dear friend, yours sincerely,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

When the passions of men are roused justice is thrown from the seat of reason, and law and order are thrust on one side by head-strong and violent crowds that delight in wrecking and damaging the property of those who (though they may be the best of citizens) are for the time being opposed to the popular view. So it was with Dr. Clifford. He tells in the following letter of the escape of his church from the hands of the mob :—

. . . This has been the saddest year of my life ! I feel older than ever I did ! I can enter into the heart-anguish of Jeremiah as I never could before. My soul has been indescribably afflicted for my country : for my own people ! Oh, that England should have fallen so low ! I can scarcely believe it ! Most of my own people at W.P. and many brave souls throughout our denomination have stood true to justice and brotherhood and humanity. But at W.P. we had to have the police for three nights because the rowdies had threatened the building. Without *our* solicitation the police authorities sent

FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE

a body of detectives. Strange to say, on the first night of the threatened attack I was, by an arrangement some months old, preaching in another part of London, and so we escaped. But the Liberal and Radical Club close by was smashed and something like a riot started.

The worst aspect of this matter is the revelation it makes of the condition of the country. When a nation blunders, as ours has done the last five years, it is evident there is a deterioration of moral fibre, a depraving of the conscience, a blinding of the judgment, that must lead to further disaster. The forecast cannot be one that omits *penalty—doom!* The Eternal Laws will not be defied. Suffering is at the doors. Judgment will take the Nation to school and teach us as nothing else will; and perhaps the part of the Nation to suffer most will be the faithless, cowardly churches—indeed, they are already receiving their chastisement! Let us hope they will bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness afterwards.

The difficulty is to determine what is best to be done! Slowly, but surely, events are changing the judgments of men on most of the topics, on which such false and premature opinions were formed last year. The Boer is a "new creature" in the British imagination already and the full revelation of his character has not yet been given. The theory of a Boer conspiracy preceding the Jameson Raid is dead as a nail and will be flung aside soon. The cry of help for the "native" is felt to be as hypocritical and hollow as any that ever led to mischief. John Bull will annex—i.e. he will steal again, and the Churches will bless his theft! He will begin to talk about justly administering what he has unjustly taken. And no attempt to atone for what he has so unjustly done.

To me it seems that what we have to do is this: (1) To oppose this Tory Government with all our might and main; (2) To "drop" a whole host of "Liberals" so-called; (3) To create a party if we can, composed of the most level-headed of the Socialists and the most radical of the Radicals.

Liberalism has always advanced—(1) by shedding its wealthier and more "aristocratic" members; men who prefer class to humanity, and the bigness of empire to justice of conduct; and (2) by going to a "lower" stratum of the social world and working with it and by it, for the good of the nation and the world. One of the most propitious omens is that at last John Morley sees that this has to be done. Till now, he and many Liberals have been averse to any fellowship with Socialists; and the Independent Labour Wing of the Socialist party has exhibited the same repugnance to Liberals. We have to come together, and work together. Our ideas are the same. Our principles are the same. Our spirit is the same. Unity of method will make us triumphant. By 1905 we can, if we will, stop the "set" of Britain towards decay, lift it to a higher plane, and start the old land once more on a career of "liberty, equality and fraternity."

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

It is a great task ; but it can be wrought out. The manhood is in the nation still, and though, like Memnon's Statue, seemingly dark and dead now, yet when struck by the genius of the new time a sweeter and diviner music will fill the air.

Politicians say things are worse now than on December 24, 1899. They are bad enough, no doubt ! The Government is itself alarmed about South Africa ; and reflective men see the crippled condition in which we enter into the competition of the Nations for territorial extension, with many misgivings ; but if we look deeper, I think we can detect signs that we are forming a more just estimate of ourselves, and are becoming acquiescent in the utter hopelessness of any effort of ours to rival the European peoples in the foolish race for Military greatness. We shall be able to beat back " conscription " and to fix attention on the qualities of character that give stability and abiding strength to a Nation. I have no doubt that *Time*, which tells all, will report that December 24, 1900, registered a real advance in national well-being as compared with twelve months before. It has been a sad, a miserable time, but a salutary experience.

A correspondent, from his memories of the past, writes : " I remember with what regularity he tried the lock of the door leading on to the pulpit from the rear during the Boer War, indicating the sense of personal danger he ran during this period."

Mr. Stead had been on the Continent discovering the opinions of leading " Peace " friends and wanted to establish an International " Peace " Crusade. He writes :

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

I apologize for the pulpit, but telegraphing from Paris costs 2d. a word, and to say Westbourne Park Chapel Platform would have cost me 6d. or more, whereas pulpit cost 2d.

I will tell you exactly what I wanted. I have just returned from visiting Paris, Brussels and The Hague, where I have seen President Krüger and the leading friends of peace on the Continent. It is just two years since I had your platform for proclaiming the Peace Crusade. I am about to start an International Peace Crusade upon the platform laid down in the enclosed protest and appeal. If you had been free, I would have asked to be allowed to proclaim this new movement, and if you approved to have the adoption of this memorial and sent it to every Foreign Minister in Europe as the resolution of 2,000 men and women meeting in Westbourne Park Chapel. It would attract universal attention, and would be the beginning of a series of meetings that may wake up both Europe and America. If you do not approve of this, there would be no more to be said. If, however, you do approve of it, and could let me come on after to you, I think we could have a good time. Please telegraph me in the morning

FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE

what you think of it, and for Heaven's sake don't say "Yes" if you have any doubts or qualms of conscience on the subject.—Yours sincerely,
W. T. STEAD.

Dr. Clifford did not quite fall in with Mr. Stead's views. Though "Peace" was his aim, it was for Britain to undertake the "Crusade" and rouse her own people to act justly, apart from Continental pressure.

From Mr. W. T. Stead.

23rd December, 1900.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

I got your letter with profound relief. I have been fearfully driven the last fortnight, travelling about on the Continent, and I have got a hacking cough, and the physical man of me felt that the coincidence of Peace Sunday with the second anniversary of the proclamation of the Peace Crusade was unfortunate, but the immense value of having the initiative of a world-movement taken in London and in your place compelled me to make the proposal.

I note what you say as to the form of the protest. You may be right, supposing that you simply wish to appeal directly to the British Government; but my idea was far wider than that. We should, as I think I told you, if the resolution had been passed, have sent the protest and the appeal signed by the Chairman to the Foreign Minister of every Government represented at the Hague Conference. We could not possibly send them a resolution merely asking our Government to state what it wants. What our Government wants to do is very simple—to annex the Republics. What we want to do is to say no State which has offered arbitration shall be annexed until the justice of the annexation has been approved by an international tribunal. Upon this we could appeal to the masses in any country. Upon your suggested resolution we could not appeal anywhere except in this country, and in this country I do not contemplate any widespread agitation. What I look for is the effect of an agitation in every country in Europe, reacting upon our people, and preparing the way for remonstrances to which our Government would be compelled to listen. Besides, what we wish to do is to create a fertile propaganda in favour of the principle of Arbitration, and to vindicate and popularize the Hague Conference among the masses of the population who know nothing at all about it. I note what you say as to the more opportune time. I am at your disposition whenever you feel that the time is opportune. I do not know what your people will think, nor what your arrangements are, but, from my point of view, the first Sunday in the new century would be just as good as the night of Peace Sunday; but I think you will have something special on that night, and so it would not do.

I note also what you say as to your people not being in favour of the protest about the annexation of the Republics. We do not

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

object to the annexation excepting under circumstances in which the executioner who profits by the death of his victim is the sole judge as to whether annexation is right or proper.

I thank you, however, for the consideration which you have given to the subject. I have written a lovely letter to — in which I have told him that I hope, in the new century, the scales will fall from his eyes, and that he will have many years in it in which to bring forth fruits meet for repentance from one who has this year been a potent ally of the Devil.

May I beg you to accept as a little Christmas gift my Annual. I think you will find a little sketch of the history of the world during the century which may be, I hope, interesting and inspiring.

Thanking you again sincerely for your numberless kindnesses.—
Yours sincerely, W. T. STEAD.

While war raged Dr. Clifford's strong sense of justice found expression in many sermons and lectures to his young people.

In his annual address to young men, he says: "Remember, nations are only instruments for securing the fullest and noblest life of mankind. They exist for the sake of right and truth and justice. We lost the United States by our corruption, our selfishness and our tyranny. We shall lose South Africa if we do not recover our heroic devotion to truth, our fidelity to justice, our spiritual magnanimity and unselfishness and apply them to our behaviour to the dwellers in the Transvaal.

"Ten years ago I ventured to forecast about the future of our great Empire. I ventured to forecast the arrival of five British federations, composed of self-reliant, self-dependent and self-governing nations, no colony having authority over another colony, but each sovereign within its own area and all united on a basis of equality.

"First the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; second, the Dominion of Canada, inclusive of Newfoundland, the oldest of England's colonies, but not yet a province of Canada; then, United Australia; fourth, United South Africa, and fifth, let us hope, United Hindustan—all joined together and forming the Federation of Greater Britain."

He had the vision even then, but before it could be accomplished he was forced to cry in August: "Oh! my country, my country! Why hast thou fallen so low?"

He expresses his feelings in a letter to a friend:—

"Cold water" does not accurately describe my mood of mind. I am boiling over with indignation against the iniquity of the Concentration Camps. I have again and again referred to them, de-

FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE

nounced them and formulated protests against them; and shall go on doing it as far as I can. But I wish to aid in the emancipation of my people from the tyranny of those blinding delusions which have played so large a part in this horrible war, and one of them, perhaps the most fatal of all the delusions, is the notion that we can really abate the mass of evil whilst the declared and operative policy of the Government is supremacy over, and not the blending of the British race with, the Boers. We may shift part of the evil trade from one place to another, but the mass itself will go on increasing. I said so more than a year ago, and the proofs of the truth of my forecast have accumulated with appalling strength. Mr. Brodrick's promise is a delusion. Improve the condition in the camps, may be his mandate, but the policy of his Government involves the destruction of the children in the camps, and, as I say in my letter, I shall be surprised if the death-rate is not higher for October than it was for September. I am for mitigating the evil of the war, wherever it can be done, to the uttermost; but till we give up our false pride of race and our blind hatred of the Boer, and are ready to offer him definite and clearly expressed terms of peace, we shall have executions like that reported this morning: deputations of those who go to alleviate the miseries of women and children and to reduce the death-rate, like that of Miss Hobhouse, and still worse evils of which the censor will not let us hear! Alas! alas! for England.

“ Whilst it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
’Tis won as towns with fire: so won is lost.”

—I am, truly yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman* during whose Premiership the South African Constitution was arranged, wrote:—

To Dr. Clifford.

. . . I ought sooner to have acknowledged your very kind and cheering letter, but I have been so occupied that I have had to postpone private letters.

I am greatly interested in the action which you and some of your friends have taken. We may not be able to do much, but we can at least keep the light of truth and reason burning, and trust to the coming of a better spirit in the country.—Yours very truly,

H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

* Amongst his “ Autobiographical Notes,” Clifford writes:—“ I attended a breakfast at Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman’s with Guinness Rogers, etc., and it was the most homely and enjoyable gathering I ever attended amongst the great. It was business first and last: not a trace of vanity or self-seeking—he went genially but by the most direct route to the work in hand. He was an entirely honest man—the right man for politics. He was hated by the Tories, and he knew it; but did not heed their antagonism.”

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

In 1901 a conference of Ministers was held in the Memorial Hall, London. Discussion was long and feeling at times ran high. There were those for the Government and those against, and to bring about a reconciliation between the two parties required tact and patience. But Dr. Clifford possessed both these qualities, and ultimately a constructive policy was agreed to. The points were :—

(1.) The immediate surrender of all arms and all military organization.

(2.) An amnesty without limit and without qualification save that specified.

(3.) The federation of the States of South Africa on the lines of Australia and Canada.

(4.) Self-government for each State, like that of Manitoba or New South Wales—i.e., without any diplomatic relations with foreign States, except through the federation, and no military arrangements except through the control of the Parliament of the federation.

(5.) "Equal rights for all races," the franchise to be settled by the Federal Authority, and to be the same throughout the Commonwealth.

(6.) The natives to be protected, and their rights as labourers to be secured.

A copy of these terms was sent to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who again wrote :

10 August, 1901.

To Dr. Clifford.

. . . It has been a great pleasure to me to receive the copy you have sent me of the Manifesto of Ministers of the Free Churches on the subject of the war. I need not say that I followed with great interest the proceedings from which it derives its authority and origin, and I rejoice in your success.

The general lines laid down for the settlement of this lamentable war are those prescribed alike by sound policy, common sense, and Christian principle ; and they are the only lines consistent with the traditions and the dignity of our nation.

I earnestly hope that the courageous step you and your friends have taken will have a substantial effect in bringing the public sentiment round to the cause of peace and conciliation.—Believe me, yours very truly,

H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

In comparing the terms of the Manifesto by the Free Churches with those of the actual agreement, we see that they were based

FIDELITY TO CONSCIENCE

on the same high Christian principles which Dr. Clifford always advocated. On May 31st, 1902, the Peace terms were signed at Pretoria.

In 1906 the Union of the South African States was established, which :

(1) Secured them in their liberty and property and the possession of arms necessary for their protection.

(2) Conceded the use of the Dutch language in schools and law courts.

(3) Promised that military administration in the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies should at the earliest possible moment be succeeded by Civil Government.

(4) That no special tax should be imposed on landed property to defray the costs of the war, and that a free gift of £3,000,000, as well as loans free of interest for two years, should be granted to assist the restoration of the people to their farms.

In 1910 the Doctor writes : " This week I have been partly engaged at the British Museum, mostly at home. The work at home has been one of ' clearing up ' and destroying the accumulation of years, sifting and sorting and classifying what was of value, of course, and then destroying the rest. It is a difficult task. I had a vast accumulation of ' stuff ' on the South African War ; and it was interesting to go through it, and note the judgments of that time, the forecasts, the manifestos, the letters, etc., and the realities of to-day."

While Dr. Clifford's convictions led him to oppose the Boer War, he upheld the European War, but there was nothing inconsistent in this. From first to last his reasons were to himself perfectly justified. Oppression against the weak, come from whom it might, he felt bound to resist, and where wrong was inflicted he was ready to throw himself with every fibre of his being into means for remedying that wrong.

In the Great War a smaller nation was ruthlessly trampled upon, and common humanity demanded that aid should be given ; but, even so, there were some who under any condition did not believe in war. Now, to force these objectors into war against their conscience was, to Dr. Clifford, an inhuman action, and to punish them for fidelity to conscience was unjust. They have been called cowards, but from his own experience he held it nobler to be true to conscience and face scorn and imprisonment with its punishments than join the army. Let every man examine himself and act accordingly, but he felt sure that to punish for conscience'

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

sake was not the way to create and foster the spirit that goes to the upbuilding of national character.

In spite of his opinion on the justification of the Great War, he went and addressed the young men who were opposed to force of arms. Liberty of conscience was the one right belonging to the human being that neither individual nor nation had any right to suppress or coerce :

“ To such a great gathering as this, of young men, I want to say I have had some experience of fighting. My father was a Chartist and my mother a stronger reformer in her thoughts than my father. . . . there is no liberty so great and absolutely essential as liberty of conscience.

“ What, then, are men who are to-day fighting for conscience doing ? What services are they rendering to their country and to the world ? They are helping to secure progress from advancement to advancement, both in our Motherland and in other countries. . . . The Military Act has imposed Conscription upon this country. Let us remember how it came upon us. It was a fraud. It does not express the matured judgment of the people.

. . . I know something about the Tribunals. I am ashamed of my country. These Tribunals are a disgrace to our name. They call some of those who come before them cowards. I ask you which is the more courageous position, to enlist in the Army or to face one of these Tribunals and bear testimony to the convictions you hold. I can speak from conviction. I know what it is to oppose a war and I know what it is to defend a war. At the time of the Boer War I risked my health, my life I may say, and what, perhaps, would be dearer to me than that, I risked the building in which I had been preaching for many years. The courage necessary to endure such opposition, I can assure you, made heavier demands upon me than were ever made by this present war. It is altogether a mistake to imagine that these men are cowards. They are showing a courage such as witnesses to the stuff, the fibre, of which they are made, and the endurance with which they will face the time to come.

“ Let us go forward ; we are fighting for human well-being ; we are fighting for the most precious possession of the British people. Conscience is the best asset a nation can possess.”

CHAPTER IX

THE DOWN GRADE MOVEMENT

"Chairmanship of the Baptist Union ended. This is, indeed, a day of deliverance; but also a day of thankfulness to God who has not forsaken me . . . but whose goodness and help have been abundantly manifest."
—April 29, 1889.

"The greater part of the reply to Mr. Fullerton's charges against the affairs of the Baptist Union on the subject of Down Grade was read to me. The facts are now carefully and accurately investigated, and there is the persistent and utmost endeavour to be both fair and kind to the Spurgeonites. It makes a true and full vindication of the actions of Dr. Booth of the Council and of the Assembly of the Union."—August 27, 1923, from DR. CLIFFORD'S DIARY.

TO the general public what is known as the "Down Grade" movement of 1887-9 may be of little interest apart from religious circles, but to the reader of any biography of Dr. Clifford it is important, because it occurred during his Vice-Presidency and Presidency of the Baptist Union, and also because it was Dr. Clifford's ardent wish that what it really was and how it was dealt with should have permanent historical record in his biography.

An adequate record of it, however, would make a chapter of greater length than is admissible, but some attempt may be made to outline its history.*

Only a man of such patient tact and wide tolerance and unquestioned loyalty to Jesus Christ as Dr. Clifford could have handled the perplexing situation, which profoundly disturbed the Churches, and the Baptist more than any other.

This struggle was not in sight at the time of Clifford's election as Vice-President in April, 1887. A cloud of theological dissension had just appeared, but it was "no bigger than a man's hand," and the least optimistic of the Union leaders, among whom Dr. Clifford was ever the most optimistic, had no thought that it would overspread the sky. After some four months of ominous hush the storm burst suddenly in thunder and lightning—such a storm as no

* During the last months of his life Dr. Clifford, with the very able assistance of Dr. Watkins, a former colleague, drew up a manuscript of 130 pages which is, however, too elaborate for this biography and must be reserved for future publication should that be found desirable. This statement is based upon the manuscript.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Baptist of that day had experienced or expected—and all hopes of a happy and peaceful term of office for Dr. Clifford were drowned in the first deluge. He set his face, not to enjoy his honours, but to endure them. If ever an incoming president had “need of patience,” he had. What that patience cost, as well as what it brought, is made intimately clear in the quotation from his private diary, written on taking off his presidential armour.

The bulk of his outstanding work, however, for the preservation of the Union was done in his year of vice-presidency, and it must therefore be explained what this office carried with it.

(1). Among Baptists it carries the succession to the presidency a year later, and is really an appointment to be president-elect. It is the highest honour, therefore, that the denomination can confer. It showed in Dr. Clifford's case that, in spite of a theology too “liberal” for many a sincere Baptist to appreciate, and in spite of social and political views that were considered in that day to be dangerously “advanced,” he enjoyed the general confidence as a man of unquestioned earnestness, of soundness on the fundamentals of the Faith, and of intense devotion to the denomination and the great principles committed to it. (2) In the absence of the president the vice-president is practically in the position of acting president. It happened that Dr. Culross, the president of the year 1887-8, was resident in Bristol and frequently detained by his duties as Principal of the Baptist College there. Hence Dr. Clifford's duties as vice-president resident in London, the denominational headquarters, assumed more than ordinary importance. When controversy broke out it also was centred in London. Dr. Culross was not always available for the consultations and negotiations that took place, often at short notice, and Dr. Clifford, much against his desire, found himself in the position of leader on the spot.

What, then, was the controversy?

In the spring of 1887 two articles appeared in *The Sword and the Trowel*, which was the organ of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's church (the Metropolitan Tabernacle), and personally edited by him, in which allegations were made of alarming heterodoxy in the churches. Of these articles no serious notice was taken, but in August Mr. Spurgeon himself entered the arena with an article in which he supported the previous writer with all the force of his peculiar ability and prestige. In the September number he returned to the attack, and in October published his third article under the confident title, “The Case Proved.”

Mr. Spurgeon's case was put forward in these articles with

THE DOWN GRADE MOVEMENT

earnestness and eloquence. Like an Old Testament prophet he "cried aloud and spared not." For concentrated vigour he surpassed even himself.

The tenor of the series was that by considering and preaching upon, as well as teaching, the newer aspects which modern research, discovery and scholarship had given to the old beliefs, certain unnamed pastors had initiated "a new religion, which was no more Christianity than chalk was cheese": by doing so they were "making infidels." That, in a nutshell, was the trouble, but coming from such a man as the well-loved veteran, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, it was sufficiently disturbing to upset the denomination, particularly in those sections where the members were of simple faith, untroubled by advances of thought, secure in the happiness and solace the "fundamentals" afforded them. Few of the rank and file realized the difficulty of the Union Council in being expected to deal with such a situation without knowing who was responsible for bringing about the state of which Spurgeon complained.

One unfortunate complexity arose out of this "charge against anonymity." It made it impossible for the Baptist Union to take definite action in any precise direction, and they were thus with tied hands when, in a further article, Spurgeon made a general statement directly involving the Union: "To be very plain," said Spurgeon, "we are unable to call these things 'Christian Unions'; they begin to look like Confederacies in Evil." He then sent in his resignation.

The act of resignation, with the intimation of finality, was more serious than the most challenging statements taken by themselves. It implied that membership of the Union was in itself a complicity in error, and that Spurgeon had little or no hope that the Union could or would clear itself from the charge of wrongful toleration or encouragement of the error, or take effective measures to remove the error for the future. The resignation struck at the Baptists alone, though Spurgeon believed, and repeatedly averred, before and after his resignation, that they were orthodox in comparison with others.

On the other hand, the resignation brought one great advantage. The Union Council had been placed in great difficulties by the fact that the charges, though widely published, had not been brought to their notice in a regular way as a Council. The resignation now had to be officially accepted or not accepted; and the evidence for the charges which were the reason given for the resignation could be examined.

But this great advantage was neutralized by Spurgeon's failure

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

to produce evidence, as the term "evidence" was understood by the Council. From beginning to end an entire difference of view separated him from the Council on this point. Spurgeon's view of evidence and proof was a surprising one, and one that was not and is not shared by the average member of the denomination or of the public. The result was that the advantage of bringing the controversy before the Council, which should have been a general gain to the cause of settlement and reconciliation, passed into an advantage on the side of the Council as against Mr. Spurgeon, which was the last thing the Council desired.

The substantial differences were three:—

1. When Spurgeon could entitle his October article "The Case Proved," he revealed a conception of the nature of proof, and of the kind and quantity of the necessary evidence, which the Council could not accept. Hitherto the Union leaders had expressed no official opinion, having no official call or ground for doing so, but some of them, as individuals, had suggested that the charges were too strongly put; some had declared that they did not know of any Baptist ministers against whom they could be sustained; some had pleaded for liberty and for leniency of judgment. Spurgeon replied by requiring proof that there were no ministers of whom the charges were true, and prevented this from being supplied to him by withholding the names of those whom he accused. When it was not supplied—as it could not be without an exhaustive knowledge of nearly 2,000 men—he assumed that his own case was established.

2. When Spurgeon said "proved," he meant proved to him. He did not seem to realize that as he could act only on what was proved to him, so the Council could act only on what was proved to them. They did not know that the evidence in Spurgeon's desk amounted to proof; and, if they had privately known that it did, they could have done nothing unless it had been placed in their hands to examine and estimate.

3. Spurgeon thought that the Council could have found proof in his favour if they had inquired for it. They considered that, as he it was who held the evidence and called for action on it, it was for him to produce the evidence and make action possible. Until then they were justly bound to think the best of their brethren, to safeguard the members who elected them, to lean towards "liberty of prophesying," to discourage agitation and suspicion, to "seek peace and ensue it."

In November an article by Dr. Clifford appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then under the editorship of his friend W. T. Stead.

THE DOWN GRADE MOVEMENT

In this the Doctor steps into the forefront of the controversy for the first time. It was a semi-official pronouncement—a “delaying action” by the advance guard, pending the inevitable discussion in the Council.

Dr. Clifford finds that Spurgeon’s main charges amount to six. Five of them—as to the Atonement, Holy Scripture, “calling the Fall a fable,” “denying the personality of the Holy Ghost,” “calling justification by faith immoral”—he declared unproved and challenged as being, in his belief, unprovable. “So far as he knew” (and he was in a position to know), the Baptist ministry was much more sound on these points than twenty or thirty years before. Nothing had been shed except “the metaphysical conceptions of mediæval philosophy.”

We will postpone the question of “probation after death” (or “future restitution).” *

On December 13th the Council of the Baptist Union met to consider Mr. Spurgeon’s resignation. The Council had a very strong desire to avert the pain and disaster of accepting it, if it could by any means be done, and as Spurgeon was ill at Mentone it was resolved to send Dr. Culross, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Maclaren and Dr. Booth to confer with him in the interests of unity. He declined an interview at Mentone as being unfair to all parties, but, after correspondence in which he said that he would not stand on his defence, or go into his past action, in any interview that might be arranged for, the deputation—minus Dr. Maclaren, who was ill—met him at the Tabernacle on January 13th, 1888. This was the second important act of Dr. Clifford in this controversy. His diaries show that he took a leading part in these animated discussions.

The upshot of the meeting was that a joint statement was agreed to, in which the conclusions were summarized. Mr. Spurgeon declined, when asked, to produce the particulars of his charges or the names of the accused. He believed that he was thus avoiding “personalities.” He pointed out that his words regarding a “Confederacy in Evil” were more moderate than they had been taken to be, but he would hold out no clear hope that he would return to the Union, whatever it might do. However, he suggested that, as a declaration of the “run of truth most generally followed amongst us,” the Baptist Union should adopt the “basis” of the Evangelical Alliance, and on this point he handed over a signed statement previously prepared.

On January 15th the Council met again. The deputation reported, and discussion followed. Then (1) Mr. Spurgeon’s

* See page 163.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

resignation was accepted ; (2) a resolution, which has been unfairly described as a "vote of censure," was passed in relation to his charges * ; (3) the question of the adoption of a statement of belief was adjourned.

Strong criticism has been passed on these resolutions. It can be answered more fully, on lines approved by Dr. Clifford shortly before his decease, if necessity arises. But this may be said in brief : as to (1) there was no other course, unless the charges of the most public member of the Union were to remain alive and disruptive for an indefinite time. Neither Mr. Spurgeon's brother nor any of his friends voted against this resolution, which was the formal entry of a fact. Great objection has been taken, by Spurgeon and on his behalf, to the priority of (2) to (3). Since it was impossible to draw up a statement of belief in a fraction of one meeting, it would perhaps have been the best procedure to put No. 3 first, and to commission the officers and ex-Presidents to consider and report upon it. But Spurgeon had asked, and James Spurgeon had asked in this very meeting, that the theological and the personal questions should be considered separately. Accordingly, there was no need to keep the latter waiting for months until the former was settled. The real point of the objection raised was that it was inconsistent with goodwill and straightforwardness, in the matter of Spurgeon's suggestion for a theological formula, that he should be *censured* before his suggestion was examined. This alleged inconsistency was carried back and urged especially against the members of the deputation. The charge cannot be evaded in a biography of Dr. Clifford. For Dr. Maclaren had been absent ; Spurgeon afterwards issued a special exoneration of his close friend Dr. Culross ; Dr. Booth had been devoted to Spurgeon and differed little from him in theology ; whereas Dr. Clifford had been much more independent, whilst yielding to none in his admiration of Spurgeon himself.

The main points to be remembered so far as Dr. Clifford is concerned are the following :—

(1) Dr. Clifford neither moved the resolution nor seconded it, nor spoke to it.

* The resolution was in the following terms : " That the Council recognizes the gravity of the charges which Mr. Spurgeon has brought against the Union previous to and since his withdrawal. It considers that the public and general manner in which they have been made reflects on the whole body, and exposes to suspicion brethren who love the truth as dearly as he does. And as Mr. Spurgeon declines to give the names of those to whom he intended them to apply, and the evidence supporting them, those charges, in the judgment of the Council, ought not to have been made."

THE DOWN GRADE MOVEMENT

(2) He agreed with it, but to the end of his life he stoutly denied that it was intended as a censure, or that its terms (regardless of intention) made it so. During the last two years of his life this was one of the main things that he wanted to make clear to his fellow Baptists. He claimed that all the survivors from 1888, including the seceder of the resolution (Rev. Edward Medley), agreed with him.

The Council never doubted Spurgeon's honesty and earnestness, nor that he believed that he was "contending for the faith once delivered to the saints." But as a general proposition no one doubts that grave charges should be proved or retracted, or at least dropped; if the Council declared it *most regrettable* that neither had been done, they felt they could not say less, and certainly they meant no more.*

It has been persuasively said that this disagreement and separation—deeply painful to a man of Dr. Clifford's views and personal disposition—were the result of misunderstanding as to evidence supplied by Spurgeon to officials of the Union before the deputation met him. But they denied that they had received evidence as the Council understood the term, and this is quite consistent with Spurgeon's telling them such things as *he* considered proof in October, 1887. That it was not the same kind of evidence as the Council asked for is evident; for he did not mention it to the deputation, and when he refused the Council the kind of evidence required, on the ground that it would be actionable at law, his whole bearing was that of a man safe enough up to the present.

In the February issue of *The Sword and the Trowel*, Spurgeon wrote a powerful and in many ways admirable article on "The Baptist Union Censure," and Dr. Clifford came prominently into action for the third time by answering it in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of February 8th, under the title: "Mr. Spurgeon's Appeal to Christendom."

The Doctor appeals trenchantly to Christendom in reply, though in his view "Christendom" was not entitled to regulate, or qualified to understand, the domestic concerns of Baptists.

From then until the final happy issue—which, with absence of partisanship, can be claimed as mainly due to Dr. Clifford—the subject of our biography was watching and guiding every

* The governing words are: "As Mr. S. declines to give the names of those to whom he intended them to apply, and the evidence supporting them, those charges, in the judgment of the Council, ought not to have been made."

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

movement that should tend to peace, vigilant to prevent those unhappy trifles of retort or unconsidered statement which do so much damage in such affairs. Dr. Clifford used the *Pall Mall Gazette* to answer points raised by Mr. Spurgeon in *The Sword and the Trowel*, avoiding personal issues while trenchantly and logically dealing with the main argument and so preparing the way for a friendly and truly Christian re-understanding. Thus, wisely and lovingly, in his official capacity and also as a member of the Baptist ministry, yet never obtruding his will unduly upon the deliberations, he came to the great moment when the Assembly of the Baptist Union virtually reaffirmed their whole-hearted evangelical faith.

It should be emphasized (1) that the main body of the theological statement finally proposed to the Assembly in April, 1888, as a statement of its common faith, was really Dr. Clifford's Declaration, adopted by the Council in February (this was Act 4 in the Doctor's Presidency); (2) that it was declared "evangelical" by James Spurgeon and by 2,000 delegates against 7; (3) that the Doctor made a great contribution to settlement by not pressing his own views on disputed points. He was willing to be amended or superseded for unity's sake.

C. H. Spurgeon, almost on the eve of the Assembly, wrote "hopelessly" of it; yet his brother James, who believed as he did, and was always acting with and for him, was, from the time he tabled his "celebrated amendment," substantially a Council man, standing on Council authority in nearly all points, and borrowing very freely from Dr. Angus, an ex-President and Union leader. He was bound either to reach agreement by further give-and-take, or to stand out on differences pared away, in the judgment of most, almost to triviality. His amendment might have been a brilliant flanking movement against Dr. Clifford's form of Declaration, had there been anything in that Declaration worth a Baptist schism. But both parties found there was not. The amendment caused great perturbation when first published, but it is hard to see why.

The delegates came up to London in unexampled crowds, expecting a great fight, though none knew exactly what they would "kill each other for." The City Temple had hurriedly to be taken because Bloomsbury Chapel was far too small. Great fighting speeches were prepared, and leaders of other denominations sat in the gallery to see the battle. But the battle was over before it was joined. The greatest harmony prevailed, and doxologies crowned the sudden peace. It was Dr. Clifford's duty to preside over a meeting that might have split the Denomination,

THE DOWN GRADE MOVEMENT

and then, to his pure delight, over one of the greatest victories of the Christian spirit that he ever witnessed or shared in.

For there was no victor except Christ, and no victory except over disunity. Both sides had great gains, but instead of being carried off to rival camps they were pooled in a common fund of united faith by the passing of the Declaration.

All the points of Divine Inspiration, the Fallen and Sinful State of Man, Justification by Faith, the Deity, Incarnation and Resurrection, were embodied in this memorable affirmation; and, above all, there was a magnificent statement of the theology of conversion, the one thing for which C. H. Spurgeon cared most. The Declaration will hold its ground, point by point, against any rival "basis" of that time.

The famous "footnote" to the Declaration allowed liberty in general as to the Future, but repudiated Purgatory and Universalism, thus meeting Mr. Spurgeon's sixth charge.

It remains a mystery, which C. H. Spurgeon's biographer* does not claim to understand, why the sudden rainbow passed away so quickly. All will join in his keen regret that this biggest-hearted of men—now ill, weary, over-burdened, in deep dejection—could not be present personally in the Assembly and see for himself the spirit of it. He would have had a tumultuous and rapturous welcome. But when the biographer says the delegates thought they were voting for settlement, we must add: "So did the leaders."† The delegates were expecting and quite prepared for a fierce struggle, even when the session had opened. It was the leaders who put settlement within their grasp and implored them to vote for it. It was the leaders who called for the Doxology, and led it.

As regards the previous vote of the Council (the so-called "censure"), the Assembly did not question it, but did not ratify it specifically. It simply passed it with the rest of the Report. It did not consider itself to be "censuring" Spurgeon, but neither did the Council ask it to do so. The resolution was months old, and had not been intended as a censure even at the time, except perhaps by very few. It was now passed, without comment one way or the other, under the same resolution as the Declaration, and the desire for brotherly unity, which carried the Declaration through, dominated everything that swam through with it.

The Spring Assembly of 1888—pre-eminently Dr. Clifford's Assembly—might be called a sublime success,—except that it failed.

* "C. H. Spurgeon." By W. Y. Fullerton (1920).

† The Council for the previous year was re-elected practically *en bloc*.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

But it failed only in this sense, that its success was not accepted ; and it was not accepted because it was not seen close at hand, and thus not understood. But it should be noted that the evangelic Declaration remained on record ; the "liberty of prophesying" was both safeguarded and sobered ; and the unity that was reached, though not as complete as high hopes painted it, was real and abiding.*

At this point we may go back to the Presidential Address delivered by Dr. Clifford in the morning of the fateful day. How great was its influence in preparing the way for the peace pact in the afternoon can never be calculated, but it must have been immense. It is dealt with here because it does not stand directly in the sequence of the controversy. It required a most delicate avoidance of the disputes concerning central truths, yet it must handle those central truths ; else it would be remote from reality, and encourage the idea that such truths were lightly held. The subject chosen was : "The Great Forty Years ; or, The Primitive Christian Faith : its Real Substance and Best Defence."

This was the fifth main act of the Doctor's Presidency, leading up to the afternoon meeting which was the scene of the triumphant sixth act. The task was threefold. The message must express convictions held strongly by the speaker, or it could not honourably be given ; it must encourage the more liberal thinkers among the delegates, and those who cared most for freedom of thought and speech, for they were entitled to this support from a man like Dr. Clifford, substantially of their own school ; it must reassure the more conservative and, if possible, the most conservative, who feared that the fundamentals of Bible truth and evangelical faith were in peril. Not only were these things essential at any time, because right : they were specially so now, because the situation was strained and irritated and near disaster. The address deserved to succeed. There was a massive wisdom in choosing a topic calculated to expand the listener's mind, and to give the Doctor what his spacious atlantic oratory needed for its development—wide fields of blue water, and no small fishing-craft to foul the course. It went back to a time of struggle and persecution, but of conquering serenity, in the air of which present contentiousness seemed petty and discordant. It reminded the Assembly of those primitive days when the one Authority that all could accept was not yet divided, exploited, or timeworn. It made the Masterhood of Jesus all in all. It gave the central position to the Cross—and that is

* Nearly all "Spurgeon's men," and all the ablest of them, except one, remained within the Union with his approval.

THE DOWN GRADE MOVEMENT

the gist of "evangelicalism." It drew the saving inferences for society, for progress, for men in all their groupings and for mankind in all its totality, for which the evangelical faith would be the best basis and guarantee—if it would only unfold its own implications. It was the Gospel in its original force and its first purity, with its manifold outflowing gospels not suppressed for convenience, nor whispered with apologies, but sent out ringing with all the trumpet-notes of prophetic passion. Yet they were always the right notes; and while they were right for the age they were right for the day. The controversy could not be mentioned, yet it had to be profoundly influenced. The task required infinite skill. If it had not been done it would have been voted impossible. James Spurgeon, in the afternoon, spoke of the delight and inspiration with which he had listened in the morning. That is the tribute that counts—that, and the vote of 2,000 to 7 for unity on an avowed and reasoned groundwork of evangelical truth. The applause and the enthusiasm of the morning can have given little pleasure until they were harvested in the afternoon; but the Address had succeeded almost beyond belief.

For his second Presidential Address Dr. Clifford chose the title: "The New City of God; or, The Primitive Christian Faith as a Social Gospel." Of the ability of the address *The Baptist* may speak, for in other respects it wrote grudgingly: "We question if, in point of mental vivacity and brilliance of language, there have been half a dozen such addresses delivered before any religious body within the century."

After this, comparative quietude reigned up to April, 1889, when the Presidential office was passed to a successor with a twofold thankfulness—that the captain was on land again, and another captain on the bridge, but chiefly that the ship had outridden the weather. In the interval, the after-swell of the great storm had never allowed itself to be forgotten. There was no more action on the heroic scale, but Dr. Clifford was tirelessly busy in the work of mediation, reconstruction, and the kind of concession that sells no pass and betrays no trust. Most of this work is not recorded, except in the record that misses nothing. We may leave it there.

Dr. Clifford's attitude throughout his term of office brings out a side of his character frequently exemplified in this biography, but which was too little appreciated by the general public. He was a doughty fighter on the platform, but the mildest of men in personal intercourse; and usually most conciliatory and tactful on a committee or in a consultation. He was opulent

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

and adventurous in speech, but no man was better able to hold his peace. He could suppress himself whenever he chose, and for any length of time. When patience was needed for such a cause as Baptist unity, nothing could wear him out or provoke him into rashness, and when silence was required no lever could open his lips.

It was Dr. Clifford's deep anxiety that he should be regarded, so far as he needed to be discussed in connexion with these troublous affairs, purely as a representative of the Union. He was not anxious for personal mention, less anxious for vindication, least of all anxious for thanks or praise. But he did desire intensely that the real nature of the struggle, and the actions and intentions of the Union Council should be studied in the true historical spirit, and put forward so clearly and fairly that they could be understood and appreciated by every reader ; and further, that old misunderstandings might be put aside, and that the unity secured only in part in 1888 might come in its fullness. This chapter is an attempt, within its limits of space, to do what he himself had once hoped to do, or to see done, in his lifetime.

The chapter ought not to close without devoting another word to Dr. Clifford's relations with C. H. Spurgeon. He delighted in his praises. In his diary notes, and in many conversations while the longer unpublished account was being prepared, he seemed to find no words strong enough for Spurgeon's genius, his power and fame, his sincerity and sainthood. He was always on terms of friendship with him, and Spurgeon never doubted his devotion to Christ or to the vital evangelical truths. Dr. Clifford regretted keenly the prominence in the controversy of a "Calvinism" that appeared (as Spurgeon laughingly admitted) only in one out of twelve of Spurgeon's own sermons. As we have seen, from his student days, Spurgeon, to him, was a unique gift of God, a personality of incomparable magnetism, a matchless pleader with souls ; homely, hearty, humorous ; lovable, admirable, and, if need be, infinitely forgivable : the only man of his kind and stature.

In the hall of the Baptist Church House, where Dr. Clifford passed away, is a noble statue unveiled in 1905 to the honour of Spurgeon and the glory of God. But that statue was not the first or the most eloquent tribute of peace and of gratitude from the Baptist Union. In 1892 Dr. Clifford, on behalf of the Union, was one of those who attended the funeral of the great preacher. The memorial resolution of the Union ranked even with the graveside

THE DOWN GRADE MOVEMENT

apostrophe of Archibald Brown. Dr. Clifford wished that it might be reprinted as showing how Spurgeon was honoured and loved, and how the Union proved it on this earliest occasion. It reached its noblest in great words of Spurgeon's own, with which he closed his public ministry : " The vista of a praiseful life will never close, but continue throughout eternity. From psalm to psalm, from hallelujah to hallelujah, we will ascend the hill of the Lord, until we come into the Holiest of all, where, with veiled faces, we will bow before the Divine Majesty in the bliss of endless adoration."

For Clifford that was the spirit in which the unhappy controversy closed. His one longing was that in the same spirit it might be closed for ever.

CHAPTER X

AT HOME

*"Sweet is the smile of Home ; the mutual look
Where hearts are of each other sure ;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure."*—KEBLE.

DR. A. C. BENSON, of Magdalene, writes the Rev. E. E. Hayward in one of those penetrating sayings with which his delightful essays abound, observes: "The one and only test of our nearness to God is the way in which we feel about other people."

It is a hard saying, but a true one. There is no standard more difficult for even the great and good to reach ! Why is it that "no man is a hero to his valet" ? Is it not because the great, and oftentimes the good, man thinks it does not matter how he feels about his valet, nor how he treats him ? We have all known men with a reputation for high character and even great piety whom, when we have met them on the common ground of our everyday life, we have found unapproachable and even downright disagreeable. It may be that after meeting some great preacher whom we have often heard and admired we wish we had known him only in the pulpit ! But this could never have been the verdict of any who met Dr. Clifford. It was in private life that he was most beloved, respected and honoured. How he felt about other people was manifest to all—he was interested in them, tried to understand and serve them, made friends with them, loved them. By the searching test that Mr. Benson has suggested, Dr. Clifford must have lived very near to God. It is a high claim to make for any man, but those who knew him most intimately know that the claim can be vindicated. It was always so throughout his long London life, beginning with the time when he was but the obscure minister of a small Baptist Church. As one of the greatest of our journalists has said about him : "He is the same man in fame as he was in obscurity, always simple, always brave, always true, always unselfish, always Christian." The present writer can speak with the utmost confidence here,

AT HOME

for in the twenty-two years that I was acquainted with Dr. Clifford (ten of which were spent in seeking to serve him), it was the quiet beauty, the radiant cheerfulness, the affectionate tenderness of his life *at home* that for me stood out most prominently in his character. I had the rare good fortune to spend the Sunday, for seven or eight years in succession, as a member of the family circle, in his house, and to be in it constantly during the week.

The very thought of this beautiful home recalls the memory of his wife. It was my privilege to know Mrs. Clifford for the best part of twenty years, and more than a dozen of those years very closely.

I do not here use the word "privilege" in its conventional sense. Those who knew this truly Christian gentlewoman for anything like this number of years will understand my meaning. Suffice it to say that I should have missed much in my life had I never known her or loved her. Many a bright and beautiful scene in that home, first in Paddington, afterwards in Ealing, comes to my mind as I write. She, too, is the central figure of those scenes, for she was truly queen of the household. Many beautiful Christian homes it has been my happy lot to visit, and in not a few to be the familiar friend at all times. It was so in this home, and it was one of the most truly beautiful, the most orderly managed, the most really Christian that I ever entered. The fact that I was so often with Dr. and Mrs. Clifford at their own table is an illustration of the boundless hospitality which was, too, an outstanding characteristic of that home.

One of the scenes that comes back vividly to me as I write is of a pleasant circle round the fire in the drawing-room at Paddington. We are all discussing how well a certain happy event had just gone off at the Church. There had been a presentation to Dr. Clifford, a presentation which very fittingly had included a separate gift to Mrs. Clifford. The Doctor had finished one of his inimitable talks amongst his own people at Westbourne Park Chapel, thanking them once again for this token of their affection, when there were loud cries for a speech from Mrs. Clifford. This night the friends would not be satisfied even with a speech from Dr. Clifford on behalf of his wife. They wanted "just a few words" from Mrs. Clifford, and no one else would do. But no; consistently with her rule of not speaking in public, though the calls grew more insistent, she quietly rose and said most graciously, "I thank you very much, dear friends, but I cannot make you a speech."

Whilst we are sitting round the fire the Doctor has been play-

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

fully rallying her for not doing as she had been asked to do at the meeting. "Why won't you ever speak in public?" he asked. "I keep all my breath for speaking in *private*," was the reply. "You know how much I need to talk to you for your good!" And with this rapier retort the Doctor had, perforce, to retire.

They were a perfectly mated couple. He and she were radiantly happy in this union of two natures. They were always brimming over with bright, sunny fun, and many a happy and hearty laugh have I heard when I have repeated the carefully-saved-up joke, even though it were as old as Methuselah. I have heard Mrs. Clifford tell how, when she returned from Paddington to her home at Newbury, as a young girl of sixteen, after a visit where she had more than once met the then rising young preacher of Praed Street Chapel, she had been much teased by her friends about her partiality for this young minister. "I told them," she said, "that they need not be in the least anxious on that score, for the last person in the world I should marry would be a *Baptist Minister*!" "Ah, but you did, darling. You didn't keep your word that time," observed the Doctor, scoring a point.

Yet, in spite of her assurances, Miss Rebecca Carter did marry the Rev. John Clifford, the young minister of Praed Street Chapel, Paddington. Their engagement was announced on February 24th, 1860. The marriage took place on January 14th, 1862, at East Street Baptist Church, Southampton, the service being conducted by the Rev. Robert Caven, B.A., then the minister of the church and still living, though now in retirement at Leicester. Miss Carter, who was not quite eighteen years of age, was staying with her uncle, Mr. Samuel Ashley, of Southampton. Her father, Dr. Carter, of Newbury, had died when she was quite a small girl. Thus began the 57 years of unbroken and blissful married life which was the priceless possession of Dr. and Mrs. John Clifford. Not long since I asked Mr. Caven what he could remember of that now famous marriage service. He wrote: "The only thing that stands by me is the conversation I had with Dr. (then Mr.) Clifford. He, like myself, had recently taken his B.A. degree in London, and we talked on that subject. I remember he told me what he meant to do in the matter of scholarship. He intended, he said, to take his M.A. degree and also the LL.B. I made a mental note to the effect, 'You won't do it. You have a London pastorate, and the claims made on you will not allow of the needful study.' But I did not know my man! He accomplished what he proposed and a great deal more in the way of scholarship."



Reproduced: H. P. Hider, Ealing.

MISS REBECCA CARTER
(who became Mrs. Clifford)

AT HOME

It was indeed a wonderful record—four first-class London degrees taken in five years during the holding of a London pastorate ! But it meant a steady persistence in hard reading at home. And here, as everywhere else, Mrs. Clifford helped the Doctor to achieve his end.

How wonderfully she looked after him ! Even better, if this were possible, than after her fortunate guests ! Everything was arranged in the household so that he might do the maximum of work for the Church and for all the other concerns in which he was interested. The punctuality of the meals, the dealing with inconvenient callers, the looking-up of the train to be taken, the final directions as to overcoat, umbrella, railway rug—these are some of the thousand-and-one things which she looked to for the Doctor's sake. And these, when failing health warned her she must do less and less, were done equally regularly and efficiently by their devoted daughter, Miss Kate Clifford. Who can measure the tender care and loving service shown in such ways for more than fifty years ? And there she was, always in the home when he returned to it, full of hope and love and cheerfulness, the perfect helpmeet for so great a worker. In any estimate of what Dr. Clifford was enabled to do it must never be forgotten what a debt is owed to Mrs. Clifford for her loving care of him. He himself knew and was never slow in speaking of his share of the debt. As long ago as 1884 the Doctor wrote : " What a blessed home life I've had ! How much I owe to my sunny, undespairing, ever-planning, ever-achieving wife, no tongue can tell." And once at least in Westbourne Park Church he gave public testimony to this fact. " I owe," he said, " whatever of mental and physical vigour I maintain to the fact that I chose for my wife a ' worker at home,' one who has not only been the happiness and joy of her husband, but also the helper and strength of her husband."

Another scene, this time at Ealing, comes up in the mind of the writer. Mrs. Clifford has for several years now been an invalid, suffering much weakness and weariness, with not a little pain. She has to be carried up and down stairs, but whenever possible she is taken into the garden, there to enjoy the sunshine and the flowers, her equal favourites. She is devotedly attended, as always, by her loving daughter, who asks if there is anything more she needs before she is left to have a long chat with her visitor. We speak of many things, old times, old friends. The Great War is raging. I tell her of the men in the camp from which I have come. She is so bright and sunny, interested in everything, full of calm confidence and quiet hope. She tells me how she is surrounded by

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

love and care. Towards the end of our talk the Doctor comes out into the garden. How tender is the greeting between them, though it cannot be more than an hour or two since they last met. It is a beautiful picture, this perfectly united couple in the radiant evening-time of their long and happy life, together facing the future with fearless love and faith. "Mind you give Mr. Hayward some of your chocolates before he goes, father!" she says. She always thought of others' pleasures before her own, in small as well as in greater matters. And the generosity of both the Doctor and his wife was a veritable byword amongst their friends. Some of the handsomest presents I ever received, the little personal gifts that mean so much, were sent me "with the love of Dr. and Mrs. Clifford."

I well remember how, when the date of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage approached, happy plans were made by Dr. and Mrs. Clifford to spend at least a week together in the Isle of Wight, at the place where the honeymoon had been enjoyed fifty years previously. Here also at the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding they had enjoyed a happy second honeymoon. But the golden wedding celebration was unfortunately to be far otherwise. Just three days before they were to leave London Mrs. Clifford was taken suddenly ill, and for some time they despaired of her life. I shall never forget the Doctor telling me of this sad blow. I had never seen him so moved, and my heart went out to him in anxious sympathy. He seemed simply overwhelmed at the thought of losing her. For seven and a half years longer she was spared to him, and their love for each other became, if possible, even stronger and more beautiful. She died on August 23rd, 1919, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, London. The Doctor and his family attended the funeral service in the crowded but silent church; it was conducted by the Rev. S. W. Hughes and the present writer, and a great company of Westbourne Parkians was present. Afterwards the Doctor stood at the graveside, a sad and honoured figure, when the mortal remains of his gracious helpmeet were laid to rest.

In a letter written to his beloved Westbourne Parkians thanking them for their sympathy in his irreparable loss he says:

To me your love and friendship have been dear throughout two generations; now they are sanctified by this experience, and will be more precious than ever. When I came here to preach a fortnight ago, on her last Sunday on earth, she said to me, as she had done before, times without number, "I shall remember you." Yes; she loved this Church and gave herself for it. My ministry was hers.

AT HOME

She realized the responsibility and joy of her vocation. It was hers as well as mine. We were completely one in it. And we are *one* still. As I looked into the grave last Thursday I saw in letters of radiant clearness underneath her dear name, "She is not here. She is risen."

At the memorial service, the Rev. S. W. Hughes referred to "that sublime companionship of pure disinterested love. Her life was as powerful as beautiful in its unobtrusive love, and, through her, God mediated many of His mighty secrets to our revered leader."

I do not need to speak much of the saintliness of her character. It is, moreover, too sacred a subject to write of in detail. Suffice it to say that all who knew her instinctively placed her amongst the few best and holiest of women. She did not talk often or readily of the deepest things, but the most saintly do not—this we learn to know as we go on in life. I can think of no better picture of her than that of Mrs. Browning :

She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right ; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown.

Through fifty-seven long years of married life, in devotion to her husband, in the bringing up of her children, in the ordering of her home, in the tender care of all whom she loved in her ever-expanding circle of relations and friends, she lived a life patiently, lovingly, successfully, modelled on the life of Him "Who went about doing good."

And this was the woman who certainly more than any other one person influenced the life and character of John Clifford. Is it not always true that behind the great man, the man who has done things for the world, there is the good woman—she who has been his chief inspiration and support? Certainly it was so in the case of Dr. Clifford. First his mother, afterwards his wife ; these two women exerted the most powerful influences in his life, whether of thought or of service. Many of the greatest writers, of course, had a profound influence upon his spirit, some men of action and particularly, I think, a few of the great mystics. But there were none to compare with his mother and his wife for the kind of influence that counts most in a man's life. That he had such a wife and such a mother, does not this help to explain the goodness as well as the greatness of the man? The distant and hidden spring of this most forceful and lovable

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

character has been as simply as it has been suggestively indicated by Dr. Clifford himself in these two references :—

“Seventy years ago my mother said to me : ‘John, find out what Jesus says, then do it, and don’t mind what follows.’ All the years I have seen since have convinced me of the strong sense and ripe wisdom of her advice.”

From his diary :

Mother’s birthday. Unspeakably grateful to the gracious God Who has kept us for each other and His service so many years, whilst others are called to part from each other and to work on in loneliness. May sympathy for the bereaved grow into practical help to the desolate and sore-hearted.

In his happy home I have met his sons and daughters, each sharing with their parents in the quiet but kindest courtesy which is a delightful characteristic of the Clifford family. Miss Kate Clifford, his elder daughter, was for many years the Doctor’s secretary, and often have I heard him speak most warmly of her great helpfulness. She was regarded at Westbourne Park Church as only second to Mrs. Clifford. His other daughter, Miss Edith Clifford, a fully-qualified nurse, returned home to help her sister in the care of their mother during her years of weakness and was always a special comfort to both parents when they were ill. Of the three sons, two have followed their uncles and their grandfather (on their mother’s side) in the medical profession. Dr. Harold Clifford is a well-known surgeon in Manchester, whilst Mr. Sydney Clifford practises in West London as a dental surgeon. The third son, Mr. Arthur Clifford, is an electrical engineer and lives at Nottingham.

To Mr. John Colebrook : January, 1885.

Our Home-world is thus a largely-stored fund of thought and suggestion, a wide sphere for service, and a bright prophecy, making the wild wastes of existence radiant with hope. That is a “gem” in your letter that touched Teggie and her husband with its flashing glory—where you say “the chips” are scarcely less precious than the “old blocks”; for to us the “old blocks” are “blocks” indeed, but “the chips”! !—what trees, of far-spreading branches and of rich fruit, do not the fond fancies of parents see in them!

In a beautiful little note in which Dr. Clifford once acknowledged a small kindness rendered to him by the writer’s sister he refers to the fact that her Christian name was the same as that of another daughter, one whom he had lost suddenly in early childhood. He says :

AT HOME

You have made the name "Grace" so much more esteemed—and it was and always will be most precious to me as the name of a dear little daughter, full of charm and of character, taken from us when only a little over three years old.

I recall how Mrs. Clifford, when telling me the story of the unexpected passing of this little one, said that the Doctor was away from home at one of his public engagements, so little did they fear the illness ending fatally. When he returned the next morning, and I had to tell him the sad news, he was quite broken down. I never saw him so distressed in all my life. He seemed overwhelmed by the loss, made keener by the fact that he had not been able to be with her at the end.

This was one of the heavy family sorrows which Dr. and Mrs. Clifford were called upon to bear. The home-life meant so much to them both.

He writes in his diary after returning from a Continental tour :

July 24th, 1889.—Home! Sweet, sweet home! at 7 o'clock. After the stress of a wild passage from Folkestone, and indescribable subsequent discomfort, Home was a true heaven. The precious family, with its improved little angel, a haven of rest, a joy unspeakable! Oceans of talk. How deep and satisfying after a long absence is the fellowship of hearts that really love. Life is Love. Love is Life. Home love is heaven. God guard and discipline it!

A little must be said here, though it is a subject upon which much might be written, of the Doctor's love for children. No one could have been a week in his company without discovering his great delight in young life. Children naturally took to him, and he could win the shyest and naughtiest. Children live far more by instinct than by reason, and to the man with whom they come into contact they react instinctively rather than rationally. Dr. Clifford loved them, and they knew it intuitively, and loved him in return. A shy and rather refractory niece of the writer, aged five years, was once introduced by her uncle to Dr. Clifford. "What is your name, dear?" he asked. The little lady was tongue-tied and merely shook her curly head. "How old are you, then?" the Doctor asked again. Still the girlie only shook her head. "Oh, I see," came the smiling retort, "you are a little bundle of negatives!" Though, of course, not in the least understanding the words, the child was won by his loving banter and later became a fast friend.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Once or twice I have heard the Doctor tell the story of a little girl, of whom a friend had told him that she had once been heard to utter this prayer at her bedside : " O God, please make all the bad people *good*, and all the good people *nice* ! " He once laughingly added to me : " I really think the Almighty must find more difficulty with the second than with the first of these undertakings ! "

John Clifford was as decidedly " nice " as he was good. The proof of it is the way all children were inevitably his friends, and even playmates, with him. It was a happy sight to see him talking to, or playing with, his only grandson. The little fellow knew perfectly well that one of his surest allies was " Grandpa." The box of sweets or chocolates was always near at hand, too, when the grandson was in the house. It would be difficult to say who liked these dainties the more—" Grandpa " or the little grandson.

And when I have seen the children of his several Sunday Schools clustering round the Doctor, after a visit, I have said to myself : " In the centre of them is the veriest child of them all ! " Those " shades of the prison house " of which Wordsworth speaks in his immortal ode, never seem to have closed around the Doctor's ardent, childlike spirit. Nowhere, it seems to me, did he show his essential goodness more evidently than in his childlike simplicity and his simple child-likeness.

It was this child-likeness, so typical in the character of John Clifford, which made him so delightful a friend and host. In fact, a beautiful and truly Christian spirit pervaded the whole house. Everything was simple yet comfortable, serious yet cheerful, even merry. The punctuality of the household (I think the Doctor was never known to be late at a meeting !) was wonderful, the homeliness and hospitality of it equally outstanding. On the Sunday, after the morning service, and as soon as Dr. Clifford had returned from the church and from the many who were usually waiting to see him in the vestry, mid-day dinner was served. Dr. and Mrs. Clifford were always in high spirits at this meal, and some of the merriest moments I have ever spent have been when listening to, and joining in, the free-hearted talk, the story-telling, or the kindly banter of these times. Sometimes we should certainly have been called " frivolous." I am bound to confess that the Doctor was an inveterate " tease," and very few of his best friends, certainly none of his family, would long escape from his exercise of this pastime, if that be the correct word to describe it. But it all caused the greatest fun.

After dinner was over, he would invariably have his half-an-

AT HOME

hour's "siesta." This was generally taken on a comfortable sofa in the dining-room, the rest of us retiring to the drawing-room. In a moment or two he would fall into a profound sleep lasting rather less than the half-hour, after which he would retire to his study, and there be hard at work until some after-dinner engagement claimed him. Immediately he returned from his afternoon work he would go again to his study until summoned to take tea with us all, usually in the dining-room on Sunday. Generally some other friend or friends from Westbourne Park would join us at this meal, for Mrs. Clifford kept absolutely open house on the first day of the week. Often the speaker at the Men's Meeting or other afternoon gathering would be brought back to the home to enjoy this hospitality, sometimes a well-known man or woman whom it was very interesting to meet. Occasionally some great argument would develop, and the Doctor would be appealed to by speakers on both sides, sometimes only to be "teased," but sometimes to be vigorously supported or withstood. But he never spent long at the tea-table, and practically ate nothing before the work of the evening, though he always drank two or three cups of tea. He would soon beg to be excused and would return to the study to prepare for his evening service. He spent many hours on Sunday in his study, from soon after 8 o'clock in the morning until just before 7 o'clock, the hour of evening worship. Nothing was left "half-prepared" by the indefatigable minister of Westbourne Park Church. When evening service and any following meeting, "social," etc., were over, he would return home to a light supper; after which he liked nothing so much as a "good gossip round the fire," as he more than once expressed it to me. I heard him say on one occasion, in an amusing speech at a social gathering, that one of the articles in his creed was: "I believe in the gospel of gossip"! I speak from personal experience when I say that he was a good exponent of this gospel! It is needless to add that *his* "gossip" never included foolish tittle-tattle about friends or neighbours, but embraced every live topic that was agitating the minds of the men of his day. His interest in, and knowledge of, all the great movements, political, social, religious, were equally wonderful. It was indeed a rare treat to have "a good gossip round the fire" with him. It always did the listener good.

As I write these words, the memory of a particular Sunday comes to mind. We are all gathered round in the drawing-room one winter's night. A vigorous and rather fateful by-election is taking place in one of the London boroughs. We have been discussing the issue of this hotly contested fight and the Doctor says: "I have

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

been asked to give a day this week to speaking at Peckham. Though I am very busy I must go if I can. I think I shall go down to-morrow." I suggest that I should much enjoy a day spent with him on such an errand. "Yes," says Mrs. Clifford. "Do go with him, and look after him. See that he doesn't quite tire himself out after the Sunday's work. And guard him if you can from these tiresome suffragettes"! (The militant suffragists were making numerous attacks upon the Liberal candidate and his supporters at this election.) So it is fixed up and we arrange to meet at 9.30 A.M. the next day and journey to Peckham. On arrival at the Central Committee Room of the Liberal candidate, there is, of course, an enthusiastic welcome for the Doctor. He is taken off to speak at one or two large open-air meetings, chiefly composed of workmen during the dinner-hour. As I approach some large works I have a glimpse of him standing with Dr. Macnamara in a wagonette addressing many hundreds of men. The "suffragettes" are in great force and are doing everything they can to drown the speaker's voice, some of them ringing large dinner-bells continuously. Nevertheless, that the Doctor is having a very good time with the crowd is obvious even to the passer-by. After spending the morning canvassing, I am returning to the Central Committee Room along one of the main streets of the borough, when I come up against a very noisy procession of "suffragettes," women and girls shouting, bell-ringing, leaflet-distributing. They are surrounded by a large and not too friendly crowd of the supporters of the Liberal candidate. Dr. Clifford and Dr. Macnamara are in the thick of the crowd, slowly returning in their wagonette to the Committee Room. After a great deal of cheering and counter-cheering the two speakers are "delivered" safely on the premises, but the zeal of the "suffragette" bell-ringers is hardly abated. As I am sitting, an amused spectator, in a dark corner of the Committee Room, the Doctor suddenly comes up to me. "Do let us," he says, "get a little food together. Come and lunch with me." I need no second invitation, and leaving the headquarters by a side door we make our way to a restaurant where, in a quiet spot in the far interior, he enjoys his well-earned rest.

After we had begun a pleasant lunch there is a considerable noise of approaching people. I look round the side of a curtain, behind which we are sitting in comparative privacy, and see to my amusement that the ringleaders of the "suffragette" band have come in, dinner-bells still in hand! They order lunch at a table immediately on the other side of our curtain! Turning to the Doctor,¹ I tell him of the nearness of the enemy, and he sinks his

AT HOME

voice to a whisper to say, "Let us finish our lunch in peace before renewing the conflict!" I tell him that it would be a splendid opportunity of turning upon the foe and enforcing a good argument over the lunch table, but I agree that discretion in this case is probably the better part of valour. So in amused whispers we take the rest of our lunch, only separated by the space of a few inches from the heated "militants" who but an hour ago were doing their best to negative the great speaker's best endeavours. The end of the story is soon told. We sat over our lunch until the enemy had finished theirs, thus giving the Doctor a little longer rest than he would otherwise have had. Finally he was able to leave the restaurant unrecognized.

A word must be said on Dr. Clifford as a *worker at home*. His workshop, of course, is his study. What an interesting room that has always been to me! Full to overflowing with books of every kind and on every topic (except biography—for books on this subject there was a separate room almost as full as the study!), littered on every table and desk with pamphlets, newspapers, periodicals—this was the room where the work was done. Here the inspiration was received for the enormous number of speeches, addresses, lectures and sermons which the Doctor delivered. Everyone who has ever heard him speak knows how much and how aptly he quoted. This is where the quotations were verified, copied out on slips of paper for use on the platform or in the pulpit and worked in so effectively to the general theme in hand. A whole sheaf of notes carefully written out in this study would be taken on to the rostrum at Westbourne Park Chapel. Many a time I have seen him glancing these rapidly through during the singing of the hymn before the sermon. Once the sermon had begun, the notes were but little used, save for a regular reference to them to select the appropriate quotation or perhaps to verify some figures that he was using in his argument. His study, which looked on first entrance to be in such delightful literary disorder, had in fact "a place for everything and everything in its place." Many a time have I gone upstairs to this room and been able to turn instantly to the book or pamphlet desired, directed by a hasty reference as to its whereabouts given me by the Doctor in the drawing-room or dining-room. Dr. Clifford never wasted a minute of his day, least of all in looking for things in his study!

He never *sat* long at his work, preferring to stand at, or rather lean against, a high desk in the window of the study. Whenever, too, he was thinking hard (and, if I may add it, generally, too, when he was praying) he would lie flat on a large sofa, the gift of

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

some of his "old boys," on which he would take his after-lunch "siesta" if he remained in the study.

His correspondence also gave him an immense amount of work to do. I can testify to the quantity and many-sidedness of it, for I had the task of attempting to deal with it for some two months when he was prevailed upon to take a complete holiday in Switzerland after his seventieth birthday. Judging by the letters I then read, the Doctor must have helped a very large number *through the post*, as well as by his books and public speech. It must have cost him, too, a big sum for postage, for so many people seem to forget that the answer to a letter has to be stamped! But the Doctor answered them all, not in a week's time, but, as a general rule, the very day they came, or the next day to it. Here his daughter was of enormous help to him. Many a hard-worked secretary must have blessed the Doctor for his prompt and business-like answers to their letters. And what a wonderful letter-writer he has been to his friends! Even when he has been most busy or most harassed there has come the affectionate note, in the well-known and very characteristic handwriting, relating to this, that, or the other thing—always so straightforward, so courteous, so Christian. And when away on holiday he would send his friends delightful descriptions of his doings and the doings of his family, oftentimes full of the liveliest humour. I have heard from him when he was in America, in France, Switzerland, Sweden and Germany, besides when in many English holiday resorts. It is a precious possession, a thick packet of such letters carefully preserved! Miss Clifford was his invaluable fellow-worker for many years in his labours in the study, not only in dealing with the ever-increasing correspondence and having answers dictated to her by the Doctor, but in helping in many other ways with his books and papers.

And what an omnivorous reader he was! Every kind of book—philosophy, science, history, theology, *belles-lettres*, poetry and fiction—all gave grist to his mill. He was *always* reading when not either writing or speaking! And he loved his books with the true love of the student. Many a time he would show me some new treasure, a fresh volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," or a beautiful book of poems, or especially a life of some well-known man or woman. His passion for biography is well known, and he had many hundreds of volumes in the second library which was crowded with book-shelves and was dubbed "the biography room." But I think his love for poetry must have had a stiff contest with this love for biography, and I am still not really sure which won the day.

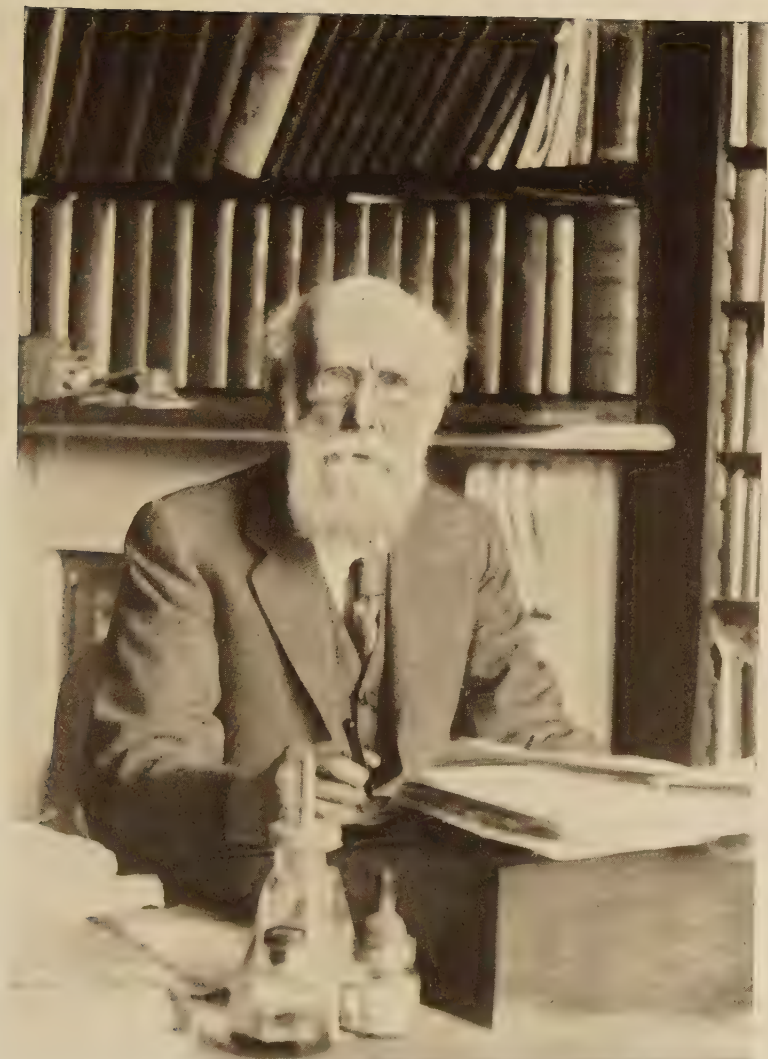


Photo: International Illustrations.

DR. JOHN CLIFFORD IN HIS STUDY

AT HOME

Great numbers of newspapers, periodicals and pamphlets too, he seemed to find time somehow to peruse. He was always up to date with his information on any subject when speaking, and the telling quotation always followed hard on the heels of his argument. I think he was never really so happy as when he was reading; except it was when talking, or (as I have heard him numbers of times) reading aloud to Mrs. Clifford. He incessantly moved in the great realms of ideas, and such things as food, clothes and the other impedimenta of our daily life troubled him but little, if at all.

It was sometimes a serious worry to his watchful wife, I fear, to get him to give anything like adequate attention to the question of a new suit, another hat, or to the things concerning his own personal comfort. I remember happening to meet him on the platform at Paddington Station when he was on his way to a Royal garden party at Windsor. There had been some talk previously about a grand hat and white gloves for the occasion, but the dear old Doctor appeared, I was delighted to see, exactly as usual when I greeted him. That was John Clifford to the manner born! Honoured by the King, beloved by the people, yet always maintaining the same simple, quiet, courteous and dignified bearing. He had this last, best distinction of the great man—he was always unconscious of it.

In a little book which he published a good many years ago ("Social Worship an Everlasting Necessity"), he has a chapter bearing the title "Lives that make Music." The phrase hits the mark exactly—the life of both Dr. and Mrs. Clifford made music.

CHAPTER XI

TRAVELS AND HOLIDAYS

"Travelling is a liberal education."—DR. CLIFFORD.

TO give anything like an adequate description of Dr. Clifford's travels is impossible within our limited space. His note-books contain much that is of an interesting character, but only a bare outline of some of his important journeys is possible. His sense of observation is seen in the small pencilled notes in his many journals relating to places of historical and religious interest, and to men who have in some walk of life made their names famous. Ill-health took him to the Continent in 1878. He writes to a friend :

I have been deeply interested with my visit to Italy. I have much enjoyed it. My health is becoming more and more robust ; and I hope I shall find myself possessed of a large stock of health to draw upon when I return.

The need for God-inspired men is indeed great in Italy. We must send a man here at once. Is there a student who would take to the work with a good will, and a burning passion for souls, and a devotion to work of inexhaustible amount ? A more difficult field of work I do not know ; nor am I aware of a finer. For men who pant to be good soldiers of Jesus Christ and to endure hardships, this is the sphere.

To the Church he says : " You will not forget Italy. Within so short a distance of the dominions of the Italian king, and with many things to remind one of the historically great and now reviving people, I see with increased clearness the need for preaching and teaching by word and by simple organization the gospel of the New Testament. God is in His providence working out the new redemption of Italy, and on us He confers the privilege of sharing the exalted work."

In 1889 he goes with a dear friend to Stuttgart, Würtemberg and Strasburg. Mr. Colebrook is unwell and returns home, but the Doctor goes on and writes now and again telling of his progress in the German language and the people whom he met.

TRAVELS AND HOLIDAYS

In 1897 Dr. Clifford, with Mrs. and Miss Edith Clifford, went on a World Tour. It would be good to go every foot of the road with him, to see through his eyes all he notes down. On the first Sunday out he asks himself, "What is being done about Crete? How is the Education Bill faring? What is the report from W.P.C.?"

They reach Teneriffe; the sunsets with their brilliance were of untold beauty. There is a drill of the crew. The flying-fish leap four and five feet into the air. They cross the Equator and leave Charles's Wain for the Southern Cross. The nights, the sky spangled with stars, are a never-ending source of delight; again and again he speaks of the beauty of the nights. One day two of the officers came up to him and said: "Do a gamble, Doctor?" This gave him an opportunity of speaking on gambling and the perils of sweepstakes.

At Cape Town he has an interview with the Prime Minister.

At Sydney there is a banquet to the Prime Minister, and Dr. Clifford is there. He visits the famous Jenolan Caves; the road through the bush is "a unique experience." Lunch with His Excellency and Lady Victoria Buxton. They go down the Gold Mine at Ballarat; and when they stay in Melbourne they go to the Mint and watch the production of the Australian sovereign.

All towns of importance are visited. Deputations, conferences, receptions, banquets, and enthusiastic meetings crowd upon each other.

In a small book he published on his return, his experiences and opinions of the growing Colony and the character of the people can be read. "God's Greater Britain" gives one a good idea of the growth and prosperity and the loyalty of this far-flung arm of the Empire.

They cross the Pacific and land at Vancouver. Here again the North-West Territories with their little towns showing signs of expansion claim his attention. Banff, with its hot springs; the mighty Rockies "overwhelmingly gigantic"; the prairies with their miles of seemingly limitless space; the lakes so vast, and the rapids which were awe-inspiring, "especially when shooting them"; the towns with their wide streets and fine buildings; the people so characteristically independent; the schools of such importance that about one-eighteenth of the total area of the land has been set apart as an educational endowment, and the sum realized by the sale of the blocks of land invested in Government securities for the support of education. This was a sign to him of the coming greatness of our vast Dominion. Nothing

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

appealed so much to Dr. Clifford, as we have already seen, as the mental and religious development of the young.

He speaks of the hospitality of the Colonies—the good people meet you at early morning with smiles and bouquets ; if it is night, a dozen men will come twenty miles to escort you to your host's abode ; a Baptist minister will whirl you round the country as though he were a prince, and when you become alarmed at the extravagance he informs you "A friend told me to spend all that is necessary to show you round."

In August of 1900 the Doctor visits the Exhibition in Paris. The position taken by the smaller countries impresses him. He goes again and again ; the lectures given by Prof. Lister Ward and Prof. Geddes were very instructive and helpful.

In 1905 he visits a London specialist, who advises him to take a course of baths at Aix-les-Bains ; he meets Mr. Elijah Kennedy of New York, who took him such a wonderful drive when in the City of New York on his visit there. He attends the Anglican Church ; "Lord Kelvin scarcely lifted his eyes. Service lifeless and dull."

He writes from Chamonix :—

We are sitting out in the blazing sunshine and surrounded by brilliant snow. I have just read "Hetty Wesley." It is a richly suggestive setting of facts often forgotten and rarely seen in their true significance, and makes more striking and demonstrative the character of the "conversion" by John. The intellectual content of that "conversion" is laid bare as I have not seen it before.

North Germany next calls him. He is at Hildesheim, and in wandering about, to his evident surprise, he came upon a Jews' cemetery having about thirty tombs with curious Hebrew inscriptions upon them, some of which he records.

The First Congress of European Baptists at Berlin, which he had gone to attend, was a most remarkable series of gatherings. "It began and continued without a break till nearly 11 o'clock on Thursday night. The effect must abound to the prosperity of the Kingdom of God in ways one cannot now forecast or estimate." In a letter written by one of the Continental Committee are echoed the feelings of all ; he says :—

All the members of the different Congress Commissions gathered for the last time on Tuesday in the little chapel felt ourselves still under the wonderful and gracious influence of the great meetings held during Congress week and all were convinced and expressed this their conviction that your presence and help contributed in the greatest measure to this wonderful success.

TRAVELS AND HOLIDAYS

He left Berlin and went to Wittenberg, saw the spot where Luther burnt the Papal Bull in 1520. In the Luther Museum were the Bible, table, bench, stove, Luther's drinking goblet and his wife's rosary. Visited Weimar, where Herder was pastor for twenty years. Went to see Goethe's house. The place is rich beyond description in power to re-create the past. Stopped an hour or so in the library, which was arranged under the superintendence of Goethe.

In 1911 he goes to a conference on Lake Mohonk, accompanied by his deacon, Mr. H. Chilton. On the ship he is reading the life of B. Franklin. "It is," he says, "full of information to a pilgrim going to Philadelphia. I see he was eighty-one days in going across; we shall do it in less than six days."

To a friend he writes :—

We have had a most prophetic time at the Quaker abode of the Smileys at Lake Mohonk. It has been "Peace, peace, and universal peace" for three days, and peace in a world of perfect beauty and loveliness. Yesterday I preached and to-day we talk "peace" again. I spoke three times on the subject last week. To-morrow we start for Chicago. I shall remain there for some twelve days, I expect, and then we make for Philadelphia and abide there till the 22nd June.

On his return to New York he preached in Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. "Large assembly. Organ so played as to drown singing. Mr. J. D. Rockefeller came and spoke to me, thanked me, and said he would like to take hold of my skirts when I ascended and go up with me. Attended a luncheon given by Mrs. Elma Black. It was one of the most magnificent and costly I ever attended. I sat next to Mrs. McLean. She wore the Union Jack flag; I wore the Stars and Stripes. On the other side of me were Dr. Lyman Abbott and Rabbi Wise."

Visited the Chicago University Convocation. "I received the Hood of D.D. This is said to be a choice distinction; it has been conferred on very few."

Again he writes :—

We had a delightful time at Mohonk, and in New York. At the first meeting of about 1,000 "clergy" (as they are called here) I met Dr. Strong, the Social Progress authority, and many, many more. You have travelled far, and I dare say you will some day come to this city. It is a "sign" of the new civilization. What it means, and in what it will issue, it is very difficult to say. Here the uniting of the races of the world is proceeding at an unprecedented rate and effecting a blending of peoples in a few generations that must in its consequences surpass that of centuries in the far-back past.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Mr. Gurney, junior showed him over Chicago University buildings. "They are magnificent. I preached the Convocation sermon in the University. I had to be capped and gowned and walked with the procession."

He went to the Northern Baptist Convention. "Many speak gratefully of visits to our home. I am astounded. I never imagined we had invited so many—you have no idea how they value it."

Then came the meetings of the Baptist World Alliance. "Today is the first meeting of the Baptist World Alliance. Afternoon welcome. I have never seen or heard anything like it. The Americans are an inexhaustible marvel. Roll-call of the nations began at 7.30 and was not over till after 11 o'clock."

"Dinner at Dr. Cornell's. One of America's finest sons. Visited John Wanamaker's and had a place of distinction, through Dr. Dixon, to take part in the function of celebrating the coronation of the King and Queen. Thousands were present."

"My successor to the Presidency chosen."

"Studying the Christianity of the world at the Congress. Visited the Pennsylvanian University, well equipped for the study of science, medicine, law, education, etc. Had to stand for more than an hour whilst hundreds passed with each of whom I had to shake hands. It was a marvellous procession; peoples of all lands, kindreds and tongues. Dr. Muir gave a lunch, and after that I led the visitors, some hundreds of them, into the White House and introduced them to President Taft. He was most genial. I talked with him on the Alliance, Peace and the Russian exiles. We next went to Toronto. I had to speak at the McMaster University in connexion with the conferring of degrees on several delegates. The LL.D. hood was given to me."

He visits Montreal, Winnipeg, Brendon, Regina, Calgary (where the daughter Westbourne Park Church is) and Banff. He preached, lectured, dined, and spoke at the foundation-stone laying of the First Baptist Church at Calgary, and had a most enjoyable and busy time. Of one thing we are sure, the friends across the sea will never forget him.

In 1913 Dr. Clifford went to Copenhagen to the Second Congress of European Baptists. His friend Mr. Chilton was with him. "The evening meeting was crowded, men in great abundance; young men and maidens stood all the evening. The day has been wonderful."

A friend says: "It was a new feature to hear Dr. Clifford making a speech in fragments; he generally pours forth his words of wisdom in a torrent; but each sentence had to be repeated by

TRAVELS AND HOLIDAYS

an interpreter, whom he several times challenged as to whether he had caught the meaning."

Stockholm. "Saw the first drunken man that has crossed our path on this journey. Met Mr. G. B. Wilson. He is here studying the Gothenburg system. Attended a conference of the Northern Races on the subject of alcohol. It is a remarkable thing all the temperance societies are against the Gothenburg system. They say things were better under the former system which was of service at the outset; but it has answered its purpose and has now become a peril." Dr. Clifford delivered the address on Monday evening to a large gathering.

Constance. The "Peace" delegates had a trying experience in 1914. "I saw while waiting at the station military trains from Bavaria going to Landau, near Strasburg, clearly getting near to the frontiers in case war should break out. Left Cologne for Constance; there is great excitement all along the route; Germany is slowly and secretively mobilizing. Crowds at all the stations, telegrams eagerly read; the expectation of war is everywhere. We are challenged, our business demanded. Will there be a conference? Drs. Moore Ede and Rushbrooke greatly distressed. Germans not likely, nor French, none but English and Americans. Austria has declared for complete mobilization; all the power between nineteen and thirty-six. There is anxiety in most minds.

"The executive committee held a long meeting and favoured a resolution to be sent to the rulers of Europe on the present crisis and arranged for a service at 10.30 to-morrow.

"Conference continues. Rumours of war fill the air. What to do is difficult to determine. Some are for rushing through the business and getting away; others for holding on in peace and quiet, discharging the whole programme till we are compelled to stop. We held a long service this morning at 10.30. Mr. Allen Baker presided and the Dean of Worcester read the Scriptures. Several prayed and I gave a brief address. Decided to hold a meeting to-night and to go on with the programme. Dr. Lynch gave a report that complete mobilization is ordered for Tuesday night. We are to leave by nine o'clock on Monday morning. Lynch has no money and could not get any. Every member was asked to give up all the gold he had. I had a sovereign and a twenty-mark piece. I gave them up.

"We passed resolutions and arranged to meet at The Hague or in London. Did not close till 11.30. Had to pack up and get ready to start early in the morning.

"Left Constance. Great excitement at the station. I went into

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

the Luggage Department to look after my luggage ; an officer put his hands on my shoulders and rudely and violently pushed me, and when I smiled upon him he pushed the harder. In the train we were almost piled on top of each other. Difficulty in getting food ; only managed to get a German sausage and a bit of bread until I got to Cologne ; there I obtained a cutlet. Train after train followed one another to the frontiers of France and Germany. We reached the frontier of Holland and Germany about two o'clock on August 4th.

"So this most memorable journey finished. I never expected to hear and see what has come before me in the crowded eight days of my pilgrimage."

Round the table one day when talk was lively and witty, the subject of the Kaiser cropped up. Mr. Hoyle, who has sent some interesting reminiscences, gives us this joke. The talk was as to whether the Kaiser had a touch of insanity. "You are a proof of it, Doctor." "How so?" "Well, you were in Constance and on German soil when the Great War broke out, and the Kaiser allowed the Peace Delegates to leave his territory by special train. Does that not look like insanity, for him to allow so great a democrat as you to go scot-free?" None laughed more heartily at the thought than he.

He had much to do with the settlement of the divisions between the various Baptist Churches in Hungary. Dr. Shakespeare, the secretary of the Baptist World Alliance, feels that only the tact and genial influence of Dr. Clifford can bring the divided sections of the Baptist Churches together in Hungary. He begs of him to take the task in hand, and writes :—

I am writing to let you know that the parties have now signed the undertaking to abide by the decision of the Commission of the World Alliance, and that I am endeavouring to arrange for you and Dr. Marshall with myself to travel to Buda Pesth for the purpose of meeting the two sections on Monday, September 2nd. The engagement will, in all probability, involve absence on one Sunday, but it is really of the utmost importance that you should attend. As you know, it has been a matter of great difficulty to induce the parties concerned to agree to the terms of reference, and it is quite certain that no one less influential than yourself, as President of the Alliance, would carry the necessary weight in connexion with the award. I hope, therefore, that you will write and tell me that you will go.

Dr. Shakespeare again writes :—

Dr. Marshall and I will accompany you to Buda Pesth. I am very glad you can attend. It will be the greatest feather in the cap of the

TRAVELS AND HOLIDAYS

World Alliance if this dispute can be settled. I think you must really settle it somehow. Everyone has tried and failed—private individuals, the German Baptist Union—and if you and Dr. Marshall and I can do it, it will be a great achievement and will be such a preparation for the Berlin Congress as to convince everyone as to the value of the Alliance. I will now communicate with Dr. Marshall and ask him to keep you fully informed on all further particulars.

In 1907 the inquiry began in Buda Pesth, in the presence of nearly one hundred representatives of the Baptist Churches in Hungary. There were those recognized by the State and those who were not. Those unrecognized suffered under disabilities that were unjust, and the Council of the Baptist World Alliance was asked to help them out of their trouble. Through its executive committee it appointed as arbitrators its President, Dr. John Clifford, its British Secretary, Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, D.D., and its European Commissioner, Rev. Dr. Newton H. Marshall, all of London. They placed clearly before the Hungarian people the principles that governed the Baptist body throughout the world and recommended that a Union be formed comprising all the Baptists throughout Hungary without reference to past divisions or parties. For the future working of the Baptists in Hungary a constitution was framed dealing with the Union—clauses relating to Membership, Declaration of Principles, Finances, Officers of the Church, Election of officers of the Union, the College, the Invalids' Home, Subscriptions, Home Missions, Property, etc.

The Commission urged upon the Baptists of Hungary that there should be a new beginning, to seek peace and ensue it. It appealed further that the Baptists of Hungary present to the world a united Brotherhood and that the brethren in Hungary discharge all the duties of good citizenship.

On the journey Newton Marshall, one of his "boys," was busy translating from the many documents of the multilingual Dual Monarchy into English, the facts relating to the business of fusing into one the different classes of Baptists in Austria-Hungary. "Hour after hour, he would be preparing the 'cases': rapidly Clifford assimilated the contents; then curled up and went to sleep until a fresh batch was ready. At halts for fresh trains he would, in the small hours of the morning, run up and down the platform as fresh and boisterous as a schoolboy, though he was well into the 'seventies'; and arrived among the Baptist brethren as fresh as a daisy, in complete command of all the facts and history of Baptists as though he had spent his life in South-West Europe.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

“What he described as the greatest difficulty as a public speaker he ever had in his life, took place at this Conference in Buda Pesth. Whilst the terms of agreement between the various schools of Baptists were being translated into the various languages spoken by delegates at the Conference—German, Magyar, and English, etc.—the Doctor had to keep together that multilingual throng. He told them of the history of the Baptists all over the world, their distinctive democratic principles, their persecutions, and at the end of every period had to sit down whilst others translated his speech into so many various tongues. ‘Never did I desire so much that the miracle of Pentecost might be repeated as then,’ he said. ‘I wondered how much of what I had said actually reached their understanding.’ His impetuous oratory was effectually held in bonds: yet he kept the audience together by the hour until all the terms of agreement had been drafted and enthusiastically adopted.

“His wonderful versatility was triumphantly manifested then. He confessed to feeling embarrassed when Magyars and Czechs, clad in rough sheepskins, embraced him and kissed him effusively, as a brother beloved, on both cheeks. Dr. Clifford and Dr. Shakespeare, who took such a great part in the proceedings, had tea with Count Apponyi, the Hungarian Premier. To his astonishment, for he had recently been in London at the Congress of Parliaments, the Doctor told him that certain statesmen he had met—Lloyd George, Mr. Birrell, Lord Haldane—had all come from Baptist homes; and when, in surprise, the Count inquired how many Baptists there might be in the world, the Doctor told him they numbered millions, especially in the United States.”

Only very briefly have we touched upon the Doctor's travels abroad. What can we say about his wanderings throughout this land he loved so dearly? He was fond of rambling alone.

In 1912 he writes in his diary: Had a great day, one of the great days of my life. It was spent in solitary wandering over the Coombe Hill (905) on to Little Hampden through the woods, a rest at the inn on the Harpenden heights called the “Sun-rising,” then a walk through woods again to Great Missenden. At Missenden had tea, then was discovered by the Baptist minister, Rev. J. Rowson. Rode home. Thus I was out from 10 till after 6. Went to B.M.S. meeting at W. and heard Rev. L. Tinker, whose father was one of my early friends, on the Voice of India, on the Chinese, and on the earthquake. And then he adds: Mother not out all day, but better.

There are few places he has not visited. The smaller churches

TRAVELS AND HOLIDAYS

made a special claim upon him ; wherever he thought his help was needed the call never came in vain. His was a large parish ; the city church with its crowd, or the village meeting-house with a handful of faithful souls, shared in the generosity of his large heart.

In a little notebook at the foot of a page of sermon notes is written "End of Pastorate"; on the next leaf, in the centre of the page, "Beginning of Honorary Pastorate, 1915." As to his activities it seems to make no difference whether he is pastor of a stated church or not. He immediately plunges into a series of visitations and is going from one place to another, cheering, encouraging and helping.

Neither did he preach old sermons ; against the name of each place are the text and notes. He delighted in work and was always thankful to be able to do it. His generosity is seen in the answer he gave to the question—"What about your fee, Doctor ?" "My third-class fare." He was not out for making money ; had that been the case he would have died a rich man. We give the correspondence that passed between the friends at Little Kimble and himself, showing his unselfish and kindly spirit.

Mr. Charles Little has kindly sent these letters.

His father, Mr. Eustace Little, was a leading Baptist at the Church in Little Kimble, a small hamlet at the foot of the "Chequers," near Chiltern Hills.

Dr. Clifford laid the foundation stone in 1922, and gave the dedicatory address in 1923.

29.8.1922.

MY DEAR MR. LITTLE,

Permit me to suggest that you do not go to the expense of a trowel and mallet. I have several now ; if you think well, I can bring one and use it. Trusting you will have a very successful day, and with kind regards,—I am, sincerely yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

23.8.1923.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How good you are ! If you were not one of the great "Little Tribe" it would surprise me, but I know the stock from which you came, and am grateful. But I must ask you to accept my thanks and to use the "cheque" for the good and noble and faithful work you are doing. I rejoice in your endeavours and praise God for the success of your efforts.

My kindest greetings to Mrs. Little and to all my friends, not excepting the youngest of your own.—I am, affectionately yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

He was invited again to the United States in 1920, but he had to decline.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

31.VII.1920.

DEAR DR. WHITE,

Please accept my heartiest thanks for your letter and assure your Society that I cannot find words to express my gratitude for their kind and overflowing generous invitation. I shall never forget the magnanimity of your offer. I wish I could avail myself of it. I had hoped to come to the States later this year; but my doctor, after very careful examination, says the risks are too great. I am nearly *eighty-four*, and though in fair health yet, he decides that the strain of the voyage to and fro in October and November ought not to be faced. It is a deep disappointment to me. I owe so much to the American Baptists and realize so vividly the incalculable work they have to do for the Kingdom of God throughout the world, and especially in Europe, that it would have been a joy unspeakable and full of value to have entered again into personal fellowship with you and your people. I fraternize with you week by week in the Press, but to see you face to face would have been a crowning experience in my long life.

May I say that the opportunity of meeting a cluster of your ablest brethren at our B.W. Alliance gatherings last week has increased my regrets over my inability to come.

With affectionate greetings to your Society and yourself,—I am,
gratefully yours,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

And to the Baptist World Alliance, which was held in Stockholm in 1923, Dr. Clifford wrote to the President:—

I am sorry that bodily strength is insufficient to justify the effort to attend, or I would most eagerly avail myself of so great a privilege.

With exhilaration and delight I recall our World Congresses in London and Philadelphia, and our European Congresses in Berlin and Stockholm. They were unforgettable occasions, and formed a fine preparation for the discharge of the new duties that have been placed upon us by and since the war.

For the work of relief our churches, especially in the United States, have contributed magnificently; and it is hoped the need for that aid will not continue much longer.

One of the primary needs of Europe, in my judgment the primary and most urgent need, is the Baptist interpretation of the Christianity of Christ Jesus in the New Testament. . . . That is the teaching Europe needs, and that is the teaching we are bound to give; and this Congress ought to give a decisive and mighty impact to the adventure already initiated to carry Europe forward to original Christianity. This is the God-given task of this Congress. God wills it. We can do it. May we have faith and courage and zeal enough for a full response.—I am, with most affectionate greetings to the Congress, yours very sincerely,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

His travelling days were over.

CHAPTER XII

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

THE BROTHERHOOD MOVEMENT

PERSONAL EVANGELISM

THE BAPTIST WORLD

"When I was a lad of sixteen I was introduced to an idea of Emerson to the effect that 'all things are moral,' and as my teaching has been always superlatively ethical, whatsoever there is in human life it has been possible for me to touch. Nothing has been excluded that touches the highest welfare of man as an individual, and man belonging to infinite organizations for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. . . . Hence the length of my pastorate as well as its breadth."—DR. CLIFFORD.

*"With Mercy and with Judgment
My web of Time He wove."—A. R. COUSIN.*

I

SOON after his jubilee year he began to see the drawing to a close of his ministry. Preaching to his Church upon "Fifty Years in a London Pastorate," he said that, fortunately for him, he began his ministry with expectations on a very low plane, and with a keen sense of his inadequacy for the work to which God called him; "therefore," he went on, "my experience has been a succession of surprises, and I have been constrained to say many times, 'What hath God wrought!' I have been astonished at the successes which have followed our common toil, and whilst grateful for the good that has been accomplished and reportable, thankful beyond all for good that has not come to the knowledge of others, but has passed into character, and made effective servants of the Lord Most High."

"Remembering my age," he said later, "I feel a little ashamed of staying in a pastorate so long. Starting as I am my seventy-ninth year, it looks as though I ought to have been out of the way a long time ago. I have been striving for some five or six years to escape the work of the pastorate, but the way has not yet been opened, and until God does open a way for that deliverance I must, in fidelity to my conscience and to God, endeavour to carry the burden as best I can. I have been blamed for staying here so long,

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

for permitting my energies to be cramped up in a pulpit, instead of spreading myself over the whole of the country, going into the street, and proclaiming the ideas I have uttered from this platform. Those condemnations have come from individuals who did not know this Church and its history, nor what a Christian Church is, and what its capacities for shaping and helping the higher life of the world. I have been able, from this narrow rostrum, to enter upon a large sphere of service. I have not felt myself hampered or contracted in the range of my activities, whilst I have been regarding this as my supreme business; and my heart has never strayed from it. Nevertheless I have been able to find ample room for any ideas I wished to circulate, and any influence I wished to exert. . . . Hence the length of my pastorate as well as its breadth. . . . But perhaps the thing which has won and held me through these years more than anything else has been the glorious freedom of the Church. We are Baptists, but we are Baptists largely because if there is one principle that is vital to our life as a community it is the principle of liberty. We have freedom from creeds, freedom from rites legalized by the State and authorized by Parliament; we make our own course of action with regard to our ceremonies, taking Jesus Christ simply as our great Authority.

“We are free, also, in the way of widening thoughts of God and ever-growing conceptions of life. These fifty-six years have seen great changes in the attitude of men towards the Bible, and the theologies of the past, but there has been nothing in the condition of this Church which has prevented us from opening our minds for the reception of these changed conceptions. They have been welcome; they have been proclaimed. We have sat in the front, we are still in the front, and I have never in all these fifty-six years known any attempt to curtail my freedom of thought or of speech. And I have always encouraged you to do your own thinking and act upon your own decisions. . . . As I have stuck to this Church for fifty-six years, so if I had strength and another fifty-six years I should still stick to it, for its magnetic homeliness, its glorious freedom of thought and speech, its clear invitation to all in the common service of the Church and of humanity, for the sweet serenity and peace it breathes into the souls that love God and His Son, and for the splendid optimism that has always characterized it.”

A series of meetings celebrated the Jubilee at Westbourne Park Church. Amongst the messages received was one from the Archbishop of Canterbury :

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

I see that during the last ten days your friends—and the circle is, I know, a wide one—have been most appropriately commemorating your pastoral Jubilee.

I should like to be allowed to add for myself a word of fraternal greeting to a Christian teacher who has for so many strenuous years fought with perseverance and power on behalf of purity and temperance and manly simplicity and moral earnestness. . . .

After all, the things wherein we differ bulk very small in comparison with those wherein in our Master's service we are at one. That the blessing of the great Pastor Pastorum may be, in richest measure, yours as life's years run on to their earthly close is the heartfelt prayer of—Yours very faithfully,

RANDALL CANTUAR.

II

Among the many public tributes to Dr. Clifford during his long life, perhaps the most memorable, and certainly the one that he most valued, was that rendered by his brother ministers at the Spring Assembly of the Baptist Union in 1906. Chiefly by the subscriptions of the ministers of the Denomination, the Hon. John Collier was commissioned to paint a portrait of Dr. Clifford—that which appears as the frontispiece to this biography. It was unveiled by Mr. Lloyd George at the closing session of the Assembly and presented to the Baptist Union, to be placed in the library of the Church House.

In this portrait, which Mr. Lloyd George unveiled, it will be seen that the artist has portrayed Dr. Clifford in an attitude familiar to all who had heard him in the pulpit or on the platform. It conveys a vivid impression of the tremendous energy which Dr. Clifford put into all his public utterances and gives also a subtle hint of the student, the thinker and the seer. Mr. Lloyd George found his task a congenial one, for he had been Dr. Clifford's comrade in many a hard-fought campaign, and his speech was in his happiest vein. It was a pen portrait as true and as revealing as Mr. John Collier's. Two things struck him about Dr. Clifford, apart from his eloquence, courage, enthusiasm and devotion. First, the unerring instinct with which he always took the right side in every question. He did not say the "popular" side—that was a very different thing. He had seen Dr. Clifford fight for causes that were unpopular. "He has a conscience without a crack in it. Whenever anything hits it, it rings out true." The second thing was his restless impatience against wrong. "I have never seen anything quite like it," added Mr. Lloyd George. "In

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

fact, it is a joy." But it was not time for the panegyric. Dr. Clifford was still a young man, and a most promising young man!

"Why, there are some leaders, fifteen years his junior, who have to take 'rest-cures.' Others who seek inspiration at Monte Carlo—the most proper place for those who engage in gambling policies! When Dr. Clifford wants a rest cure he sits down, takes up a pen and says, 'Whom can I go for?'" And the columns of the daily papers were evidence of Dr. Clifford's periodical "rest-cure."

"Here is one of the greatest champions of the freedom of conscience, and I am glad to present him to this Baptist Union."

Dr. F. B. Meyer accepted the portrait on behalf of the Baptist Union, and offered his congratulations and those of the Assembly to the Hon. John Collier, who was present at the ceremony.

Dr. Clifford's reply was characteristic of the man. It was a revelation of another trait in his nature which the artist had not been able to catch his deep humility. "I am," said Dr. Clifford, with the tears running down his face, "as grateful to you, my dear friends, as I was when, as a lad, I ran home with my half-crown after a week's work, to give it to my mother."

A replica of this portrait has now (1924) been accepted by the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

III

Another honour came in the shape of a national testimonial. The alert and fertile brains of the late Silvester Horne and of Dr. Shakespeare had not a little to do with it. "I remember," says the Rev. C. W. Vick, "being called into consultation with them, and being invited to act as co-secretary with Mr. Horne in an effort which, however difficult and onerous, gave me an opportunity of acknowledging a debt I could never hope to repay. The time seemed propitious. Dr. Clifford had been for nearly fifty years a spiritual and moral force in North-West London, and of late years had won a national reputation as a foremost champion of religious and civil liberty. It was known that his incessant labours for great public causes had entailed not only immense mental and physical exertion, but had involved one whose selfless spirit kept him always poor, in considerable personal expense. It was also known that Dr. Clifford had never had the means or the opportunity of making adequate provision either for his own

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

old age or for the needs of those whom he might leave behind, and it was not to be thought of that one to whom the nation owed so much should have his closing years shadowed by financial anxiety."

At a meeting at the Baptist Church House, presided over by Sir R. Perks, it was enthusiastically decided: "That this recognition should take the form of the purchase of a joint annuity for himself and Mrs. Clifford, together with such smaller gifts as may be subsequently determined."

A committee, representing not only British Free Churches, but also American, Colonial and European sympathizers, was appointed.

Subscriptions began to flow in at once. One great and inevitable difficulty confronted the organizers from the beginning, the reluctance of Dr. and Mrs. Clifford to give permission for such a movement, and the terror with which they viewed any attempt at publicity. When it is remembered that during the whole of the time Dr. Clifford's public engagements throughout the country continued undiminished, and that the one subject that could not be mentioned in his presence was the testimonial, it will be realized that at times the hearts of the promoters were in their mouths lest there might come a peremptory command from Westbourne Park to close down. The champion of freedom was almost morbidly afraid lest his personal liberty should be curtailed by the acceptance of any gift. He was grateful for friendship, and for any expression by which friendship revealed itself, but not even for this, still less for any personal advantage, could he surrender liberty.

As 1907 dawned the total touched £6,000, and on February 26th a great meeting was held at Whitefield's Tabernacle, at which the presentation was made—an Annuity on the joint lives of Dr. and Mrs. Clifford, three-fourths to be continued to the survivor, of a sum invested, the interest of which would be paid to them, and the capital to be held at their disposal by Will, the suggestion being that it would be some recognition of the devoted services rendered by their daughters, and a cheque to be used at their discretion, preferably for a holiday. In addition to these gifts an album had been prepared containing an illuminated address and an immense number of signatures from Dr. Clifford's brethren in the Free Church ministry in Great Britain. Dr. Clifford's own speech in acknowledging the gifts was simple, unassuming, humble, full of gratitude to his friends and to his Lord and Master, to Whom, he felt, he owed all he was and all that he had done.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

IV

For a few years more Dr. Clifford laboured on, but under the growing conviction that he ought to retire. He wrote in November, 1914, to Mr. John Colebrook :

2.XI.1914.

MY DEAR, DEAREST FRIEND,

I am verily guilty concerning this matter of correspondence and could write a long letter made up of excuses. I have had a set of singularly interesting experiences. Instruction has been given with overflowing fullness "line upon line," here a little, but mostly very much ; and I have been trying to learn : for life is only happy as it is a true growth, and growth is only possible through the steadfast endeavour to appropriate the messages written in the book of life. You will have noted the difficulties we have had in the matter of my successor. For years I have been trying to find one to serve the Church as it ought to be served. I cannot do it. I can preach, and I do preach, and the people come to hear what I have to say ; but I cannot do the work of the week, the general "shepherding" of the young, the training of young men and women for the work of the world, as I did in the days of the past. I have not helped to make, so far as I know, a journalist, or a preacher, or a lawyer the last four or five years. Fifty, or more, young fellows are gone to the Colours, fine young fellows, some of our best workers, and that has told on our morning congregation. I hope that in and through them I have been of some use ; but there are large breadths of service I cannot fill, and therefore I seek one who will be able to do this work, and trust that he will come soon. It is not that I wish to cease any work I can do. Far from it. I enjoy preaching as much as ever, and to talk to a crowd is a thrilling inspiration to me ; but the definite making of men, real, sincere and strong, high in aim and resolute in service, has been my task, and I feel, since I cannot do that as it ought to be done, I must get out of the way. . . .

The machine "slows down," and it slows down *slowly*. The signs of old age creep upon us almost unawares ; sight becomes dim, hearing dull and the founts of energy are not so full ; but the inner spirit retains its vitality and will be ready for the new organ when the old one is of no more use. . . .

And four months later he wrote again to the same old friend :

. . . How I wish we could meet and hear the flow of talk once more ! But I must wait till my emancipation from the bonds of pastoral work takes place. I love the bonds as much as ever ; but I cannot discharge the responsibilities of the pastorate as they ought to be discharged. Our difficulty is to find a man to take up the work. He is, I do not doubt, but *where* he is, I cannot say. There are better

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

men to come than any who have been, that is my fixed faith. . . . A younger soul, delivered from any such unconscious, but real, incubus, should face the problems waiting to be solved in the near and distant future. Experience is much ; but it is not all. Freshness of outlook, separation from the currents of thought of the last thirty years, boldness of initiative and other qualifications of youth are the equipment needed for the advance into the new era soon to dawn. I cannot say how keenly I long to see the solution of the problems of the coming decade, and of the one after it. From 1915, in which this war will surely end, to 1935, when I should be the age of my grandmother if I were here, will be one of the most marvellous eras in the history of man. I can have no doubt of that ; though the omens at the present moment appear so unfavourable. Freedom will widen its bounds so as to bring its benefits to myriads who do not know it, not even Prussia escaping its gifts. Goodwill will utter its brotherly message to the backward races. The utter folly of the tyrant's rule will make men ashamed to seek it and fiercer than ever in resisting it. It is, I hear you say, Utopian ; well, so it is ; but that does not make it impossible. I *feel* it is true and am glad to live in the anticipation of it. But I did not mean to write like that. I wanted to say thank you, most heartily, for your many kind thoughts of us since we reached our new abode : a change which has already accomplished its object in bringing fuller health to my darling Teggie, and, when the spring fully comes, will, I hope, give her power to walk without help. The "garden" has been a delight to her, even in the autumn and winter ; what it will be in the radiant spring and the glorious summer, even hope cannot tell. Edith is caring for wounded Belgian soldiers, her mastery of French having led to her selection. Kate is "at home" looking after her "*two children*," her mother and father, with a patience and devotion that fills us with thankfulness and affection. . . .—I am, as ever, yours,

J. CLIFFORD.

V

His long ministry came to a close on Sunday, August 29th, 1915. When Dr. Clifford began his ministry at Praed Street he was a young man of twenty-two ; at its close he entered his eightieth year. What a record in one Church ! And the great fact remained that the Church was flourishing. The people still flocked to hear him, his message was always fresh.

The last Sunday will long be remembered : the crowded church, the sea of faces, eyes straining to catch every play of features, ears alert to hear each modulation of a beloved voice. The whole tense, throbbing, vibrating with pent-up feeling—for, after all, had the veteran pastor not shared their joys and sorrows through all these fifty-seven years ? And now it was to end ; another was to fill his place ; but no, none can fill the place occupied by Dr. Clifford.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

His place will ever be in the hearts of thousands who have honoured and loved him.

The Nonconformists of this country owe a great debt to Dr. Clifford for the way he fought their battles; he sometimes seemed to be on the losing side, but events have proved how clear-sighted his judgment was. On the Education question he never moved one hair's breadth. He was always on the side of enfranchisement of women, and strong and keen on the Temperance question all his life. Whatever his opponents may say of him, he fought with clean hands; not one can say he gained his point by unfair methods.

But the supreme fact in Dr. Clifford's life has been his position as a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This has always been his first consideration. He set out at the beginning to win souls and it was his business all the years. He was born with a passion for preaching. He followed his vocation with unerring fidelity, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left.

The last words he spoke at Westbourne Park were an assurance of present and eternal blessedness for those who are taken to the higher service. His last letter to the Church in response to the good wishes for his birthday concluded with these words: "May God bless you all, your homes and families, and keep you in His love, is the prayer of your friend and fellow member——"

On All Saints' Day, November 1st, 1915, the Rev. S. W. Hughes was welcomed as his successor.

To Mr. John Colebrook he writes :

31.VIII.1915.

MY DEAR, VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I must write to you *first of all*, now I am delivered from the responsibilities of the pastorate of W.P. For this freedom I have sought long; since I was most anxious that W.P. should not have to face the tragedies of an *interregnum*. I have seen too many of them. Hence my joy now that I can hand my work over to my successor without a break in the continuity, and with a full confidence in his fitness for the work—a confidence that is shared by the whole diaconate and by the Church. I am grateful beyond words for the goodness of God to me—indeed, my heart overflows with thankfulness to Him, as I look back over these fifty-seven years. . . .

To-morrow I go to preach and lecture at Kegworth, and on Thursday I do the same at my native village, *Sawley*, then I am going to stay a day or two with my boy Arthur in Nottingham. I will write a longer letter to you as soon as I can; meanwhile I call up visions of you from nearly sixty years ago, at *Leicester*, and *St. John's Wood*

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

and *Reading*, and *Wiesbaden* and *Torquay*, and remain, whole-heartedly yours,
J. CLIFFORD.

VI

The Church never missed an opportunity to celebrate anniversaries—Jubilee, seventieth and eightieth birthdays—but of all the celebrations that of his Diamond Jubilee and his eighty-second birthday were of the most enthusiastic character. Troops of friends filled the hall and church, and leaders of many Churches came to convey their congratulations. Dr. Shakespeare and Dr. Ewing, for Baptists; Dr. Jowett, for Congregationalists; and Dr. (now Sir) Hermann Gollancz, for the Jews. Gifts were presented from various departments of the Church work.

First came the congratulatory message from the King :

TO THE REV. DR. CLIFFORD.

I offer you my hearty congratulations upon both your eighty-second birthday and the Diamond Jubilee of your ministry at Westbourne Park Chapel, which you celebrate to-day.

GEORGE R.I.

Then the Archbishop of Canterbury :

LAMBETH PALACE, S.E.,
October 15th, 1918.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

I should not like to let this remarkable anniversary in your life's journey and in your ministry to pass without sending to you a few lines of congratulation and the assurance of our remembrance of you in our prayers.

It is a high privilege to have been allowed for so many busy years to bear to successive generations of listeners the message of our Saviour's love, and to be a champion among men of the cause of Christian truth and progress in various fields of social life. In the activity of brain and voice and pen which has been yours, you have wielded among your contemporaries a noteworthy power, and you wield it still.

There are doubtless a good many matters of public interest and importance wherein you and I should find ourselves to be taking views very far from identical. But there is among Christian men, pledged to their Master's service, a wide basis of unity; a unity so broad as to dwarf into insignificance the little sectarian walls which sunder our groups from one another, and as life runs on, and the evening shadows deepen round us, the divergences loom less largely and the presence and power of the One Lord become the dominant thought and creed. —I am, with every highest and deepest goodwill, very truly yours,

RANDALL CANTUAR.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

The Chief Rabbi, Dr. Hertz, heartily congratulates Dr. Clifford on the double occasion of his birthday and the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of his ministry, and wishes him many more years of health and vigour to continue the successful labours to which he has so assiduously devoted himself for the past sixty years.

From Mr. Frederic Harrison :

Let me join with all your friends, neighbours and fellow-workers in hearty congratulations on your Jubilee of ministration in Westbourne Park. We have long been joined in common work, though meeting from widely different standpoints, and I have not ceased to honour you as a spiritual leader of your people. Next week, if I live, I shall complete eighty-seven years of life. Let us join hands still, however apart in doctrine, as veteran servants in the cause of humanity.—Yours sincerely,

FREDERIC HARRISON.

From the Right Honourable Thomas Burt (Father of the House of Commons) :

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

MY DEAR VENERATED FRIEND,

I must send you a word of hearty birthday greeting. I rejoice at your clearness of mind and physical vigour after all these years of service to humankind. I see that you are to take part in the Annual Meeting of the U.K.A. at Manchester, on the 12th of next month. This raises some pleasant memories, when, some years ago, I spoke at the annual meetings with the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Raper, Samuel Pope, Q.C., and Canon Wilberforce—all stalwarts resting from their labours.

I became a member of the Alliance in 1857, then in my twentieth year, and working as a coal-getter in one of the Northumberland collieries. I had still before me eight years of underground work, and this was a period of my life when I felt sure that I was earning my living honestly.—With every blessing, I am, with cordial regards, your affectionate friend,

THOMAS BURT.

From General Booth :

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

I am late, but not I hope too late (I have been away), to say how truly I praise God for your life, for your courage, and for your witness. It seems to me that everything I really care about—or nearly everything—you also love and care for. And I can, of course, never forget the helping hand you extended to my dear father—yes, and also to myself in gone-by days of storm.

God bless you, and still sustain and use you. “All things are yours.”—Yours very faithfully,

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH.

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

"DEAR GENERAL," was the reply:

It is a delight to hear from you and receive, not only your own good wishes, but the reminder of my interest in the work of your good and great father in the early days of your God-inspired and God-sustained adventure. I recall those times of storm and cloud with thankfulness and admiration. It was a great service to real religion and a strong impact to the Kingdom of God. I rejoice that God is upholding you in maintaining and furthering the work in these difficult and trying days. I am glad you are going to Berlin. You go with the gospel of peace, and God will guide and bless you.—
Yours very heartily,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Dr. Jowett gave a charming address. He observed that Mr. Augustine Birrell had said that when he felt tired and prematurely old, he took down Morley's "Life of Gladstone" to see what the veteran leader was doing when he was at the same age, and found that he had still a full volume to go through. So with Dr. Clifford, men of his (Dr. Jowett's) age dare not feel prematurely old when in his company. He just wanted to know from Dr. Clifford how it was possible to maintain constant and sympathetic contact with young life, with things that are growing, whilst retaining a grip of the great harvests of the past.

Dr. Clifford in replying told them that the way to keep in touch with young life while reaping the rich harvests of the past was by keeping in touch with the young people individually, sharing their troubles, difficulties, perils, joys and hopes. Jesus Christ is the eternally young, and to be in constant fellowship with Him is to be young for all time.

If you wish to maintain vitality, he went on, you must maintain activity. The labour of life, is life. If you begin to say to yourself "I can do no more," very soon you will do no more. The golden rule for living to be old is "Do your work with all your might and never worry about it."

On October 30th the Borough Council of Paddington paid a civic tribute to him. Throughout the lengthy story of Dr. Clifford's ministry, recognition had freely, even lavishly, been paid to the nobility of his character, the splendour of his gifts and the worth of his services by all types of his countrymen, including his Sovereign and the Head of the Episcopal Church, but not until this moment had Paddington made public acknowledgment of the wonderful personality which had dwelt and laboured so many decades within its borders.

The Mayor welcomed him, as "one of Paddington's most worthy citizens. On behalf of this Council, I ask you," said his

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Worship, "to accept this Address as a token of appreciation for the work you have rendered to the Borough and as a congratulation in connexion with your Diamond Jubilee." The address was worded as follows :

BOROUGH OF PADDINGTON

To Dr. CLIFFORD, M.A., B.Sc., LL.B., D.D.

"We, the Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors, offer to you as a citizen of this important Borough our tribute to the inestimable value of your sixty years of service in our midst, not only to your own Borough, but far beyond its limits.

"Your devotion to duty, wide sympathies and organization of social service, courage on behalf of oppressed nations, and faith in the surpassing worth of the individual soul have made you a leader and inspirer of men and women, and especially of young men. All this has filled us with admiration.

"Your manifold activities in the educational world and earnest labours with voice and pen in the cause of humanity are universally acknowledged.

"We offer to you our heartiest congratulations on the completion of your sixty years of eminent service, and earnestly hope that your life may be prolonged to pursue your activities in the cause of liberty and social reform.

"H. H. HANDOVER, Mayor.

(Seal of the Council).

"A. W. J. RUSSELL, Town Clerk."

At the British Empire Club, on Thursday, November 26th, Dr. Clifford was the guest of honour at a luncheon given by Sir Albert and Sir Evan Spicer.

Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, proposed the toast to Dr. Clifford. It was, he said, a special pleasure to him to do so because he thought it was fitting that the Church of England should be represented on that occasion. There was a time when the majority of Church of England clergymen regarded Dr. Clifford as a kind of boggy-man—as a truculent and formidable person who was an enemy of religious education. But when they met Dr. Clifford they found him a most gentle and courteous man, and they were rather surprised. Those controversies were at an end now, and the Dean hoped they would never be renewed. He believed he was speaking for the great religious body to which he

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

belonged when he said that they had all come to admire and respect Dr. Clifford, and that with all their hearts they wished for the Grand Old Man of the Free Churches in his honoured old age every happiness, peace and tranquillity.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, in seconding the toast to Dr. Clifford, said that Dr. Clifford was one of the great figures not merely of this country but of the English-speaking world. Americans vied with Englishmen in their admiration for the splendour of his eloquence, for his ripe scholarship, and for the beauty of his character. His career was a great romance. There were few men who had ever attained such distinction against such difficulties. When he entered the ministry he spent nearly one-third of his first year's stipend on University fees. Struggles like that hardened some people, but they had given him that combination of gentleness and pugnacity which was rare.

"There is no man in Britain of the retention of whose friendship I am prouder than I am of my friend Dr. John Clifford; there is no man the loss of whose friendship I should feel more than Dr. Clifford's. From the bottom of my heart I wish him long life for the sake of the country and the causes he has served so well, and may God be with him." When Dr. Clifford rose to respond to the toast the display of regard obviously moved him deeply. He could not understand why he should have had that gathering in his honour, and he could only express his deep gratitude for that manifestation of affection. The speech that followed will live long in the memory of those who heard it. All Dr. Clifford's characteristics—his gentleness, his dignity, his transparent sincerity, his modesty—all were manifest; but as he stood at the table, a venerable figure, white with years, but aglow with youthful hope and joy, there was something of the Old Testament prophet, some suggestion of Elijah in his words. Visions, he said, had come to him as he sat there—visions of fellow-crusaders and companions who had inspired him. Dr. Clifford then passed in review many of the kindly memories of Free Church worthies who have passed away, and experiences in crusades, some of which had been won and some that were still in the balance of conflict. In the last few moments of his speech, Dr. Clifford turned towards the Prime Minister, sitting two seats away, and thanked Mr. Lloyd George for his words. "I want to say," continued Dr. Clifford, with a wistful tone in his voice, "that we are old friends—at least we have been friends for a long time. We have struggled together, we have fought together, and, whatever may happen, my friendship for you, Mr. Lloyd George, will never be broken. You and

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

I may differ, but my love for you and my thankfulness to God for the way he has used you (that is how I interpret it) will always abide ; and my prayers for you—like the prayers of your old uncle, Richard Lloyd, to which you have again and again referred me—will be that God will have you in His holy keeping and use you in the days to come for the uplifting of this country in every department of life.”

From his Diary :

Wednesday, 16th October, 1918.—Diamond Jubilee. I am humbled and overwhelmed by the overflowing kindness of God, the God of my long life. His mercies are infinite and immeasurable. My heart is full of inexpressible gratitude to Him for “ the troops of friends and sweet societies ” with which He has enriched my life. Messages reach me from all parts of our Commonwealth and of the World. Verily God has done great things for me, and I praise His name. May He help me to use the little that remains of this earth-life for Him and for all causes dear to Him and to His Church and Kingdom ! How like our complex world : death ; and suffering for our dear grandson yesterday, and the pain of our dearest mother—and now to-day’s rejoicing over my sixty years’ ministry.

VII

THE BROTHERHOOD MOVEMENT

Of his numerous activities outside his Church, two, the Brotherhood Movement and Personal Evangelism, call for more extended reference.

It was quite in keeping with Dr. Clifford’s long and fraternal ministry that he should have crowned it with the Presidency for three years of the British Brotherhood Movement and one year as President of the World Brotherhood Federation. “ It was fitting, because his whole ministry had been exercised to achieve a sterling, wholesome fraternity in society. His test of religion was : What can it do for the worst ? How low can it stoop, how high can it raise ? ”

The commencement of his presidency coincided with the Rev. T. Sykes’ start as national secretary. “ This was most fortunate for the Brotherhood Movement and invaluable to me,” writes the Rev. T. Sykes. “ Association in Christian work with one like Clifford was ample compensation for any hardship or sacrifice. It was also a silent discipline. The greatness of the man set a standard, constituted a demand. The outstanding impression of his personality

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

was that of unforced disinterestedness. He was straight in grain, single in motive, the fearless and tenacious champion of truth. When he took up the presidency of the Brotherhood everything was against it. It was in the middle of the war. The movement itself had had a varied and uneven history. The desire to avoid anything like another denomination left it with a very slender and elementary organization. The terrific impact of the war wellnigh shattered it. The temper and the normal emotional conditions and general atmosphere of war are a denial of Brotherhood. Dr. Clifford was deeply moved about the whole situation. With every atom of his strength he abhorred war. Yet for a season, now we were in it, it seemed useless to only gird and protest. He believed that Brotherhood could tear war up by the roots, the poisoning weeds of greed, suspicion, malice and hatred, and cultivate on the same soil the flowering plants of goodwill. He often said, "There will be peace on earth when there is goodwill among men."

If the war was to him a tragedy, the so-called peace was even more so. Who will forget the address he delivered in the City Temple on Monday morning, September 15th, 1919, as the first President of the World Brotherhood Federation? No Hebrew prophet ever exceeded in statesmanlike vision, throbbing human sympathy, fearless denunciation of wrong, and constructive moral proposals for a new way of life, that remarkable utterance. It was his first public appearance after the death of Mrs. Clifford. His tender boy-like spirit had revelled in her companionship. For a few weeks he had been stricken, lonely, sorrowing, and all the while there had been accumulating vast stores of personal spiritual energy. He came out of the crucible refined. That morning the concentrated force of his whole nature broke out. It was an atmosphere, a contagion, a torrent, a spiritual avalanche; it was irresistible. But it was infinitely more than a personal magnetism; it was a prophetic declaration. I may be permitted to quote a few representative lines:

"Brotherhood is like the air, universal and unescapable. It besets us behind and before and lays its quickening and uplifting hand upon us. The world is being made 'all clear' for its march. Labour has long been international, peace movements are world-wide, the temperance crusade assails all barriers and will beat them down, the legislators of different countries meet in conference to harmonize laws. Even the churches are developing international relations and preparing for world congresses, and I cannot doubt that this movement for unity will slough the obsolete accretions of the past and unite the religions of the world so that humanity

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

shall become one flock under one Shepherd. Indeed, I cannot refuse to think that the organization of our societies all over the world on the best practical religion will be one of the most effective steps towards the realization of that Divine ideal."

This faith sustained him, but it was no flimsy optimism. He was acutely aware of the conclave of dark forces—militarism, jealousy, greed, the selfish exploitation of undeveloped peoples—which were against it.

To quote him again :

"Mountains of wrong are heaped on the common people of all lands. The inhumanity of man to man fills me with horror : I cannot endure it. I feel like Jeremiah and wish that my head were a fountain of waters that I might weep day and night for my brothers and sisters, little children, frail women and old men slain by the ruthless greed and unblushing cruelty of their fellows ; and then, like the same prophet, I find hot indignation burning like a fire in my bones, and I dash away my tears and would fain start out like Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable of society from floor to roof from all the cursed evils that infest it."

He had passed his eightieth year when he uttered those flaming words. Can it be wondered that to us who knew him he was a conscience, a challenge and a standard of life ?

Dr. Clifford was never one thing on the platform and before the public and something else behind the scenes. There was no vestige or semblance of overweening self-consciousness which sometimes creeps into public life. It never seemed to occur to him to wonder whether he had pleased people ! His only concern was loyalty to the truth as he saw it. I have heard him say more than once : "My mother taught me to follow Jesus and fear nothing else."

How generously he appreciated the efforts of others if he believed they were sincere. Anything slack, slovenly or near gushing chilled and repelled him. How shrewdly he could distinguish between a sincere compliment and the guile of flattery ! He had the exact measure of some people who thought they could use him. He saw a lot more than he said, and his knowledge directed action. He could be hurt, for he had a tender heart ; but he never bore a grudge. His fine sense of humour and his natural sympathy together with a soft combativeness made it impossible for him to do so. He would have preferred another fight to the burden of a grudge. He could be angry, but there was always a note of pity in it.

If he was cartooned or misrepresented, instead of wasting himself

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

in agitated concern about what other people might think, he found relief in wondering if he could have been as he was represented, and in a smilingly mischievous way he would dismiss the caricature by adding it to his possible selves. He had a lofty conception of the Christian ministry. There was nothing ecclesiastical or pompous in his make-up. He said to me one day with a quick searching glance, "Can you tell me why so many of your Primitive Methodist ministers have started to wear 'jam jars' round their necks?" Not being guilty myself, I could only reply that some people were temperamentally ecclesiastical and that our Church had entered upon that era. His sharp comment was, "Yes, I thought so."

Being prophetic in temper he was always anxious for the ministry to lead the way. He was quite aware that the Brotherhood Movement was anything but acceptable to many ministers. He was convinced that it was a new and necessary approach to this generation. I remember one morning going to meet a group of Free Church ministers. It had been arranged out of courtesy to Dr. Clifford. He was anxious to enlist their interest and support for the work to which he was giving the last years of his life. We had a very trying two hours. Theological difficulties were emphasized and traditional obstacles obtruded. It was Monday morning and I have long believed that is the worst day to get anything out of ministers except golf! Maybe the memory of the previous day dishevels their mind. We both of us came away with an oppressive sense of failure. The streets were cold and wet with the slush of a thaw. Gripping my arm he said, "Sykes, some ministers care no more for men than this slush." He emphasized speech by pushing a foot through the melting snow. He was angry because ministers were not eagerly ready to become all things to all men if by any means they might save some. Yet it was the anger of love, in the supreme belief in the ministry that is servant of all.

In grateful recognition of the Doctor's invaluable contribution during his Presidency, the Brotherhood Movement decided to establish an Annual Lecture to be known as the "John Clifford Lecture." When I asked him if we might call it by that name he jocularly replied, "Well there is a public house called the 'Clifford Inn' and I don't see why you should not use the name for a Lecture." Though he was never demonstrative about public recognition I know he was really gratified that the Movement established the Lectureship. He laid us under a further debt of obligation by consenting to give the first Lecture. He took for his subject "The Gospel of World Brotherhood according to

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Jesus." His treatment of his theme supplies a fine insight into his mature thoughts of the essential content of the Gospel. The Lecture is affectionately dedicated—

To the hallowed and ever-gladdening
memory of
MY WIFE

February 24th, 1860.

August 23rd, 1919.

Anyone disposed to regard Brotherhood as a by-product must refute the lucid presentation of Christianity in this book. The Supreme Authority on Brotherhood is Jesus. His original disclosure of the essential nature of Deity as Parental; religious relationship as Filial and vital creates a new and acid test of religious claims and practices. Institutions and orders, ritual and worship, are judged by their ability to promote Fraternity. This central principle reveals how temporary and incidental distinctions of race, colour, language and custom are. "Patriotism is not enough." The Christian Spirit is catholic, comprehensive, inclusive and sacrificial, Dr. Clifford not only gave a vigorous Apologia in defence of Brotherhood in his Lecture, but also supplied Brotherhood speakers with much needed mental food and guidance. He often said, "No cause can be strong on a sloppy and miscellaneous message." His various addresses to Federations and Societies awoke a new outlook and sense of responsibility. He used to say, "We must think ten years ahead of the times." He believed that the Brotherhood interpretation of Christianity would then be welcome and mighty.

It was, however, on the intimate and personal side we came to know him best. How kind and affectionate he could be, a few of us know. No "side," no pose of superiority, no beam of condescension, but a genial, approachable, big-hearted, human Brother. Whatever it may be worth, he persuaded me to come to this Brotherhood work and kept me at it. The difficulties and problems were simply enormous. War and all its results are the antithesis of Brotherhood. One could only keep going by rejoicing in being a fool for Christ's sake. My somewhat mercurial temperament and impatience for results often made me talk of resigning. With a severe strength underlying a disarming smile he would say with a deep note of seriousness, "God made you for this." He never discussed the difficulties or disadvantages as reasons for resignation. However numerous and forbidding, our business was to "march breast forward never doubting clouds would break." It was sufficient that you had been made for it. So Jeremiah-like I had to remain in the jungle of Jordan.

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

He often said, "I am not old." Nor was he, only in years. I have a new penny inscribed, "A tip from Dr. Clifford." We had been on a tour of meetings in Devon and Cornwall. Now and again I had insisted on carrying his bag. He often protested and did not like any suggestion that he was at all frail. When he arrived at Paddington Station he was very tired. After seeing him into the train for home, quite boy-like and with an unforgettable pretension of wealth he put a new penny in my hand—the tip. To leave him in that way was just a tonic till we meet again. Now he has left us with memories which are not only a tonic, but a challenging conscience to the end of the day.

VIII

PERSONAL EVANGELISM

No life of Dr. Clifford would be complete unless some reference were made to his efforts to call the Churches back to Personal Evangelism, which dominated his own ministry and particularly the last four years of his life. Mr. Gladstone wrote in his diary on his 80th birthday, "Still learning." When John Clifford reached that same year "it was not a case of learning some fundamental element of the Christian ministry, but rather the re-learning of a truth which not only had he gripped all his life," writes the Rev. Thos. Nightingale, Secretary of the Free Church Council, "but which gripped him with an intensity born of a matured experience and a growing passion for the souls of men. When, after all but seventy years of active Christian service, Dr. Clifford challenged the Free Churches, through the National Free Church Council, to a campaign for the revival of the sense of individual responsibility of Evangelism, he was crowning his life and work as he had begun it."

We have seen in this biography that as a converted lad he made it his mission with a few comrades to bring others to Christ and into the Church. "It was the Andrew method—the method of fetching one's brother to the Master," continues Mr. Nightingale. "It was the method of John Wesley, and of Bourne and Clowes, the founders of the Primitive Methodist Church. All these practised with success what they called 'conversational preaching.'" General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, said that within six hours of his conversion at a Nottingham Mission meeting he was going in and out of the houses in the back streets trying to persuade others to surrender to Jesus. The Master Himself might preach that Sermon on the Mount to the crowd, but in the Gospels He is always having heart-to-heart talks with individual men and women.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

When Clifford was a lad, there was less reticence about religion, and less timidity about the method of personal approach. The increasing complexity and speeding up of modern life, the multiplying distractions, the loss of simplicity, have concurred to increase shyness in the matter of personal talks to others, even of one's own "set," about religion. Dr. Clifford felt that the Churches themselves lost in depth and spiritual temperature by such reticence. Religion seemed more remote from life than it was when he first flung himself wholeheartedly into service. Himself a personal evangelist, it was natural for him to talk religion to men and women of all types—he "could no other." His personality, filled with the spirit, radiated evangelizing power. He was a "living Epistle." Speaking by his character and spirit as much as by his spoken messages, he held the view of that faithful and wise American Pastor, Dr. Theodore Cuyler, that "hand-picking" rather than "shaking the tree" is the most effective method for the ingathering of spiritual harvests.

Fortified by the wisdom of his more than eighty years, and upborne by the love and veneration of all the Churches, he issued his challenge, and it was taken up with results that have greatly enriched the Churches. None who heard him enforcing the appeal at meetings of the National Council Executive, and at public gatherings, but were alike ashamed and spurred by the heart-melting pathos of his speeches. This thing was laid upon his heart. It *was* his heart. It was the burden that had come to him from the Lord. It was a fire in his bones which he could not contain. He wrote articles, pamphlets, letters, attended conferences and committees. It is no exaggeration to say that but for the inspiration of his words and presence, this movement would not have been pressed with such diligence, nor would it ever have reached such a stage of success.

Then again, in spite of his infirmities he never lost an opportunity to address meetings on personal evangelism if it were at all possible. Long journeys were too tiring for his years and large audiences were too much, but he contented himself with small gatherings, preferably of ministers and church officers, and the extent to which he carried on this unostentatious work of inspiration in his later years will never be known.

An instance of his tirelessness in the cause of personal evangelism has just come to my notice. A minister's "recognition" was being held at Bedford, and Clifford, who was staying in the district, looked in unexpectedly. Naturally he was asked to speak, and he delivered a magnificent address of about 15 minutes' duration,

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

which he closed in a most dramatic and thrilling manner. Stretching forth his hands appealingly, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, in broken tones: "I want to address a word to you young people. I cannot see you—but I assume you are there—and I do implore you to accept My Saviour." Needless to say, everyone present was strangely moved, and the incident will never be forgotten.

It is almost impossible for anyone not intimately associated with the Doctor to realize how intensely he concentrated on the campaign. Even when suffering from dimmed vision and other disabilities of old age, he was usually one of the first at the meetings of the Committee. In the company of his daughter he would walk the mile to the station from his home with eager steps. He insisted on making the journey from Ealing to the Post Office alone, for no change was necessary, but a representative from the Memorial Hall would meet him at the City end. He would be patiently waiting on the steps looking in the direction of the passing traffic, his thoughts doubtless on the many problems of personal evangelism. And always it was the same welcome: "How good of you to meet me; but it is too bad to put you to all this trouble, especially when this campaign must mean so much extra work. It is really all the fault of my daughter Kate," this with a whimsical smile. "I could manage it quite easily, but she seems to think I can't look after myself after all these years!"

In committee he was ever eager for progress. No detail, however small and apparently trivial, escaped his attention, and he generally had a sheaf of suggestions for consideration. It was not only the main Committee which he attended; he was equally careful to put in an appearance at the several sub-committees of the campaign. It was as if he realized that he were engaged in a race against time, as indeed he was, and wished to compress into the days that remained to him as much of himself as he could.

His work, however, did not begin and end in committee. There were appeals to be made and much of this he personally attended to. At one time it was necessary to appeal for financial support. The letters in this connexion were written in the offices of the National Council, but they were all personally signed by the Doctor. "Put the letters before me," he would cheerfully say when his sight was at its worst, "bring me a pen and show me where to sign"; and as soon as this was done, with fleeting hand he would add his legible signature so rapidly that it was almost

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

impossible for the letters to be passed to him with sufficient speed. And in this way he signed hundreds of appeals which brought in sufficient money to finance the work for some considerable period.

The campaign entailed an almost overwhelming amount of correspondence. Letters by the thousand were received, not only from all parts of the British Empire, but from all corners of the earth. The majority were dealt with at the Memorial Hall, but a large proportion were sent to Dr. Clifford himself. His daily post-bag would have daunted many a younger man, but it was a cause of unspeakable delight to him, for it showed interest in his great campaign. To his daughter he dictated many replies, and when he had exhausted her time he would with his own hand complete his correspondence. He was never content with a mere acknowledgment. He would reply as fully as the circumstances demanded, and he always found time for a word of cheer and encouragement.

Every minister in the land heard from him through the post in one way or another. He fired hundreds of them with a yearning for souls, nor can we say whereunto his leadership will end. Every denomination began to set up its own evangelistic committee. Resolutions were passed, sermons were preached, books were written—and all in response to appeals from a man who had passed his eightieth year.

Forbidden by his doctor to attend the National Council Conference at Liverpool in March, 1922, where he was to have delivered an address, he sent a message that was Pauline in its outlook and its fervour. It was on "The Aims of Personal Evangelism." These he defined as: "To get men to Jesus Himself—to His mind, with its illuminating discoveries; to His heart, with its boundless love; to His will, with its quickening and uplifting strength; to His character, with its deathless charm and infinite beauty; to His story, with its inexhaustible suggestiveness; to His Cross, with its message of pardon and grace; to His throne, from which He rules the ages; to His indwelling spirit, by which He is with us even to the end of the world."

It was not a "Come to Church" campaign, but a "Come to Jesus," for if a man found Jesus he would find the Church that was worth finding, and would desire to be associated with those who had made a similar discovery and who were the possessors of a similar joy. It has been estimated that six out of every seven adults in this country never visit God's house for public worship. Eighty per cent. of the young people associated with the Churches' juvenile organizations are lost to those Churches. They had them

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

once. The Churches must not only arrest this declension, but go after those who have fallen away. To say they cannot be recovered is to cast a reflection upon the power of the Gospel and upon ourselves as Christ's servants. This, Dr. Clifford argued, was the only remedy, speaking merely from the Churches' point of view, for half-empty places of worship, despondent ministers and impoverished exchequers. His anxiety was lest the campaign should be switched off from face-to-face and heart-to-heart personal persuasion to the "shaking the tree" evangelism of organized missions, and he wanted the Churches to cultivate intensively their own spiritual life, to awaken to acute consciousness the Christian chivalry of their young people, and to convert every Church member into a personal evangelist.

Dr. Clifford did not undervalue "mass" evangelism. This serves its purpose, but it leaves many things to be desired, one being that of personal interest in other people. This personal interest was one of the main features of the primitive Apostolic Church to which he always went back for inspiration, guidance and authority. "Mass" evangelism has its place in the work of the Church, but it does not call into play the service of the individual Church member. It does not occur to the rank and file of Church members that this is any business of theirs; it is rather the business of the minister or the evangelist. He never tired of emphasizing the fact that it is a task imposed upon every member. What Clifford sought to do was to show personal responsibility. In addition to all this he felt that the old-fashioned evangelism that moved masses of people and shook them out of their sins by emotional appeals and threats of everlasting punishment had waned. He pleaded that for this day there was a gentler and more effective method of personal appeal. There are those still who will never be saved unless they are caught under the spell of a mighty, moving appeal, or visited by some terrible circumstance. Clifford never undervalued this, never spoke against it. But the chances of getting these people under such conditions are few and far between. He had little or no sympathy with the cruder methods of doing this kind of work. To go up to a man and say, "Are you on the way to heaven, or are you bound for hell?" is to offend good taste and good manners, and to defeat one's own end. That is the way not to do it. There is a "more excellent way." There must be set up some sympathetic bond which the tactful Christian can establish before dealing with so profound a matter as individual salvation.

In conclusion, let the readers of this section go with the writer (the Rev. Thos. Nightingale) to a small committee-room at the

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Memorial Hall. The sub-committee is discussing how this subject relates itself to the young in the Sunday Schools ; how teachers can use their unique opportunity in bringing their scholars to Jesus. At the close the President asks Dr. Clifford to close the meeting with prayer. He rises and pleads with God for the souls of men and the young people of the land. Never did prophet or priest in ancient times plead with greater earnestness than did this man of God. The tenderness of that prayer, the wooing note, the passion will never be forgotten by those present. He finishes and turns to his neighbour. I noticed tear-drops on the table over which he has bent in prayer. Turning to the President I said, " Those are his tears." He wept while he prayed. Those tears were never wiped away. They sank into the table. I often turn to where they fell, and thank God and take courage."

IX

THE BAPTIST WORLD

At the close of his ministry and of this account of its length and breadth it may not be inappropriate to take four glimpses, through the eyes of Rev. Dr. Whitley, who has written this section, of the Baptist world in relation to the life and work of John Clifford : at his birth in 1836, his entering on a London pastorate in 1858, his merging the New Connexion in 1891, and his office in the World Alliance, 1923. It was his lot to witness, and to influence, an expansion in numbers, a consolidation of forces, a direction of energy into wider fields, such as comes to few denominations.

I.—SAWLEY

On the death of a layman at Barton-in-the-Beans in 1836 it was mournfully asked :

Loved Goodman's gone ! Where shall we find
Another of so pure a mind,
So heavenly and benign ?

And a month or two later it was echoed from the grave of Dr. Newman of Stepney :

Whither shall we turn to find
On earth, on earth, a kindred mind ?

Little did these distrustful poets think that Sawley was even then answering their query.

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

This Derbyshire village was one of the early outposts of the New Connexion founded at Barton. Its first minister had lived on till 1816, remarkably enough spared till his eighty-seventh year ; Nathanael Pickering, who could tell how their meeting had been broken up in 1766 by a mob, when the curate was too drunk to be able to fasten him in the stocks. The mainstays of the cause in the village were the Parkinsons, for two or three generations. Joseph had lent two rooms in his house, and as they were on different floors he had taken away part of the upper floor and inserted a pulpit so that worshippers could meet on both levels at once. He also gave some ground, in which he was the first to be buried, and a meeting-house arose there by 1800. Other supporters who passed away in 1829 were Thomas Tunnicliff, a member from 1759, and William Tunnicliff, who had joined in 1773.

What sort of place was this Sawley, whose New Connexion people did good in the world for so many years ? It was a hamlet, as we have seen, on the Trent, which, in the days of Colonel Hutchinson, Baptist Governor of Nottingham, had a ferry which needed to be carefully guarded. The old part of Sawley remains much as it was eighty-seven years ago. But a newer village has grown alongside, and three thousand people in this with their power factories for lace, wire and hosiery have much overshadowed the primitive industries. Yet a little exploration will disclose a Baptist member in her ninetieth year, so that the combined influence of place and principles is strong as ever.

Within the New Connexion progress had been steady, and a reorganization was proceeding in 1836. As a whole, it maintained an Academy to train young ministers, a Foreign Mission in India, a Building Fund, a Magazine and Repository. It was emphatically one body with a strong sense of brotherliness, though it entrusted home rule to the Churches. One of the large circuits was still Castle Donington, where the custom was retained of a plurality of Elders, one of whom lived at Sawley.

For five years the New Connexion had been allowed to send delegates who might meet the Calvinistic Baptists at their annual meeting of the Baptist Union, though it is not clear that any actually attended, for the gulf was still deep. The *Baptist Magazine* informed its readers about America and Canada, Jamaica, Sierra Leone and the Continent ; it told about Congregationalists, Friends, Wesleyans, the Bishop of London ; it reviewed the lives of some Roman Catholic missionaries ; but the existence of the New Connexion can only be divined from a page or two of figures. If that clue were followed up, the Particular Baptist would find

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

that there was more than one Baptist Church in Derbyshire. He might wonder who were these thirteen thousand people, with a mission in Orissa. Who was this Cameron fighting a Baptist battle in Lincolnshire—was not Craps the champion there? Who was this Sutton daring to revise Carey's Oriya Bible almost before that hero was cold in his grave? Who was this Beardsall publishing temperance hymns in Manchester, where Gadsby was not ashamed to drink his beer? Who was this Pike preaching Socialism at Derby, and poaching on the preserves of that pious old Hall of Arnsby?

While ignorance like this still ruled in Britain, what was known of Baptists on the Continent in 1836? The Calvinists indeed had heard lately of some at Lausanne and Havre, the Welsh were wondering whether they ought to evangelize Brittany, seven people had just been baptized at Hamburg: that was all. And a Baptist Continental Society was just disbanding, hopeless as to future operations.

Four or five islands in the East and West Indies knew Baptist work; Burma was responding to American effort, for North America was indeed a stronghold, and the New Connexion had lately prompted its American cousin to start a new mission in India. The Southern Hemisphere had three handfuls of Baptists. No other country in the world knew anything of them when John Clifford was born.

II.—PADDINGTON

In 1858 the Sawley youth came to London to build up a West End church having a tangled history of twenty-six years. The staid old *Baptist Magazine* did not notice his advent, for Baptists in London and the Empire were rather concerned in other things. The great Sir Morton Peto, who, by laying a railway in the Crimea, had shortened that war, had built a chapel in Bloomsbury with two spires! He had bought the lease of a diorama in Park Square and converted it into a chapel where Landels was drawing 1,800 evening hearers. A mansion in Regent's Park itself had been adapted to house the students from Stepney, and distant lands were soon to profit by G. H. Rouse and Silas Mead. Moreover, the respectability of London Baptists was being compromised by an audacious youngster from Waterbeach, who had actually preached in the grand stand at Epsom. Baptists were shining in the glory of Henry Havelock, dying after his relief of Lucknow; and when someone remarked that "he was not a large or liberal-minded man; on the contrary, he was a sectarian of the Baptist



DR. JOHN CLIFFORD IN 1869

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

persuasion," then William Brock very publicly yet courteously repelled the innuendo; the Baptist persuasion defended its member's character and its own honour.

London had a strange assortment of Baptist ministers besides these. In the borough were James Wells and C. B. Banks; Steane and Millard were of other types. At the East End were Webb, Poole, Balfern, Stovel, Dickerson and John Howard Hinton, besides Pegg of the New Connexion. Samuel Green, Francis Tucker and Daniel Katterns were in the northern suburbs, John Andrews Jones a little nearer in. In lawyer-land, Woollacott and Baptist Noel were a fine contrast. Clifford's nearest neighbours were J. J. Owen and Jabez Burns of the parent Church at Marylebone. The latter had settled there in the year of Clifford's birth, and was nearly double the age of the new-comer, being assisted indeed by his son Dawson. He was a temperance man, student, author, evangelist, president of the Union in 1850, very sympathetic to this man fresh from the New Connexion College, and, like a true Scot, encouraging him to study.

Education in the Midlands had been elementary, supplemented by the denomination telling off one man to teach a dozen earnest young preachers everything he could. But London University, in whose foundation Baptists had taken an honourable share, offered the opportunity to study arts, law and science. To any friend of the Goadbys this was an obvious duty. Clifford had owned that it was the example of Thomas Goadby at Glasgow which fired him to think of the ministry and of a university; that he had worked alongside John Orissa at Chilwell; and that Joseph, the secretary, counselled him as to attending lectures in Gower Street while he was a pastor.

Where else had Baptist lamps been lit in the world since his birth? Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand were now taken seriously, as he afterwards saw for himself. China had thrown open some ports for intercourse, and four were occupied by Americans. They and the Canadians were evangelizing the Assamese and the Telugus. Three missions were on or near the Gold Coast of Africa. Over the American continent two growing nations found Baptists increasing in ratio faster than the general population, and organized far in advance of Britain. Nearer home, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, Switzerland, Rumania and Poland had at least some glimmering of new light. For anyone of eager expectancy and faith, the day of life held rich promise.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

III.—ENGLAND

Was the promise fulfilled in 1891 ?

Take the New Connexion, of which Clifford was indisputably the head. There were more than 28,000 members, knit together by the most brotherly ties. The Churches were of varied history : at Lincoln was one of the oldest in the country, known since 1620 ; in London, on Bethnal Green Road, was another dating from 1655 ; at Portsmouth the evangelicals from another ancient cause had drawn together and thrown in their lot with the New Connexion ; but Clifford was not fond of looking back. During his ministry this body had been constantly planting new Churches, as at Bacup, or finding old Churches swell so that they must needs divide, as when Sawley loosened the ties with Castle Donington. The remarkable feature was the strong corporate feeling, which had been continuous for a century and a half. There were thirteen departments for united work, and while some were young and not very influential, the Home Mission, the Foreign Mission, the Building Fund, the College and Education, the Trustees, the *Hymnal* and other publications, linked together all the Churches for united action of many kinds. There were some who valued this most highly, and feared that the cessation of the Connexional meetings would end such action. But there were two safeguards : in 1884 the Association had incorporated ; and what was even more to the point, the New Connexion was about to leaven the whole Baptist Union. This had grown up out of separate Churches, and did not undertake much which held them all together ; the local Association and the B.M.S. were the chief integrating agencies. Already the Union had met at N.C. centres like Leicester and Nottingham ; it had heard N.C. speakers like Underwood, Stevenson, Goadby, Wherry, Tetley, and even Mrs. Dawson Burns. But henceforward the whole momentum of the N.C. would be thrown into the Union, and its traditions would be enlarged upon. The Sustentation Fund of to-day is the spiritual successor of the Home Mission ; the Building Fund is an actual amalgamation ; Havelock Hall needed the ideas of a whole denomination supporting a college, of women rendering service, ideas brought over from the N.C. ; the *Baptist Church Hymnal*, of which the Union is one-third owner, owes its being directly to the *Baptist Hymnal* of the N.C. Perhaps the last step in this fructifying process was taken when the Incorporated Association amended its constitution, and opened its membership to any member of the Baptist Union Council who desired. The sole link with its earliest days appears now to be the venerable

THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF HIS MINISTRY

Joseph Fletcher, though from 1891 a few other members yet continue, such as those who then ministered at Loughborough and Measham.

IV—THE WORLD

And how does the Baptist family appear at Clifford's passing ?

For eighteen years John Clifford had been an honoured chief of the Baptist World Alliance. Five meetings had been held, at which representatives attended from every quarter of the globe. The downcast had been cheered, the indifferent had been attracted ; energies had been discovered and co-ordinated, hearts had been inspired. For all this, the centre of thought was London, and two of the moving spirits were Clifford's "dear boys" : Newton H. Marshall had brought back a close acquaintance with German brethren, and had piloted his father in God to unravel a tangle in Hungary ; J. H. Rushbrooke had won the confidence of America and Europe, and was acting as Baptist Commissioner for the continent. A greeting was cabled to the home at Ealing from Stockholm by a Congress of Baptists. It is well to call the roll by countries : Austria, Britain, Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Latvia, Lithuania, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Russia, Spain, Sweden and Yugo-Slavia : Assam, Burma, China, India and Japan ; Congo and South Africa ; Jamaica, Canada, and the mighty host from the United States, red, black and white, white from half the lands of Europe ; Argentine, Brazil and Chile ; Australia and New Zealand. Not half these lands had seen Baptist Churches when Clifford was born. His unique relation to this world-wide extension was marked in the Baptist Exhibition by the inclusion of his portrait alone of living men. Carey had urged his brethren to strengthen the stakes while he himself lengthened the cords : Clifford lifted up his eyes round about, and saw the peoples all gathering together and coming to the light. *Nunc dimittis.*

CHAPTER XIII

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

"Looking back upon my past, upon these sixty years spent in Jesus Christ's school, I see many lessons badly learned, many blunders, innumerable faults, yet, scientifically interpreting the whole of that past; I say with the full assurance of understanding that all that there is in me, and has been in me, throughout these years, of any good, is due to Jesus Christ. . . . Whatsoever of value there has been in my life is due entirely to Him, whatsoever of service I have been able to perform for my generation owes all its inspirations, all its strength, to His indwelling. All the conceptions I have formed of God, the answers I am able to give for myself as to what is religion, human duty, human destiny, all that man may hope for, I get from Him Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—DR. CLIFFORD.

"My life is not an apology, but a life."—Underlined by DR. CLIFFORD in Emerson's "Essay on Self-Reliance."

I

HIS emancipation, as he spoke of his retirement in 1915 from his long pastorate, set him free to serve all the Churches, and the Brotherhood Movement. We can follow his movements and interests through letters and diaries, which now become more interesting. The Rev. W. Bainbridge recalls how he saw him hurrying to one of Lord Balfour's meetings, and he spoke with almost child-like glee of his freedom and of the delight he had in anticipating preaching once again in his native village chapel at Sawley. After the visit he wrote again, returning thanks for a photograph of his old home: "Sacred and tender beyond words are the memories of its heroic occupants seventy-nine years ago. I had a rare day at Sawley yesterday. I visited the bridge across the Trent, to look once more at the spot where my mother was baptized. The school-room where I was introduced to the mysteries of the alphabet, and the road which runs by the side of the ground on which stood the house of my grandmother Stenson and which leads to the 'Croft' over which you pass to 'Number nine.' The house, alas! is gone, and so are the apple trees and currant and goose berry bushes, the plum trees, etc., which were my delight in my boyhood, and the space is covered with new houses. I roamed hither and thither, seeing and thinking, re-peopling the new world with the

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

old, investing the present with its 'rawness and recency' in the attire of the quiet and saintly dwellers of the past. It was a great delight to see so many old friends and to hear their voices, and scarcely less to see so many whose voices I could not hear, but whose reality was not less than that of those who could be seen and heard."

But the years were telling upon him. "I am worked far beyond my strength. I want to live a little longer," he records on his return home. "The times are crowded with interest. The combat makes life keenly and absorbingly rich in problems asking for solution." A few months later he wrote to Mr. R. Mudie Smith, whose continued ill-health had made him anxious: "The years that bring 'the philosophic mind' do not carry in them the guerdon of increasing bodily strength; but the 'philosophic mind' recognizes the unimpeachable wisdom of the plan of God, which limits our stay in weakening and painful physical condition and transfers our life to other and higher states, where that life surely has a set of organs and instruments better suited to its deeper experiences and nobler achievements. At least, so I strive to think, and in the thought find some solace for the losses which the revolving months occasion."

Mr. Mudie Smith sent him some quotations from John Wesley on old age, and he replied:

MY DEARLY BELOVED MUDIE,

I have read your delightful letter again and again. Its quotations from John Wesley refreshed my spirit and sent me to his marvellous records once more; and I have again read on and on to the end. It is instructive to see the brave soul noting the slow advances of old age, marking the signs they made and retaining his zest in life and in his special work to the end. My experience bids me register the proofs of the wearing down of the machine, for they are more and more arresting. Sight becomes less clear and hearing more dull: but the joy of mental movement is as full and exalting as ever, and the perfect calm and deepening serenity of the unquestioning faith in the Eternal Father were never so gratefully felt as now. Then, I am so rich in *friends*, in their regard, and even their love, that my heart overflows with thankfulness to God for them—and not least for *you*, my dear Mudie! With repeated thanks for your most welcome epistle and its gracious contents,—I am, affectionately yours, J. CLIFFORD.

For his eager mind and sense of mission, emancipation proved to be but another name for work.

To Mr. John Colebrook:

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

. . . Often have you been in my thoughts as I have wandered about in the Midlands, revisiting some of the spots you know. My

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

time has been fully occupied. I recollect telling you that I had less leisure than when I had to carry the responsibilities of the pastorate; and it is true still. I have not yet had a free day. For some time I had been promising work when the day of emancipation arrived. Now I have to carry them out. Besides, I have made literary promises which are still to be fulfilled. But enough about myself. I am keeping—this I ought to add—in fair health. Teggie is better. Yesterday she spent about three hours in her Summer Palace, King Sol shining upon her in all his radiant glory. She still orders me about and gives me tasks as if I were about *eight*; and, indeed, I am happy to be, as I have been nearly fifty-four years—most blissful years—her “big boy.” She has been specially happy just lately. . . .

You have seen the story of Campbell’s secession to the Anglican Church. He is an old friend of mine, and I am a still older friend of the City Temple Church, and so I am asked to preside at the farewell meeting on Thursday night next. The Churches are not at rest. No Church is satisfied with itself. In that there is promise. The war is compelling men to think about the things that really count.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

II

In November he eagerly accepted an invitation to distribute the prizes at Bethany School, Goudhurst. He merrily set out on his journey and spoke with youthful vivacity in addressing the scholars.

Remarking that old people like himself were always very much interested in young people, he went on to describe the emotion of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone, when, as a little boy, he received a present of a book from Mrs. Hannah More, who, then a very elderly lady, remarked to him as she made the presentation, “I give this book to you because you are just coming into the world and I am just going out.” When recently reading Mr. A. C. Benson’s book, “The Thread of Gold,” he had been reminded of the circumstances of that day. Mr. Benson said how impressed he had been at family worship with the reading of the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis, than which the author thought there was nothing more beautiful in literature. The Bible scene depicted old Jacob, 130 years of age, sick and feeble, blessing the two lads Ephraim and Manasseh. Jacob, leaving life, made a great effort to enrich and equip those two lads who were going forth into the world. That, said Dr. Clifford, was the mission which men like he had when they looked upon a gathering so interesting and suggestive as the one he saw before him that day.

He had lived a long life, gone through a great many conflicts, and seen a great deal of life’s joy and happiness, and he beheld

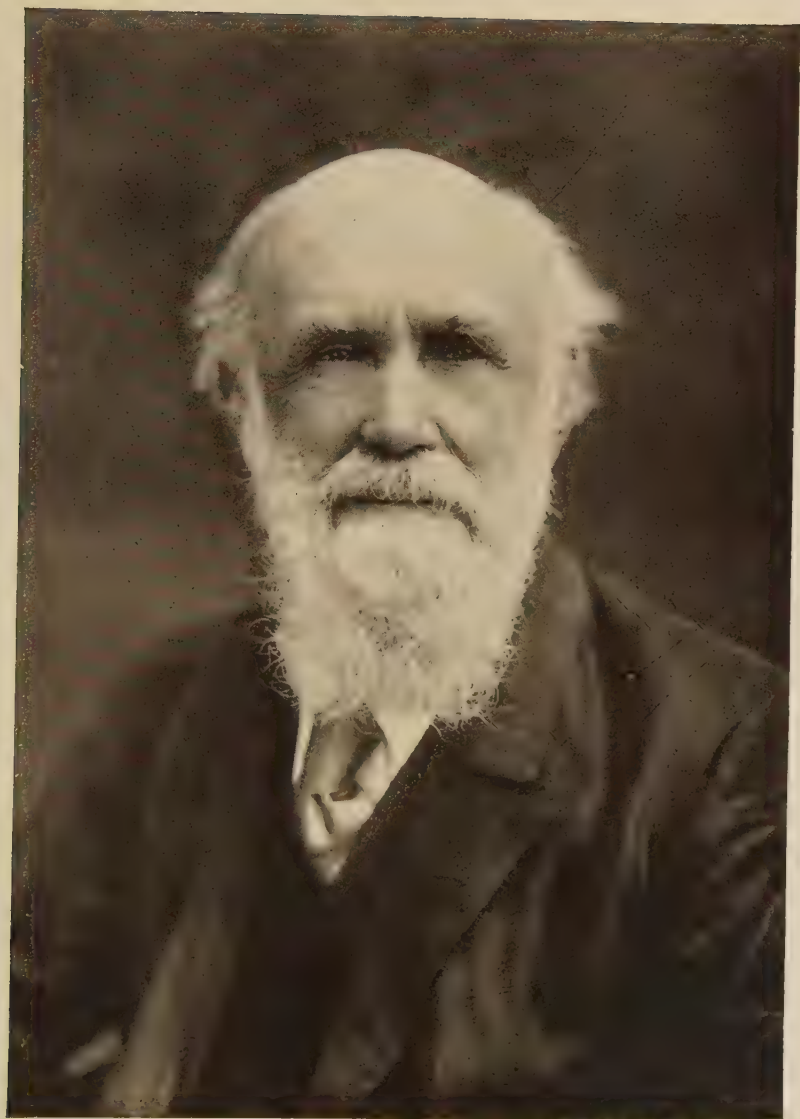


Photo: Walter Stoneman.

DR. JOHN CLIFFORD IN 1916

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

them as they were approaching this particular time, eager, anxious to know what was about to take place, with high ideals concerning their future, and desirous of preparing themselves for taking their right and true place in the development of the life of the world. He could almost wish it were possible for him to make a new start, and to join that school. Life had been so good to him ; there had been in it so much of supreme enjoyment that he could wish he were beginning instead of ending it, but he would wish to do so like Oliver Wendell Holmes, who desired to experience again the pleasures of youth, with the added benefit of all the treasures accumulated throughout life.

Very much depended upon what they dreamed they would be, what they thought they ought to be—on their ideals, in fact. President Garfield, when a lad of fifteen or sixteen, was one day in a haymaking field, and one of his companions said to him : “ I suppose, Garfield, you mean to be a minister, don’t you ? ” Garfield, who was a studious lad, very much given to reading and thinking, replied : “ I mean to make myself a man first, and then determine what I will do with my manhood afterwards.” That was the purpose he had formed himself—his own ideal.

They should always make a practice of studying the best examples—try to get into touch with the men who had lived noble lives, the heroes, the prophets, the leaders of mankind. They should make a point of inquiring by what means such men had strengthened themselves for the services they rendered. Mr. Harold Begbie some time ago had an interview with Mr. Lloyd George, in the days when the latter was Chancellor of the Exchequer—not Minister of Munitions—and he relates the talk he had with him. “ I can remember so clearly, so very clearly,” said the Chancellor in one of his conversations, “ that it was always—not once or twice, not occasionally, but always—a struggle for my mother at the end of the week. The last sixpence of every week was a coin of destiny. My mind was impressed at the time by the terrible importance every week of the last sixpence, and it is still impressed on the memory ; it is the strongest impression of my childhood.” “ Sometimes,” Mr. Begbie said, “ you must be struck by the romance of your career. Once a little boy whose mother had to watch the last sixpence, and now Chancellor of the Exchequer in the greatest empire of the world.” He shook his head, “ No, I assure you,” he answered, “ the business of life is too severe for dreams of that kind. One is always thinking ahead, never behind.” That he himself had tried to do. He never had time to look back.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

III

The position of the Conscientious Objector during the Great War often distressed Clifford. In the spring of 1916 he accepted an urgent request to address a mass meeting on the subject of Conscription. Mr. Allen introduced him as one whose fight for liberty of conscience in the past had probably exceeded that of any other man in this country.

Speaking with great vigour, he said : " It is a great source of pleasure to me to be present at such a large gathering of young men. I seem myself to be one of you. According to the almanac I am exceedingly old, but in my ideas and ideals, and in my blood, I still feel young. When I stand in the presence of this kind of gathering I find that, instead of my years appearing to increase, I experience an access of juvenility. It is a great joy to me to listen to the messages which were read out at the commencement of this meeting and to note the courageous way in which the men are facing the present emergency and are determined to endure and to suffer whatever it may cost, in order that they may be faithful to their convictions.

He went on to say : " I believe I was born a fighter. Certainly my father was a fighter before me, because he was a good Chartist, and he brought up his son in the way he should go. If there was any difference between my mother and my father it was that my mother was a much more logical and thorough-going reformer than my father. Born in such an atmosphere, it is not surprising I have been throughout my long career a fighter on behalf of freedom and liberty. Without liberty it is impossible for a nation to be great. Brought up without it a people cannot progress from hope to hope, and from victory to victory, either of a moral or religious nature. Freedom is the breath of a nation's life, and it is only as freedom is granted that it is possible for us to face our difficulties and master them, to understand our problems and find the true solution of them. And of all the liberties we should fight for there is no liberty so great and so absolutely essential as liberty of conscience."

IV

Let us read here and there from his diaries to follow his movements and note his readings and reflections on his own way of life and on men and events :—

Thursday, January 4th, 1917.—Read " The Student in Arms," Donald Hankey. The painting of the " Beloved Captain " is one of the finest pictures of Christian valour and leadership I have read

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

for many a day ; it is the sketch of a great soul—great in its aims and in its temper, in its insight and tact, in its humility and nobleness. If I were asked for advice by a student for the ministry I would say, read “The Beloved Captain” and go and *be* likewise.

Friday, January 5th, 1917.—Next it will be a fine tonic to read “The Religion of the Inarticulate.” From it we see the immeasurable mischief the Church has done in preaching Christianity as though it were primarily an affair of the intellect, of believing in words and in dogmas instead of showing how the unselfishness of men linked with the equality of Christ Jesus.

His lifelong interest in total abstinence quickened during the war, but he was rigidly against State purchase. He joined a deputation to the Prime Minister upon the proposal.

Thursday, April 5th, 1917.—Deputation on drink to Lloyd George. It was a most unfortunate gathering. Somebody had arranged that a State-purchase deputation should be heard at the same time as the U.K.A. and other anti-State purchase deputations. It was cleverly arranged that Leif Jones should speak first and the Strength of Britain movement followed, then came Sir Thomas Whittaker and two other speakers. Lloyd George said it was better that we should hear one another, as though, forsooth, we were strangers. It gave him the chance of pushing his State-purchase scheme. I have been on many deputations, many of them not very satisfactory ; but this the least satisfactory of all—it is a new method, and though it enables the Minister to score, it does not advance any cause but the one he wishes to advance.

April also brought the death of his oldest friend and able comrade, Mr. John Colebrook, to whom he wrote many intimate letters, some of which appear in this volume. To his widow he wrote :—

To Mrs. Colebrook.

. . . . I scarcely know how to write to you in this hour of sorrow. My wife and I deeply sympathize with you and share the burden you have to carry, and I shrink from saying what I feel in the loss of the dearest friend I had on earth, outside the circle of my own family, lest I should add to your grief.

The letter so kindly sent on the 26th by Miss Bourne had prepared us somewhat for the blow ; but now it falls, and I feel I shall not see my dear friend again on earth, nor hear from him ; my heart is overwhelmed. He was very precious to me. I recall him as we first met at Leicester and fell in love with one another in that interview at the College. At once he cast his spell over me. His fine qualities compelled my admiration and we became one in spirit, in aim, in hope and

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

in endeavour ; and through all the intervening years—and I am thankful they were so many—we have never failed in allegiance to the high hopes and experiences of those first days. What a precious treasure we have in the recollections of his worth, of his openness of mind, eager search for truth, unswerving loyalty to the right, keen and deep interest in mankind, enthusiasm for humanity and for the development of all that is best and noblest in it ! How intensely he cared for and sought out the things of the Spirit ; and how free he was from all that was lacking in greatness of soul and sublimity of ideal ! I give God thanks for him and for all that he has been to me for more than sixty years. Life has been wonderfully enriched by the long fellowship we have had together. Through what may remain of the allotted span of existence here, my dear friend will abide a bright and shining star in the sky of my life.

And I trust you will be sustained in your separation by the memory of the many happy years you have spent together. How he loved his “ Kate ” ! How proud he was of you ! He is still yours by

“ An ownership
Nor time nor death can free ;
For God hath given to *Love* to keep
Its own eternally.”

For him all is well. He has passed into that other world and to that larger life which is the interpretation and perfecting of this. May the gracious God sustain and comfort you, is the prayer in which we all join.

I should much wish to attend the funeral, if I possibly could. I am at Bristol for Saturday and Sunday and Monday. I might get free on Monday if that were the day chosen ; but do not permit my arrangements to add in the least to your anxieties.

With sincere affection, I am, as long as life is continued to us,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

He lost no opportunity to promote Brotherhood claims or sound its praises. He went to Staines in 1917 to support Sir Edward Clarke in the chair at a Brotherhood gathering. He records his impressions and conversation with Sir Edward.

Friday, July 27th.—Sir Edward Clarke presided at a Brotherhood meeting at Staines. I heard that he had spoken against Brotherhood until Judge Bailhache came to speak at a Staines meeting and he was asked to preside. He was so pleased with the tone, spirit and aims of Brotherhood that he became a warm and enthusiastic supporter. He again presided at Ward’s Meeting for relief fund and commended it. He spoke also with me at a London Federation Meeting, and he took the Chair yesterday. This is a great gain. He is a distinguished lawyer, a devoted Anglican

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

fighting for Protestantism, an Erastian, and a Tory. His advocacy of the movement will mean death to some prejudices.

I must really carry myself as an old man—or else why do men talk at once about *old age* when they meet me? Sir Edward is seventy-five and he was garrulous about old age. He said Lord Halsbury, who is ninety-three, was talking about his age and regretting his deafness. He did not hear certain peers when they spoke, and when you wished to answer them it was necessary to know what they had said. Halsbury is alert and mentally as strong as ever. Sir Edward told of the beautiful church he has built at Staines, and said it was nearly finished; it was built by a Committee of *one*. I said that would be like Spurgeon, who said he preferred a Committee of three and two of them in bed. That reminded Sir Edward of Lord Westbury. Somebody complained of the Committee of three of which he was President. Westbury said, "It is an excellent council; a most excellent council; Judge so-and-so is deaf and hears nothing; judge so-and-so is stupid, and I give the decision. An excellent council." I asked Sir Edward about the clergyman who was the vicar of ———. Sir Edward said he had gone over to the Church of Rome and for nine months he had held the living whilst he was considering entrance into the Roman Church. "Did any other go with him?" "So far as I know only two persons."

V

Dr. Clifford's only recreation was walking, which he kept up to the last, reading whenever he rested.

Wednesday, September 19th.—Walked through the wet to Harrow-on-the-Hill for the first time and found it a long and wholly uninteresting pilgrimage in itself. The descent into Perivale is familiar. There the road runs by the side of the Brent to Greenford and across it, through slush and rain towards Greenford Church, Holy Cross. Here I rested and read with warm approval a letter of Arnold Bennett's on America and the influence it will exert in fixing the terms of peace. America is leading the world. We have lost the ethical and spiritual primacy, and it has passed to the Puritan Commonwealth of the U.S.A. With all its faults it has been more faithful to the Puritan ideals, and that fidelity gives them power and authority to-day. It has little of the oligarchical interests that we have here.

Then I trudged on to Sudbury Hill and Sudbury Town. Resting at the former for a read of Wordsworth's Patriotic poems. Every fresh glimpse I get of the soul of Wordsworth the more I

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

admire and love. He is great, immeasurable. No singer of our day has his voice, insight, strength of soul. He saw into the heart of things, of nature, and of men. Lunched at Harrow, visited the schools and Church, then back to Harrow Station and home.

Monday, September 24th.—Rode to Uxbridge, then walked to Denham, from Denham to Harefield and to Rickmansworth, and then home by tram. Walked about eight miles in lovely sunshine and calm. The views around Harefield rich in interest, etc.

A day of communion with God in and through Nature.

Found help in Wordsworth's poems; to him Nature was the mirror of God, the vesture of the Eternal Life and Power, the minister of healing to the souls of men.

Rested at Denham and at Rickmansworth for a read of Bradley on "Poetry for Poetry's Sake"—a treatise in a few pages and all full of suggestion of difficulties calling for further and clearer treatment. In the main an excellent treatise on poetry and on the poem. His claims for poetry are high but just.

Tuesday, September 25th.—Uxbridge, then to Iver Heath, and through woods and forests, wide shielding and deep. Lumber was being cut for the war by Canadian soldiers, and sent off to the front. The road is high, and here and there fine views of country are seen through the woods. Next to George Green, and on to Langley New Town and Slough, then home.

October 10th.—Roamed in Pittshanger Park. How far we should go in effectiveness and how deep would be our peace if only we were purged of self! It was Cromwell's saying that no man goes so far as the man who does not know where he is going.

VI

The association of Mr. Lloyd George with leading Conservatives had given rise to a good deal of anxiety in certain sections of Nonconformity. And the Prime Minister invited the leaders to breakfast in order to explain his position and to talk matters over.

Friday, October 26th, 1917.—Prime Minister's breakfast, 9 a.m., in order to revive a waning confidence. Free Churchmen trust him, but are afraid of the influence of Curzon and Carson and Milner, and they attribute to their presence L.G.'s surrender on the matter of Cons. and his acceptance of the Scheme of Purchase

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

of the Liquor Trade. L.G. was keen and bright and, as usual, a master of strategy. He first of all reminded us that the room that we were in was where William Pitt drank three bottles of wine, and that it had never had so many Nonconformists in it before. He insisted that the majority of the War Council was Nonconformist, and he eulogized the service of Nonconformists in the war at great length. Then he spoke of the "spiritual appeal" of the war, asserted that the coming in of the U.S.A. would mean more in Peace than in War, and that it should be regarded rather as a moral than a military fact since it seeks nothing but the realization of the highest ideals. His next point was to show that more and more the burden of the war was falling upon Great Britain's shoulders. France was war-weary, has made greater sacrifices; lost a million and a half by death; but it is true to its ideals, and our policy will be to stand by France. He is very genial, bright, energetic and kindly. Sat on his right hand and discussed (1) The C.O.s. He was very strong in his opposition to Absolutists, and did not appear to realize the gravity of the bad faith of the Government in not giving exemption according to the Act. I pointed out that the Absolutists were few compared to the many who had not obtained exemption and yet could have offered reliable and worthy evidence of their sincerity. (2) The Education Bill, he said, was not dropped; it is necessarily postponed. (3) On the drink question he was not to be moved. (4) He appealed to us to hold up the moral ideals of the war.

I should think there would be a hundred present—all of them being leaders in the different cities and towns.

Mr. R. C. Hawkin, a former resident in S. Africa, who knew Cecil Rhodes, was interested in the organizing of an International Conference of the Churches at Geneva, and asked Dr. Clifford to meet him.

Thursday, November 8th, 1917.—Lunched with R. C. Hawkin. He is very anxious that the suggested International Conference of Churches should meet at Geneva or Basle, and not at Upsala or Stockholm. . . . He had much to say on the peace of Westphalia—on the difficulty of meeting and the way in which they met and mastered the difficulty.

Mr. Hawkin knows much of Africa's history. He told me that Cecil Rhodes was determined to get his railway from end to end: saw Lord Cromer, but he would not move; then saw the Kaiser and offered to get him Mesopotamia and the way to Bagdad if

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

he would help him with his railway in Africa. That led to the Kaiser holding off during the Boer War—and has led up to the War of to-day.

He was invited by the Hellenic League to meet Venizelos at the Mansion House welcome. It will be remembered that Balfour, in a famous pamphlet, declared that he did not like Clifford's style of speech. Clifford returns the compliment.

Friday, November 16th.—Heard Venizelos at the Mansion House. Balfour spoke in what, so far as my experience goes, was his usual fashion; broken-backed sentences in abundance. On them he performs with painful deliberation a surgical operation, and sends them forth to the reporters in a state of repair. His thought is good. He says the right thing. His introduction of V. and his welcome were both well thought out and warmly appreciated, V. rising and bowing to the audience after each eulogistic sentence, with a captivating smile. Lord Curzon is an orator. His sentences were well phrased and came from him with ease, and, here and there, with appropriate energy. Churchill spoke without any notes and with more ease than I have heard him before. V. read his address, apologizing for his English. He said the British Empire is the grandest creation of political life in the world.

VII

Now he takes an autumn ramble and reflects upon after-war problems.

Friday, November 23rd.—One of the loveliest mornings November has given us, and it is only one of several. A gentle breeze blowing with something bracing in its impact. The sun is shining brightly and the earth invites companionship. Rode out to Southall and walked along the canal to Hayes Station. There met the war scenes. They were new to me. The road over the bridge near the station was more crowded than Cheapside, for the middle of it was as full of young women and young men as the sides. They were workers at the munition and other factories close by. They were merry as the morning; full of chatter and radiant with brightness. I lingered for nearly the whole of an hour watching their movements. The girls were looking intently in the drapers' windows and at the show of chocolates and at the greengrocers'. They were eating apples, and the thought of care was not known. I went into the Anglican church and found fifteen or sixteen people, all women, and a curate; but the women were not munition workers. The Y.W.C.A. and the Church Army have huts for

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

the munition workers to rest in. What will be the vocation of these workers after the peace-bells ring? How shall we find a way out for them into life? What will be the effect on the manhood and womanhood of the future by these conditions of life? Walked from Hayes Station on through the country to Hayes Town and then home.

And he loses "Peter."

Thursday, December 7th.—Dear Peter died, died in a hand of love, for Edith was holding him, and suddenly he passed away. He had been out of condition for two months, but was just regaining his ministry of song, and only a little while before he left us, his voice, though feeble, was as sweet and pleasing as ever—I would not have believed it possible to become so attached to a dear little singing bird as I was to Peter.

(One day one of his "boys" directed his attention to this canary in its cage and asked him how, with his love of freedom, he could tolerate it. "Oh!" he replied, "I took care to find out whether it had ever enjoyed liberty before I accepted it.")

He always seized the opportunity to keep in touch with old friends; and wrote to Mr. Thomas Burt on his birthday, to which he replied:—

From Mr. Thomas Burt.

20, BURDEN TERRACE,
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
Dec. 19th, 1917.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

No birthday greeting that I received has given me more pleasure than that from your dear self. Heartily do I reciprocate your affection and your good wishes. I hope you keep well. From time to time I see evidence in your letters to the Press of your vitality and of your continued keen interest in liberty, conscience and the higher law. Watchfulness is needed lest we become Prussianized in these trying times.

For the third winter in succession I have been laid up in my bedroom, mostly in bed, with sharp attacks of bronchitis and asthma. I thought I was going to escape this year, but a fortnight ago I ventured out on a cold morning, and here I am again in my bedroom.

But I think it won't be long till I get about again. With all my heresies and negations I cling to Browning's exhortation, which I give from memory:

"Hold on,

Hope hard in the subtle thing that's spirit."

With every good wish, I am yours affectionately,

THO. BURT.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

VIII

He still follows his habit of going to hear leading preachers whenever he is himself disengaged. Dr. Fort Newton was conducting the Thursday morning services started by Dr. Joseph Parker, and continued by Dr. R. J. Campbell. The following Sunday Prof. Cairns was preaching and on the Tuesday Bishop Henson, with whom he talks on Reunion.

Thursday, December 27th.—Heard Dr. Fort Newton, City Temple, for the first time. He is able, earnest and effective. He is emancipated. He is all enthusiasms, but strongly restrained, determined to hold himself in though once or twice on the point of letting himself go. He makes the hearts of his hearers vibrate with his paradoxes. I was keenly interested in his discourse. It was on "The Fifth Gospel," from the Book of Revelation, which is the book of the eternal Christ, present in history. It was a most sane and inspiring, practical and enlightening sermon—I wish the men and women who go crazed on the "Second Coming" and look through the Book for dates, etc., could hear it. A man, he said, met Emerson one day in alarm and said, "Do you know the world is coming to an end and all of us will be burnt up?" "Never mind," said Emerson, "we shall be able to get on without it."

Sunday, April 7th, 1918.—Heard Prof. Cairns at Westminster Chapel on the Hebrew prophets' solution of the problem of God and the War. An admirable piece of exposition, suited to alleviate the troubles of the time. Not more than three hundred people present—so swiftly does the change come after Dr. Morgan's departure. He is there next Sunday, and Dr. Jowett is expected at the end of the month. It is most urgent that he should come.

(Dr. Clifford had signed the joint letter sent to Dr. Jowett urging him to return to England from America.)

Tuesday, April 16th, 1918.—Heard Dr. Henson, Bishop of Durham. Rich in comfort and stimulus. Chatted with him on Durham. He spoke with warm appreciation of the Durham miners. He thought Lightfoot had left a richer influence on the miners than Westcott, owing to the fact that, like Temple, he was able to speak with strong moral fervour, but said both made mistakes in their appointments owing to their favouring younger men for them. Dr. Henson was most cordial and is clearly anxious to forward unity of spirit between Anglican and Free Churches.

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

His entry for Armistice Day is very characteristic. He rejoices, but at once his forward-looking mind sees a greater fight for lasting peace.

Monday, November 11th, 1918.—The great day of God's creation. Armistice signed at 11 o'clock. The War ends and now the difficulty of settling terms of peace and reshaping the order of the world confronts us. Never did good men and women more need to fight.

He took part in the Thanksgiving Services held in the Albert Hall for the Free Churches. He had been amongst those who had remarked that the Free Churches, even on this greatest national occasion, were excluded from the Abbey National Thanksgiving Services, and he rejoiced that the King and Queen attended the Free Church Services.

Saturday, November 16th.—Thanksgiving Service of the Free Churches in the Albert Hall. King and Queen present. It was a great and most impressive gathering. It is the beginning of a new day in the relations of the State to "Dissent." It is the lifting to a slight extent of the social stigma. Of course it will not go far, but so far as it goes it is in the direction of greater freedom in religious thought and life, and may be regarded as a movement toward reality. The Free Churches are glad; but they must not forget that their strength is in their inward simplicity and faith.

Here are his impressions of Mr. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, whom he met.

Wednesday, December 4th.—Met Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister to the Commonwealth of Australia. He is very deaf and speaks, as deaf people, with a loud voice. He has a keen and alert mind; wide and full knowledge of Australia; real interest in the future of the Commonwealth. His trust seems to be in a compulsorily trained population. Drill is enforced on adolescents, and for some years afterwards. His recollections of his early years at the Welsh Church, Eldon Street, not very clear. He is a strong man, but . . .

Dr. Clifford rejoiced that Dr. Jowett had returned home, and he visited him at his house, when Dr. Jowett had a number of American editors to dinner.

Saturday, December 14th, 1918.—7.30. Dr. Jowett to meet American editors. Most exhilarating nonsense talked over the meal. From stories of parrots and others they were led on to stories of ministers and their strange experiences. Then to Billy Sunday. In the judgment of the Americans everything should be done to prevent his coming to England. In this, Dr. Jowett, Gray,

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Mackenzie and Moody and Morrison agreed. I had a very interesting talk with Mackenzie on the right way to go to work for the formation of the League of Nations, and we all chatted concerning the retention and deepening of the friendship between England and America. It was a most refreshing evening. Dr. Stuart Holden and Sir Albert Spicer, as well as the above, were present.

IX

The diary is unusually blank for the end of 1918, and the beginning of 1919, but the anniversary of his wedding never passes without its record.

Tuesday, January 14th, 1919.—W.P.C. Our wedding day. Fifty-seven years God has graciously led and upheld us *together*. Mother is weaker than a year ago ; but still patient and heroic in her sufferings. She has suffered for more than seven years.

He follows up his meeting with M. Venizelos by meeting the Hellenic Ambassador at lunch.

Thursday, January 30th.—Lunched, on the invitation of Mr. William Hill (formerly editor of *The Tribune*), with His Excellency M. Caclemenos—Hellenic Minister at the Court of St. James's—and Chueto Vadilakak, member of the Greek Parliament. His Excellency has been in Petrograd and knows the Russian condition thoroughly : he has no confidence in the Bolsheviks, argues that their policy will come to ruin, if the bourgeoisie can be wiped out as the Bolsheviks wish. The Greek M.P. has an intense hatred of the Turk and of Turkish rule. Both are looking into the future with hope—Greeks are an adventurous people.

A reminiscence of J. L. Garvin.

Tuesday, March 25th.—Met Alfred Perceval Graves at N.E.A. He told me he was the author of "Father O'Flynn," etc., and knew J. L. Garvin well ; described Garvin's career and spoke of the effect wrought upon him by the loss of his son and his wife, as revolutionizing his thinking and his view of life.

American visitors talk with him on Prohibition and how it had become law.

Thursday, August 14th.—Miss Levine of Chicago, Miss Balcombe of Philadelphia, and Miss Wintinger of B., called with letters from Dr. Anderson of Chicago, and Mrs. Baynton and Mr. Gurney. Had a long and informing chat on conditions of life in C. and the States generally. (1) Prohibition is sure to stay. (2) It was prepared for by the competent education on alcohol in the



Photo: G. & R. Lavis, Eastbourne.

MRS. JOHN CLIFFORD

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

State schools. Miss Levine said a teacher was fined twenty-five dollars if she failed to impart such teaching. (3) Churches worked enthusiastically for Prohibition. (4) The Negro question was more a labour question—a question of economics—than of colour.

X

And now we reach the greatest loss he experienced in his life. His beloved Teggie is stricken unto death.

Wednesday, August 20th, 1919.—The precious mother much worse. The doctor and Edith think she has another seizure. She is in a state of coma.

Saturday, August 23rd.—The dear darling entered the heavenly Home a little after two o'clock this morning. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord! The most precious gift God in His wonderful mercy has given me, next to his own Son! For fifty-seven years and a half we have lived one life, one in love, in devotion to the Church of Christ, one in faith and in hope, and shall be one in the heaven of the Great Beyond. Since February 27th, 1860, we have been *one*, wholly one, inseparably one; and though her dear body lies still in the next room, her face lovely in the calm of death, yet our unity is real and abiding—fifty-seven years and a half of ever-increasing love and trust and joy.

Monday, August 25th.—Scores of letters, breathing sympathy and expressing warmest appreciation of the great ministry of my beloved. What service she has rendered to the young men and maidens in the years gone by. She is called by them a “true mother in Israel.”

Tuesday, August 26th.—Letters of affection and sympathy from all quarters. . . . The whole church and many outside it join in warmest appreciation of the charm and usefulness of Mother.

Wednesday, August 27th.—More letters and telegrams from friends of all ranks, from Mr. David Lloyd George, Asquith, and other M.P.s. Deans Welldon and Moore Ede and other clergy, and from the dear “boys” she welcomed to our home in far off days, such as Vick and Julian, and Rushbrooke and J. J. Stevenson, and many others, from lonely souls that found in her a “mother in Israel” true as steel and tender to them as to her own children and from nearer relatives—like Eady and Annie and Lizzie and Martha and Sam. What measureless love she inspired!

Thursday, August 28th.—An indescribable day! I have looked for the last time on that dear and lovely face, which from the first time I beheld in Praed Street Chapel 60 years ago, was

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

as that of an angel of God and has been through all these years a delight to my eyes, and a revelation of a soul that has won my deepest admiration and homage. Ah! how good God has been to me in the bestowal of so precious a gift so unutterably precious. She has shared all my sorrows and sanctified them; all my joys and increased them, possessed my ever-increasing confidence and encouraged my best aspirations; been a sure refuge in the day of defeat and trouble and a fountain of courage in the time of battle, and her ever-wakeful vigilance has kept me alive, and lengthened my years, and, I fear, shortened her own. I shall not see that face again, but she herself is inseparable from me. We are one—nay, I have often said, she is the larger and better part of me, and now she is saying within me “O man, greatly beloved, fear not; peace be unto thee, be strong, yea, be strong”: Oh, my God, by Thy Grace I will, though I shrink at the thought that I cannot see thy dear face and hear the quickening voice as of old.

Later.—The funeral service is over. It was charged with reverent emotion. Gratitude was its chief note and triumphant assurance was its second characteristic. As I looked into the grave and read the words “Rebecca Clifford,” it seemed that the inspired message stood out in letters of brilliant light, “Absent from the body, She is not here. She is risen and is for ever with the Lord.”

The attendance was very large and the throb of sympathy was felt by the crowd.

Saturday, August 30th.—Visited the grave at Kensal Green. Still the word of the Master is heard, “She is risen”; but the spot is holy which contains the attenuated but precious body in which the spirit dwelt for so long and through which her soul manifested its divine qualities.

XI

The account in our last chapter of the Brotherhood organization revealed his work for the movement. He now comes to the end of his Presidency.

Monday, September 22nd.—Brotherhood Annual, Birmingham. Finished work as President of National Brotherhood. Succeeded by Arnold Butler—a great day. T. Sykes pledged himself to another period of service for B. at the close of his five years. This is a signal advantage to the Brotherhood work. He has wrought wonders for our organizations. The war hit us hard; but we have held on and the last two years we have aroused a Brotherhood consciousness which is prophetic of great advance. The effect

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

was manifest in the ardour, glow and passion and joy and hope of the day.

Dr. Fort Newton, who, as we have seen, much impressed him as a preacher, was invited to address the Brotherhood assembly.

Tuesday, September 23rd.—Address by Dr. Fort Newton, exceedingly helpful and inspiring, admirable in phrasing and rich in thought. Dr. F. N. has genius, is strong in the mastery of literary expression and the citation of appropriate facts. There is nothing “sloppy” in his thinking. He is severely logical. He does not wear his heart on his sleeve, but you are sure that his sympathies are deep and full. I gathered from conversation in the train as we came to London together that he is not altogether satisfied with our climate, and I should not be surprised if he, too, returns to the monotonous weather of the States. He is a fine soul—I should say that his aim has been to cultivate the habit of exact and patient thinking, and to express the results of that thinking in lucid and light-giving and beautiful words; strength in thinking, precision in utterance, refinement of speech and love of truth. I hope he will not leave us.

XII

As the friend of Mr. Lloyd George he was the recipient of many curious and some frankly amusing applications to use his influence with the Prime Minister—from the establishment of a coffee stall to securing a bishopric. He cannot resist recording a few.

Thursday, September 25th.—Few facts are more revealing than the number of applications reaching me to appeal to the Prime Minister for help in private and personal affairs. One letter to hand is that of a woman who has come from Marylebone to request me to get aid from the Prime Minister to start a coffee stall or two, where she would employ demobilized ex-service men to work them and she would do the catering. “See what Lyons do in catering,” said she. I told her the Prime Minister was very busy. She pressed her claims still.

Here is a letter from a vicar—telling the story of his University degrees and literary distinctions. It is a splendid list. He also dilates on the presentations and addresses which have been made and the churches he has served. Besides he appeals to me as a friend of Lloyd George and a “brother clergyman.” He only wishes to be put on the list for a bishopric!

Another clergyman has visited me six times, besides writing, to get me to promote a transfer from an extremely ritualistic church to one with evangelical traditions. This is a pathetic

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

case. He is miserable where he is and he is ineffective. He might be of use if moved as he desires. He was born a Wesleyan and has something of the Wesleyan fire, etc. Another asks me to get him a berth under the Board of Works. For canonries and deaneries I have had quite a score of petitioners for help. All this comes of having a Baptist to shape and control the ministry of the State Church.

The reader has seen that Clifford retained his admiration for Spurgeon, in spite of the Down Grade controversy. The writer of this volume had invited the Rev. W. Y. Fullerton to write a new Life of Spurgeon, and Mr. Fullerton called upon Clifford to talk it over. The last entry for the year records the conversation.

Tuesday, December 16th.—11 o'clock, W. Y. Fullerton concerning Life of C. H. Spurgeon. Had a long talk with Mr. F. chiefly concerning the early ministry of Mr. Spurgeon and my experiences of and with him in connection with the L. Baptist Association, and not of the D.G. controversy. It is a great task, one of the greatest indeed, to tell the story of so great and true a soul, so completely magnificent a worker for others and of so vigorous and devoted a life.

XIII

Let us follow some of his movements during 1920.

Every year for thirty years he delivered, as shown in "The Man and His Message," an annual survey of the events of the year. The one for 1919 was the last. He writes:—

January 1st, 1920.—New Year's address. Crowd said to be larger than ever—but this is said every time; still it is fact that some were standing at the entrance and in the aisles all the time. I spoke one hour and thirty-five minutes. In my fervour I struck the desk and out went the electric light. Mr. Hughes soon put it right. My sight is much worse and I fear I shall have to give up reading in public.

During the next six months his diary is almost blank and his activities were much restricted. But in June he hears Mr. Chilvers, Spurgeon's successor, Archdeacon Charles and Miss Maude Royden.

Sunday, June 6th.—Heard Chilvers at Metropolitan Tabernacle, on "Where is the God of Elijah?" There was not a sign of modernity in the whole sermon, but it was a helpful, practical discourse and would convey real help. Heard Archdeacon Charles at the Abbey on "What must we do to be saved?" This was modern all the way through. Specially in giving the N.T. answers

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

to the seekers for salvation and emphasizing the fact that every answer set the seeker to doing something that he was not doing, that was tremendously difficult to do. John the Baptist, Jesus, Paul.

Sunday, June 20th.—Very wet. Heard Miss M. Royden. A large audience nearly all women, and mostly young women. Dr. Percy Dearmer read the lessons. The service was full of interest. The silent moments were very effective. The address was on Suffering as a part of the Scheme of Things. She said it was in our scheme and not in God's. That is not an adequate facing of facts. This was made manifest in the questions which followed the service.

The first anniversary of the death of his wife brings mixed memories.

Monday, August 23rd.—A day of mixed memories, some sad indeed at my unforgettable loss, but thankfulness dominating all for the indescribable goodness of God in the gift of the ever-present to the soul, though absent from touch and sight, of my precious helpmeet; the light of my life and home.

As honorary pastor of his church, he visited "old" members.

Wednesday, September 15th.—Called on Mrs. Robinson, Hammersmith. She is four months my senior. She cannot see to read or to knit, but can find her way about the house quite readily. She is not able to get out, but is very brave and bright and cheerful, though speedily tired. The Robinsons came to us at W.P.C. soon after the opening, forty-three years ago. She gave me her large print copy of the Psalms.

Here is his entry, made the same evening, in broken letters, of his accident in Trafalgar Square, which made his sight worse and began to mark the end.

Tuesday, October 26th, 1920.—Knocked over by a taxi in Trafalgar Square. I had walked up towards Piccadilly over against Cockspur Street because I feared the crossing; but though I sought the narrowest part I was flung into the road, picked up and carried across by several men—and was severely shaken, and as I discovered afterwards, sadly bruised, but happily no bones were broken. I rested awhile there and the crowd was most kind. After a time I went across to my friend Mr. Ernest Wood, with whom I had an appointment. He gave me tea and I attended the Council meeting and had a discussion on Unemployment. Then I attended the Committee in the House of Commons on the persecution of Koreans by the Japanese Government, and moved a resolution. Sir Robert Newman saw me to the Under-

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

ground Station. Edith met me at the station; but I thought it best to wait till after the meal before telling them. Then went to bed. Dr. Fearnley came next morning. His report was favourable: shaken, bruised, but no bones broken. Ordered to bed for a week or more. Engagements cancelled for a fortnight.

He writes from his bed to another old friend, Mr. Herbert Burrows, who had long been ill, and he replies.

From Mr. Herbert Burrows.

REDGRAVE HOUSE,
99, SOTHERBY ROAD,
Highbury Park,
N.5.

Oct. 28th, 1920.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have waited to write to you for some time, but have not really been well enough. I am no better and my paralysis keeps me from writing and walking. My doctor tells me that I shall live another twenty years, but that is an appalling prospect! I am writing now because I want to wish you all sorts of good things for your recent birthday. My thoughts go back for forty years, when our dear Friend, Arthur O'Neill, took me one evening to the little chapel at Netherton, near Dudley, to hear you preach. Floods of water have flowed under the social and political bridge since then, and sometimes it seems as if they would increase in volume till we are all overwhelmed and swept away, but you and I both know that it will not be so, but that the future, however long it may be, will be secure because the human soul is founded on Eternal Verities. You and I will not live to see the whole outcome, but we both believe, though from different stand-points, that despair is impossible and that the real outcome of life is Eternal certainty and hope. How are you now? I hope well, and I need not ask if you are still, as ever, hard at work for humanity. Is it possible for you to come one afternoon and see me? I should so dearly love to see you.

I send you my love and my best and kindest greetings.—From
your

HERBERT BURROWS.

Within a month of his accident he is preaching again.

Sunday, November 14th.—Haven Green Brotherhood. Prohibition and Brotherhood. Spoke for the first time after my knock-out for about 30 minutes and not any ill effect manifest.

The end of 1920 awakens many thoughts, and his powers are manifestly failing.

Monday, December 27th, 1920.—1920 is ended. It is not easy to look back over it without very mingled feelings. Mercies have

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

followed me day by day, and for them I am unutterably grateful ; but it is the first whole year without the visible presence and audible voice of my beloved wife. What that has meant I cannot say. Never has she been out of my thought ; never has her influence left me. Her looks and her words, her deeds and her spirit have been in every conscious moment, and her will has been as potent as in the preceding 57 years and 7 months and 7 days. What an unspeakable gift God gave me in her ! I felt that through all the years, and never more gratefully than in this one.

My work has been much less ; indeed I have done little since Oct. 26th. The effect of the accident is still upon me, and though I am ending the year greatly improved, yet I shall be obliged to readjust my life's activities to my altered condition. My resources seem to be permanently diminished. I hope not ; but of this I must be on the watch, so that I may not misuse opportunity by excess or fear. My sight is very much worse ; it was damaged by my labour over my lecture on the Gospel of Brotherhood according to Jesus ; and the accident has made it much worse and indeed rendered prolonged work extremely difficult. Pain in the head follows the concentration of attention. But responsibility keeps pace with power and must be discharged.

The year has been crowded with failure. Reaction has gripped again some ground that had been taken from it. Drink traffic has been goaded to effort by the measure uttered from the Dry States of America and from agitation in Scotland. Conscience has lost its throne for a time. The stock of moral emotion in a nation is limited, says a historian. It is, and we have drawn so much on it in some ways that it is to be feared we shall be losing ground for some time longer. We are in a kind of moral backwater.

It affects the Churches, and the spirit of compromise is preparing fresh troubles for our successors.

But there are signs of the conquering spirit of God in the League of Nations and in the growth of fellowship, in the growth of sympathy with the poor and suffering all over Europe ; and in the craving for reality in life.

In similar vein he continues to correspond with Mrs. Colebrook.

To Mrs. Colebrook.

30 December, 1920.

. . . Although I am a very poor correspondent, yet I often think about you and am always glad to hear of you. Life is not to me what it was nine months ago ; and never can be exactly what it was when my darling Teggie, the light of my life for fifty-seven years

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

and seven months—yes, and seven days—was near me with her loving ministry and her gracious guidance. It is a different world ; and yet not a day, not an hour passes without her presence in my consciousness and her aid to my thought and life. I'd not have believed it if I had not experienced it. Somehow it seems as though the immortal fellowship had commenced and I had not to wait for my translation before I know something of what it means, yet how little it is compared with what I feel sure it must be in its actual fullness of fellowship ! What surprises me is that all my thought about her *strengthens* me. It did in the old days. It does in these new days. It heartens me against depression and sloth and the apathy that assail me in my old age. It seems as though she rebukes me when I am disposed to yield to the temptations inseparable from the increasing weakness of the machine with which the soul has to do its work. I expect you realize the presence and help of *your* and *my* "John" in a similar way : and by such experiences we continue our pilgrimage towards the life that knows no distressful limitations or mysterious separations.

I am glad to know you keep fairly well. My chief regret is that I cannot overtake my opportunities of service. They are so abundant and so challenging. But I am grateful that I can do so much as I am able to achieve as to *quantity*, though the *quality* I know is very much below my ideal.

The children are very helpful to me. Kate looks after me like a mother, and Edith adds her skill and love when she is at home.
... —I am, very affectionately yours, JOHN CLIFFORD.

To Mrs. Colebrook.

Later.

... I am sending you a little book of mine because it contains points on which I talked with your beloved John in the autumn and winter of 1855-1856. You will see a reference to Orville Dewey ; to the absence of fellowship from the churches ; and other matters that will recall him to your thought. Those months we had together were most formative for me. We discussed the great theme of Brotherhood, and often expressed our desire to devote ourselves to its promotion. That fact was central to his thinking then ; and I remember how we resumed our talks about it when I came to London in 1858, and here am I giving my closing days to it, in a time when it seems more urgent than ever.

But I must not run on. I have lately been doing too much at Newcastle and my Edith has brought me to Arundel House, Brighton, for a rest and change. She is well, so also is my Kate. How favoured I am to have these two precious daughters to care for me in my old age ! I am more grateful than I can say.

I hope you are keeping up your usual health and that the weather at Torquay is as kind and genial as it is here. With much love to you, my very dear friend, I am, heartily yours, JOHN CLIFFORD.

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

XIV

"This new year 1921," he begins his diary, "opens auspiciously. Fortunately we know not what lies within its twelve months, but the gracious God Who has led so long with love unfailing and dealt with its defects so mercifully may be trusted for the little that is left as well as for all that is to follow after this brief life passes on to its perfection."

In the New Year's Honours List, 1921, his Majesty conferred upon him the signally appropriate distinction of Companion of Honour. He writes in his diary:—

January 1st.—Woke up with a grateful heart to find myself entering upon another year. Not a few times of late have I had misgivings concerning such a possibility; but I am in better health and am slowly, very slowly, regaining strength. The doctor tells me I shall have to walk softly for some months and hold myself back from work; and I fear his forecast is right.

Read numbers of telegrams on the honour conferred by his Majesty the King. Nearly all the congratulations tell me that the honour of Companion of Honour is deserved. Lloyd George wired and others who have known me long. Many other expressions of satisfaction have also been received. My friends generally are pleased. I never expected anything of the kind. Newspapers generally, I hear, welcome it. I am glad that Nonconformity takes its place in public recognition. . . .

January 3rd.—Many letters and telegrams arrived congratulating me on the Companion of Honour. The chief gain seems to be that it has given immense satisfaction to my friends all over the country. It has burnished the links of old friendships.

A correspondent early in 1921 had called his attention to Wesley's confessions on the effect of age upon himself. And Clifford took the *Journal* from his shelves and from time to time, during the year, read and re-read them. They prompted him to make several records, and to write an article on the "Zest of Life"—his last one.

January 14th.—When Wesley was in his *eighty-fifth* year he wrote in his diary about his old age: (1) That he found less activity, walked more slowly, particularly uphill; (2) memory not so quick; (3) he cannot read so much by candlelight. Then he adds: But I thank God that all my other powers of body and mind remain as they were. My experience at eighty-five is like Wesley's, only that my sight—owing to the accident—is much worse than Wesley's was.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

In that year, 1788, Wesley set down the reasons for his long life. See page 471 of his *Journal*, by P. G. Packer ; 472 gives the reason. He places amongst them the fact that he only ate about a third of what he used to do. Later he talks about "the gentle steps of age," by which old age steals upon him, and then he remarked the way in which those that look out of the windows are darkened. All this is a picture of the last six years of my life—page 476.

XV

Amongst the engagements which he had booked for February was to preach at the nineteenth anniversary of Bishopsgate Chapel. The entry in his diary marks the opening of the campaign for Personal Evangelism.

February 1st.—Bishopsgate Chapel, nineteenth anniversary, Preached on "making disciples," and suggested that the N.F.C.C. should prepare at Manchester in March for a two years' evangelistic campaign, emphasizing personal evangelism and urgent need of bringing the *thinking* of the people into the way of life.

Remarkable interest was manifested in the Bishopsgate Chapel address, owing to the intense concern occasioned by his recent accident. Happily, fears proved groundless ; he kept his appointment and thrilled the large congregation with a sermon on "Go ye into all the world and make disciples of all nations."

When Dr. Clifford inaugurated these mid-day services he was a young man of sixty-five ! He was deeply immersed in pastoral work, and in the religious, social and political movements of the time ; but his energy was so exuberant and his fraternal affection so strong, that he offered to give six services as might be arranged ! The offer was gratefully accepted, and the services begun ! They met a real spiritual need ; and, with the co-operation of many eminent ministers and competent organists of various churches, have since won a great place in the religious life of the City.

About this time, a John Clifford Chair of Theology was founded in Rawdon College, Leeds. It came about in a rather remarkable way. By the closing of the Midland Baptist College, Nottingham, after the war, certain funds which had materially helped the College were no longer used. Application was made on behalf of Rawdon College to secure these annual grants. By the influence of Dr. Clifford and other friends this application was successful, and with the consent of the Charity Commissioners the College has become the recipient of some £260 annually. At this very time

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

Rev. A. C. Underwood, B.D., joined the staff at Rawdon College. He had been one of the most brilliant of the *alumni* of Nottingham College. Hence it was a happy inspiration which made Prof. Underwood the first holder of the Chair and associated it with the name of John Clifford, the most distinguished of the old students of the Midland College.

XVI

We may continue to follow his interests during 1921 from his diaries, but the entries are mostly in almost undecipherable symbols. Personal Evangelism claims his first attention and rivals his old love—the Westbourne Park Church; and, to a small extent only, reunion with the Church of England, which never enthused him. His wife's birthday anniversaries and that of her death, as also of his own baptism, are never missed; visits of one of his boys and other friends, a joke or two recalling his early habit of recording humorous tit-bits, a visit to Cowper Museum, his investiture at Buckingham Palace, deputation on the Irish Question, correspondence, meetings with brother ministers, and reminiscences of student days, a visit to Lord Leverhulme, his holiday and the haunting fear of blindness, which he bravely fights against, and the prospect of an operation for cataract fill up his days. A few typical extracts may be selected.

February 4th.—Executive Council of F.C.C. Suggested two years' campaign in the interest of *personal* Evangelism, with view to changing the habits and customs of thinking of the people, and was well received, and it is to be suggested at Manchester. I do hope the whole of the two millions of our Free Churches may be induced to take their share in this effort. It is imperatively demanded and the hour is opportune. It is the one thing needful.

February 15th.—Baptist Union Council meeting. Met Rev. F. W. Norwood of the City Temple and had a long talk with him. He is a strong, natural and able man. He had just been talking to the Congregational Board on the *collapse of organized Christianity*. Spoke of that collapse as ordinary and inevitable consequence of the failure of all machinery to express the soul of the Christian Message. He was at North Adelaide Baptist Church before coming to the City Temple. He will do a great work.

February 21st.—Passed final draft of the reply to the Lambeth Appeal (on Reunion). It now goes to the Federal Council and then it is to be published. It is a clean defence of the essential Gospel, though it is not so full as it might have been, and as I think ought to have been, to meet the demands of the occasion. I was

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

asked to state the case for personal Evangelism I made before Executive of the N.F.C.C. It was warmly welcomed, and a resolution in its favour was passed and it was commended to the Denominations.

February 24th.—Miss Lockyer's presentation. The final meeting of the Institution started nearly 40 years ago at W.P.C. for young women. To me it was a *pathetic* meeting, crowded with memories of the dear departed forms. My blessed wife, who had so large a share in its founding; W. T. Stead, the Stewarts, the Ryans, and a whole host of workers, many of whom have entered the realm of light.

March 8th.—Investiture at Buckingham Palace at 10.30. The investiture took place at Buckingham Palace this morning. I was told that the King had to decorate over 240 persons. I found myself third on the list. Had a long talk with Sir John Ellerman, who also received Companion of Honour. He is already a baronet. The Dean of Westminster, Bishop Ryle, came to receive the K. added to his C.V.O., so he is now a Knight Companion of the Victorian Order. Had a pleasant chat with him. The method of investiture consisted of the King placing the insignia of the Order over the head and on the neck and a shake of the hand. It was over in two minutes, but that repeated so many times must be very wearisome.

March 24th.—Fred Whyte is writing the biography of my friend W. T. Stead. He is a man of fine mind, clear judgment and wide sympathies. He has a warm admiration for Stead. His task is great. Stead was marvellously prolific, one of the most active, adventurous and original men that I knew, and the biography that reveals the man as he really *was* in himself and tells what he *did* must be massive, wide-ranging and deep-seeing. I hope I may live to see it.

April 7th.—Sir John Benn, dinner. Sat between Sir Melvill Beachcroft, an old Paddingtonian, and Lord Saye and Sele. Lord Saye and Sele, speaking of the Irish, told me that when he was being rowed on one of the Irish lakes, a number of seals came near the boat, and instantly the boatman saw the seals he said: "Your Lordship's ancestors have come to welcome you." The function in honour of Sir John was a great success.

April 12th.—Vernon Bird—one of my "boys"—who has been in South Africa at King Williamstown for ten years, and was Pastor at Stevenage, called to-day. He has returned to England enriched in experience and better equipped for his work. He told us much of what he had seen and heard in South Africa.

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

Of the Kaffirs he had a wide and interesting knowledge. One thing he said was that when a Kaffir loses his temper, each of his children laugh at him and call him a child and no man—loss of temper is to them a sign that the loser is not grown up.

May 5th.—Visited Olney and inspected the Cowper Museum. It is a great treasure. The curator, Mr. Thos. Wright, has done a conspicuous service in gathering together a vast collection of annals of Cowper and his associates and his friends. It is a most praiseworthy contribution to the literary and religious history that centres in this district.

May 6th.—Visited Mr. Gange of Carlton. He has been ill for three months but was recovering, and was in good spirits. He was delightfully reminiscent—travelled back to college days; recalled his intimate acquaintance with Spurgeon and said he ought to have written his life. . . . He attributed the Down Grade controversy to the influence of a few men who filled Spurgeon's mind with doubt and distrust of his brethren. He expressed himself in favour of the action of the Baptist Union in the controversy and was opposed to any reversal of the sentence passed by the Baptist Union on the controversy.

June 7th.—The study of Prof. Sorley Gifford's Lectures on moral values and the idea of God carries me back to that most enjoyable period of my life when I was at work for the M.A. in Philosophy, etc. It is a fine treatise and demonstrates very fully that the ethical resides in a true interpretation of Philosophy. He intimates there is an element of the appreciative as well as of the cognitive in the action of the mind, an appreciation of values as well as a "sense perception of existence." So he adds to Descartes *cogito ergo sum* the notion of appreciation of moral approval as belonging to the same category of thought. Out of this comes the conclusion that with a high standard of moral values we travel towards the idea of God, or of morality, and not the reverse way.

June 16th.—Seventy years ago to-day I was baptized. The return of the day is always charged with strong spiritual forces for me. This surpasses all those through which I have passed. Gunsaulus says: "Nothing on earth is more impressive than a human being entering into the waters of Baptism with a hope of spotless purity." It is a true saying.

June 17th.—The Manifesto of the Personal Evangelism enthusiastically received and the movement fairly started. Every Free Church minister is to receive a Manifesto within a week. The literature is in hand, and it is hoped will soon be ready. The whole of the churches are ready and eager.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

July 4th.—Called on Lord Leverhulme at North Hill, Hampstead. He came into the room quite cheerfully and gave us—Mr. O. and myself—a cordial welcome, saying, “You have not come to see me for my good looks, for I have not any, nor for my devotion, for that is not in evidence. Is it for filthy lucre?” “No,” I said, “it is for clean gold.” “But,” he replied, “I have not any. There is no gold, it is all paper.” I told him I had a sovereign in my pocket. Then I had what he has not. He is a keen business man with illimitable faith in himself and his capacity to achieve anything he aims at. He talks well. He is 70 years of age. He promised to come. He said he had great admiration for me, but, he added, you want me to prove it. He promised to do so for November 1st. He told us of his meeting with Howell, our Missionary on the Congo, and, arriving at the time of a baptism in the Congo, said it was quite picturesque, and recalled the baptism in the Jordan.

XVII

Two examples of his correspondence during this year may be given. The Rev. James Barr, B.D., the Home and Highland Secretary of the United Free Church of Scotland, was in warm sympathy with him on Temperance, State-Churchism, and Education; and they frequently corresponded. One letter (from many) about this time reveals his unrelaxed hold upon fundamental principles:

To Rev. James Barr, B.D.

11. V. 1921.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . The movements you uphold are right and *therefore* difficult of achievement in a world where wrong has so many upholders on the one hand, and so many crippled and palsied friends on the other. The conditions are favourable to reaction. Compromise avoids moral fatigue—an effect of the war, and of the failure of the peace meets us at every turn. The friends of the Drink Trade and advocates of State Control of Churches know that this is their hour and are eager to take full advantage of it. Every day that we can postpone their triumph is a real gain to progress, and therefore we do well to hold out and to hold on. I shall be glad to see your manifesto. Already there are signs of an awakening to the supremacy of two truths. First, the vital and central importance of personality—of the individual soul and the urgency of the effort to get it right with God and goodness and truth; and, secondly, the complete dependence of humanity on the universal sway of Brotherhood in our own and throughout all international relations. The incalculable value of the individual is the basis on which the solidarity of humanity rests. These facts God is teaching us. He *is* in the midst of our suffering and struggling life,

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

sharing our sorrows and our battles and leading us on to victory
This is our faith and hope.

My affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Barr and your family.—I
am, ever most cordially yours,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

To Mrs. Colebrook.

9 August, 1921.

. . . I am greatly favoured in my successor at Westbourne Park Church. It was one of my solitudes for some years. I have seen such tragedies in churches where there has been a long pastorate. For us the succession has been a source of strength and prosperity. He is the most joyful of souls. I think of him as St. Hilarius. Hilarity is one of his chief characteristics. He bubbles over with life—physical and mental and spiritual. He is always radiant and his ministry is a real solace to the sad, and an unfailing inspiration to the young. It is one of the overflowing inspirations to think of him and his work.

So I could go on, telling of the mercies of God to an old man, but I will not.

Instead I will recall for a moment a day when I was in a carriage riding with a young lady to her marriage to her beloved John, and had the temerity to suggest that instead of going to the wedding we should ride off together. The young lady refused, and carried out her original purpose and became the beloved Kate of my dearest friend. Yes, it is a long time since that day! The years that intervene are many and are crowded with glorious memories of happy times, great opportunities and some service for God.

My Kate is away in the Malvern Hills enjoying a holiday with an old schoolfellow. Edith is mothering me and reminding me in her ways, as in her appearance, of her cherished Mother. She is very much better and I hope will soon be quite well. The boys are all well.

I hope you are as well as eighty-nine years will let you be. What a long spell we are having and how blessed life is to the soul that rests in the infinite Love of the Eternal Father and moves in harmony with His wise and loving will!—I am, with much affection, yours very heartily,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

XVIII

The Diary notes continue to afford illumination, and become more and more personal as his capacity for work and his eyesight fail.

September 4th.—My successor (Rev. S. W. Hughes) begins his seventh year. What an unspeakable comfort he and his work have been to me! I praise God.

October 16th.—This year marks a definite change in my work with my accident in Trafalgar Square. It was a merciful deliverance from death that was granted to me. The business was serious

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

and the shaking of my nervous system left its effects on my sight and hearing, and my general capacity for public work. I have done little and preached only a few times and addressed few meetings; but I have been able to use my pen, though I could not see what I was writing. I am more grateful than I can say that I have been of some little use.

This day I finish my 85th year. It has been a year of unexampled mercies. At its dawn my marvellous escape from death, followed by a steady recovery from the effects of the accident in Trafalgar Square, filled me with gratitude and called for a fresh consecration to the service of God and man. That service has been hindered to some degree and yet I have been of some use, and the inauguration of the Personal Evangelism Campaign by the National Council of Free Churches has given me much to do. The rapid acceptance of the suggestion made at the Bishopsgate Session and its adoption by the National Council has issued in a deep and widespread adventure to reach and awake the conscience of the whole of the two millions of Christians in the Free Churches, and has created already a sense of responsibility for making disciples. The difficulty that has to be faced and conquered is that of allowing it to waste itself away on emotionalism. At present there is no sign of this growing fear. Nothing suits my feelings so well as I look over the closing year as Joseph Addison's hymn, "When all Thy mercies, O my God." I started the New Year dimmed in sight but full of faith in the Eternal Father Who has led me through all my years.

He was on very friendly terms with Mr. Frederic Harrison, who much admired his breadth of vision and loyalty to his own faith.

From Frederic Harrison :

26th Oct., 1921.

DEAR DR. CLIFFORD,

I am very proud of the letter you wrote on my birthday and I value your words specially, as in my speech to the visitors I coupled your name with that of the Archbishop. His name, yours and mine together, form a trio which should convince people that Religion is not confined to the words of any creed or Article. You know what a "Birthday" means in work, or I would have written earlier, and would write more now. I am grateful. With all good wishes to you.
—I am, most sincerely yours,

FREDERIC HARRISON.

His sight grows worse month by month and engagements are reluctantly cancelled.

To Mr. A. Yates he writes :

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

I most sincerely wish I could come to R.H., but I am suffering so much in my eyesight from my accident nearly a year ago, that it is not possible. I cannot get about London alone. I am gravely limited in my power of service. Were I able I would gladly share in your joy and hope. May God abundantly bless your new pastorate and make it abidingly fruitful.

I am expecting an operation, and if my right eye should be given me again I may yet have the pleasure of seeing you.

He sets down in his diary the various stages of his eye-trouble.

October 26th.—The story of my eyes—

(1) Discovered towards the end of 1913 that the right eye was no longer of any use.

(2) And consulted Mr. H., December 6th, 1913, and he said I had been blind in that eye for some time and had not been aware of it.

(3) I could still read easily with the left eye, but the range of vision in that eye was shortening. H. advised as to spectacles.

(4) Saw H. again July 16th, 1915. Could just catch the light in right eye, but left eye not much worse. Fresh glass ordered for left eye.

(5) September 14th, 1920. H. spoke of cataract and said it was worse but advised no operation at present.

(6) October 26th, 1920. Accident in Trafalgar Square, followed by rapid increase of dimness of vision.

(7) Col. Elliott, of Welbeck Street, seen to-day, October 26th, the anniversary of my accident. He advises an operation for cataract on the right eye about December 1st. Arrangements to be made preliminary thereto.

November 14th.—Preached at Dalston Junction Baptist Church. Services, 1,100 present. I feel the difficulty of preaching to an audience I cannot see. Only the person who was by my side was visible. At first I feared the coughing—which, owing to the fog, was abundant—might interfere with my being heard, but as I began the stillness was so intense that I could feel the people.

Altogether I am encouraged to go on with these endeavours to continue my usefulness by speaking.

November 21st.—My sight becomes more dark and dim. I cannot see to read much more than the headlines of the newspaper, though I can get along very well with my large type copy of the Psalms with the aid of the magnifying glass and the memory. This blindness is like a fresh experience of life. I have to learn

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

how to get through my work in another way, and I find it like making a new start in life. The sense of touch is coming to my aid in an unexpected degree. I can get about the house with ease. I can take walks along wisely selected paths on this side of Uxbridge Road, but I am dependent on others for aid in crossing.

He went into a nursing home for an operation on his eyes. Even there his interest in personal evangelism never flagged. He writes in his diary :—

December 7th.—Rev. Thos. Nightingale called and we had a long conversation on the present position of the Personal Evangelism Campaign, the programme for Liverpool, topics and speakers, and the general work of the N.C.E.F.C. He spoke most thankfully of the progress of the Personal Evangelism Campaign, and gives it a place in the work of next year.

The Baptist Council's affection for him was unbounded. On his recovery from his operation, Dr. J. C. Carlile, the greatly honoured President, wrote to him as follows :—

From the Rev Dr. J. C. Carlile, President of the Baptist Union.

23, CONNAUGHT ROAD,
FOLKESTONE.

30th December, 1921.

DR. CLIFFORD,

Beloved Friend and Revered Father in God,

I am sure that I am expressing the wish of all British Baptist folk in conveying to you our affectionate greeting. We prayed and watched with great anxiety during the time of your serious operation, and now we are profoundly thankful that our Heavenly Father has brought you safely through, and has given you some measure of strength. We trust the good work may be completed, and that it may be our privilege to have you with us again in the activities to which long ago you consecrated your life.

Your long ministry, with its widening influence and growing power, has been an inspiration to students and pastors. You have been the champion in many a conflict for social righteousness and civic progress. Oppressed peoples have found in you an eloquent advocate of liberty. You were a champion of Labour before the Labour Party came into existence. In education your services have been given to secure an equality of opportunity, liberty of conscience, and efficiency.

We who have known you so well, who have watched your activities through the long years, and have so frequently sat at your feet, trust you with confidence that time has strengthened. Your absolute sincerity has never been questioned. Your loyalty to principle has commanded our admiration. We have not always been the echo of

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

your voice. You have insisted upon freedom of opinion and the sacredness of personality. We have most of all loved you for your sympathy, your tenderness to those in sorrow. You have walked through the Valley of the Shadow, and have learned by experience how to comfort those in grief. The whole ministry regarded you as a brother beloved, and now, as a revered father in God.

In recent years you have called us to the greater insistence upon the Evangel of the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. You have reminded us that our Divine Saviour is the hope of the individual and of society; that regeneration is of the Eternal Mercy. The great campaign of winning disciples for Christ by personal evangelism, which you have inaugurated, is already bearing fruit.

I have ventured to remind you of these things that you may see that our affection is not a sentiment without intelligent foundation. We love you for yourself and for your work's sake, and we want to tell you so, so that in the hours that must still be spent in weakness, though we trust not in pain, you will be cheered by the remembrance of your comrades in the fight, many of whom entered the Master's service through your recruiting.—With sincere affection,

JOHN C. CARLILE,
President of the Baptist Union.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS (*continued*)

On his eighty-sixth birthday celebrations the Rev. S. W. Hughes asked him, as they were about to close the meeting, what hymn he would like sung, and he answered :

*" Make use of me, my God,
Let me be not forgot,
A worthless vessel, cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not."*

I

NOW there is a long pause in his diary, which mainly records engagements, a few fulfilled, more crossed off. Slowly he recovered the power to read a little. He is a little less active in correspondence, too, though keeping it up wonderfully.

In April he writes to Mrs. Colebrook :—

. . . It was most kind of you to think of sending your choice gift (Devonshire cream) at the time I was rejoicing in my just recovered power to read. The 25th of March was a great day to me. It was the day on which my darling Teggie started on her 79th year ; and it was the day on which I was able again to peruse the contents of the printed page. For about five months that advantage has slipped from me ; and what its departure meant I could never have thought, had I not experienced it. To get my sight for distance again and to be able to walk about in the neighbourhood of my dwelling without a guide and a guard was a signal delight ; but to read again a large type copy of the Book of Psalms was at once a thrilling experience and a great hope. I am expecting to be able to read books again after a little while. I travel by slow stages and the oculist has been preaching all the time from one very familiar text, that of *patience*. It is advice easily said, but followed with some difficulty, and yet obedience to it brings increasing reward, and I am grateful beyond expression for this return to light. God is indeed good to me. My health is maintained and my strength, which has been depleted somewhat by the operations, is reviving and I am hoping to be able to do a little more work, for there is still much to be done to make a wrong world right.

Forgive me talking so much about myself. We are very glad to know that you are better and are looking forward to movement within your own doors, and I hope as the spring comes along in his glory you

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

will get beyond your house and into your beautiful Torquay. Edith is better, but still not well, and must take rest again, as the weather improves its behaviour. It has been a little naughty in London lately; fortunately, however, the English climate loves variety, and therefore we are sure of speedy change. The rest of the family are well. Kate keeps at work and, along with Edith, finds plenty of work to do for me. They are my most precious masters and I try to do most of what they bid me.

We are looking for a holiday in May. One of our friends has offered us a house for a month and we hope to avail ourselves of it, and who knows, the wheel of fortune may turn us for a brief space to Torquay and give us the joy of seeing you.

Our thanks to Miss Bourne for her kind note and to you for your gift. My girls join me in love to you, and I am, as ever, affectionately yours,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

As we have read in a previous chapter, one of "his boys," the Rev. Dr. Rushbrooke, had been appointed Baptist Commissioner for Europe, and he also writes to him rejoicing in his regained sight:—

To Dr. Rushbrooke.

27.II.1922.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter fills me with thanksgivings, surprises and great expectations. I am grateful to the God who has called you to this far-extending and most responsible enterprise. It is itself a promise as well as a call. A sure pledge of His ever-available help and overflowing grace. It is a surprise to me that the continental work is opening out on so large a scale, and that "doors" of service open so readily to those who are qualified to enter. Who can forecast the future growth of your work? You are planting the saplings that will be mighty oaks by and by. Your ministry will be healing and strengthening, a spring of joy to you in the silences and solitudes through which you will pass and an inexhaustible source of strength in the far-off days. I picture you in your Russian attire! Your wife will hardly know you! And yet, of course, no disguise will hide you from her loving ken. My heart goes with you and love to you all, ever and ever.—And I am yours in faith, in hope and love and prayer,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

Rejoice with me. I can see to write. On Saturday I saw the printed pages again and found my way through the 33rd Psalm large type.—J.C.

He was on friendliest terms with Rabbi (now Sir) Hermann Gollancz, D.Lit., and frequently walked with him in the Parks. Sir Hermann attended his Diamond Jubilee birthday celebrations, and read in Hebrew an acrostic on his name which greatly pleased him. On the occasion of Sir Hermann's own Jubilee he wrote to him:—

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

February, 1922.

MY DEAR DR. GOLLANCZ,

I deeply regret to learn that you have been ill, but am glad to know that you are on the way to recovery, and trust that recovery will be swift and complete. . . .

During the sixty years I have been in Paddington it has been my privilege to have many friends of the Anglo-Jewish community and to co-operate with them in the defence and extension of freedom, the promotion of social betterment and the establishment of a purer and nobler social order. I think of fellowship with them with gratitude, and place amongst the foremost my friendship with the late Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, and your worthy self.

Your visits and addresses, like those of Dr. Adler, to my people at Westbourne Park were always cordially welcomed, highly appreciated, greatly enjoyed, and are gratefully remembered. Among my cherished memories are my interviews with yourself and our conversations on literature, on social and religious themes and on international brotherhood; and it is a special pleasure in my old age to recall them.

Your golden jubilee will be a memorable occasion for yourself and for your friends, and I trust that for many years the recollection of it will be an inspiration in and for the work you have yet to do.

May the richest blessings of the Eternal Father be yours.—Yours most sincerely,

J. CLIFFORD.

II

The month of May found him at Leicester, the guest of his old friend Mr. James Riley, attending the annual Assembly of the Baptist Union. He writes in his diary :

May 1st.—Baptist Union meeting at Leicester. Attended the Ministers' meeting and spoke a few words on the fourfold bases of Personal Evangelism.

Attended second session of the Midland men. It was a great morning. The afternoon meeting was rich in Fellowship, in reminiscences and in joy and inspiration. The dear old College fills a large space in the lives of many men.

May 3rd.—Too weary for further attendance.

He visited, soon after his return from Leicester, Sidmouth and Torquay to see his oldest friend. Mr. Alistair McIntosh had just seen Miss Edith Clifford off to Switzerland.

To Mr. Alistair McIntosh (who read a great deal to him when his sight was bad).

SIDMOUTH, 17.5.1922.

MY DEAR ALISTAIR,

Thank you for your very welcome note, written, I fancy, when you should have been in bed. Thank you for all the help you gave

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

to Edith in her departure from Old England. We have a long letter from her this morning. She is faring well and enjoying her wanderings. I hope she will find lasting benefit from the change.

Sidmouth is a quiet and very pleasant place. The surroundings are full of charm and the "wild waves" are always "saying" something, and the hearer can give his own interpretation to the message without any misgivings as to their significance; at other times it is difficult to hear anything but a rhythmically ordered statement to the effect that "all things are in incessant motion" and that for us there is no continuous rest—it is better so. We grow by action as well as by meditation—which, by the way, is action—though of an inward and unarresting kind—but not always, for a man's thoughts will sometimes break up the monotony of existence and startle him into wonder and surprise.

Yesterday we went to Torquay, and I saw my oldest friend on earth (Mrs. Colebrook). She is the widow of one of my fellow-students, the one to whom I was most attached, and will be 90 years of age in July. We had a long chat and turned over and over the pages of the past. What a wonder memory is! Please explain it. Why do we remember? And how? On what end does the efficiency of memory depend? Please explain!!

We are fearfully—yes, fearfully—as well as wonderfully, made. Can we *forget*? What of the stores of memory do we take with us into the next life? And how long do we keep them? Jesus pictures the continuance of memory in His story of Lazarus in the next world, saying, "Son, remember." At any rate we may say that it is wise to gather "memories" that we may safely keep in "heaven" and may leave behind us without apprehension of possible pain to others.

Kate joins me in hearty greeting and I am the grateful listener to my kind reader.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Whilst there he goes off to a meeting to promote Personal Evangelism, and visits Sidmouth Observatory.

May 18th, 1922.—Attended the annual meeting of the Devon Free Church Federation held at Honiton, nine miles away. Mr. Hopkins kindly placed his car at the disposal of the Rev. Arthur Lamb and we were driven over for the morning meeting after executive, and fetched back in the evening. I was pained to hear of the ostracism of Nonconformists that still takes place in the rural districts. The plea for union counts for nothing in face of the old-world intolerance. Spoke at the conference on Personal Evangelism. Mr. Nightingale, our secretary, did fine work. He is pushing the work of the Federation forward with great success. Met a number of old friends. It was a refreshing day.

May 24th.—Visited the Hill or Lockyer Observatory. Mr.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

R—— explained the operations going on. It was a time of interest and of abundant information. The Observatory could not be better placed.

Even on a holiday his interest in young people never waned. To a youth of fifteen he wrote with his own hand, although his sight was very dim :—

Sidmouth, 22.7.22.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

I have been a long time fulfilling my promise of writing to you, but I have thought about you and your letter again and again, but the fact is that my sight has been slow in making its return, and even yet I do not see far or see well what is close to me, but I am very thankful that I can see at all. What a mercy it is that I have not continued blind, but can go out alone in safe districts and can read the works I love again!

I rejoice very much that you have chosen Jesus as your Master and Guide, your Friend and Leader; it is the *one best* thing you can do. Study His Words in the Gospels, try to get at their meaning, and then do as my mother told me to do over 70 years ago—*obey them at all risks*. You are always sure to be right in following His example, thinking His thoughts, breathing His Spirit, and trusting Him wholly out and out. That is my experience, and, as you know, I am an old man, nearly 86 years of age. That is the way to put the best into life and to get the best out of it. He leads to heroic service for others, to a brave doing of what is right, and to a career that helps great causes and achieves noble results.

Remember me to your father, and accept my very best wishes for yourself, for your school life, and for all your years.—I am, my dear friend, yours affectionately,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

III

The reader will have already seen in various entries in his diaries and in letters his attitude toward re-union with the Church of England. Perhaps the following letters to Rev. Principal W. E. Blomfield, D.D., of Rawdon College, now President of the Baptist Union, best express his views. Principal Blomfield's own annotations explain the letters :

To Principal W. E. Blomfield.

10.VI.1922.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,

I thank you for the stand you took at the Yorkshire Association. It is necessary. The situation is pathetically painful. To me it is not less painful because I cannot do what I would. My fighting days are over; but God leads, and you and yours are following His lead, and will do so.

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

The question is *surrender* or *advance*. The policy of the concordat is surrender; so far as the Free Churches are concerned, and as Baptists, we cannot accept it, whoever else may. We belong to that regiment of the Reformers who carried Reformation the farthest and did their utmost to remount to the Original. We have been affirming for three centuries that Christ called us to complete the work of the Protestant Reformation. That is the soul of our witness, and we must keep it alive as to the sacraments and the ministry and what is called "authority." The Reformation of Henry VIII and Elizabethan days was made up of compromises; many of them abide. Our fathers never accepted them. Their descendants are put in trust of the principles for which they fought against these compromises, and we cannot be faithless to that trust.

Moreover, we have to give this witness to essential spiritual Christianity to the whole world. To compromise in England is to cripple the rest of Europe, and to weaken our witness in the rest of the world. We are but a small section of the Baptist host, and we cannot forget the nine millions and more who uphold the same New Testament teaching, and are responsible for its propagation amongst men. We are seeking the regeneration of the Christian life of Europe, and we shall impoverish our efforts if we surrender to the traditional teaching and practices of the imperfectly Reformed Churches of Europe.

No doubt our leaders are sincere in their efforts to establish ecclesiastical unity; but sincerity is not enough; and material and mechanical unity is not enough. The real unity is of soul and spirit and does not depend upon identity of ideas as to forms and policies. I know they talk about the preservation and maintenance of the different types of ecclesiastical life within the new ecclesiastical organism; that is done now. The varieties of type within the Anglican Church are notorious. Of the Free Churches the same may be said. Why not cultivate amongst them all spiritual unity, and cease making further division and strife by debating the terms of a further mechanical and unreal union? It is taking our time and strength from our real work of winning the world to God; disturbing the peace of the churches, and fixing attention on the things on which the churches have never agreed, and never will agree. Far better to go forward with all our might in the task of "making disciples" and trust the new life with the utmost liberty to state and express itself under the leadership of Christ Jesus Himself.

But the capital defect of this document is its lack of actuality. It never grips reality. It is not in line with the forces of to-day. It is ancient, remote, ambiguous, and altogether unreal. It is groping in the dark for the Church of the future, and absorbed so completely in the traditions and conventions of the past, that it fails to see what the Church of the future must of necessity be. It talks of external authority as

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

though it had any existence in a spiritual democracy that is seeking to move in the ampler spaces of the world's life, to absorb as culture and reproduce as worship, the literature, the science, the art, at least in their highest and truest ideals and principles, so as to make the Christian Church one day conterminous with humanity.

I must stop; but with this note. This movement will not go far. It is hindering the advance of the Kingdom of God. At least, so it seems to me; its aim is too narrow—its policy too ambiguous, and its methods are too calculating and circuitous to achieve much. My faith is fast in God and in the "7000" who have never bowed the knee, and will not bow the knee, to the Baal of ecclesiastical unity, but are acquainted with their New Testament and sometimes look into, or hear, Paul's letter to the Galatians. They know that the strength of Christianity is its supreme spirituality of purpose, its inculcation of absolute loyalty to Jesus Himself, and not in the machinery of churches.—I am always affy. yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

[*Note by W. E. B., to above letter :* The so-called "Concordat" published May 31st, 1922, under the names of Dr. J. D. Jones and the Archbishop of York, seemed to me to compromise many things that Baptists have stood for. Its vague generalities in regard to Baptism, its suggestion that, in a future United Church, Episcopal Ordination in some form would be demanded, its agreement to the use of the Nicene Creed as an expression of corporate faith, and to the use of the Apostles' Creed for candidates for Baptism and Church membership seemed most ominous. I had no time for any consultation. Our Yorkshire Association met in Hull very early in June. I therefore drew up a resolution protesting against the points mentioned above. This resolution was submitted to the Committee of the Association and accepted as their own, then presented to the Assembly and unanimously passed. The Lancashire and Cheshire Association passed an identical resolution a week or so later. Dr. Clifford's position in the above letter is clear. He deprecated the weakening of Protestantism on the Continent—weak enough already—by detaching British Free Churchmen, and linking them up with the Anglican Church, saturated with Sacerdotal ideas and practices. He deprecated it, because it would lead to strained relations with American Baptists, who will have nothing to do with any organic union with the Episcopal Church, and because it would mystify and confound Continental Baptists who have suffered so much from Sacerdotal Churches. He deprecated it, because it consumed precious time which Baptists needed for their own internal problems.]

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

To Rev. Principal W. E. Blomfield, D.D.

15.X.1923.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,

Thank you for your magnificent "swears." They have done me good, as have your kind and beneficent wishes for my future. How wearisome and wasteful these "potherings" about reunion with the "Episcopal" Church! They will not give up their "social" distinction! Why should they? They enjoy it. They imagine it clothes them with a power it is well to covet and cultivate. I do not doubt their sincerity and from their point of view, their wisdom. But that *we* should *care* for these things, is what irks me beyond bearing! How can we traffic with the priest-ridden and priest-ruled Church of Rome? Why should we seek union with the corpse of Greek Clericalism? No! we must cling to and fight for the truth and the simplicity and the strength that are in Christ Jesus. Our people will stand true. I have no misgiving about them. Keep our flag flying. You are a great joy to an old man who, realizing more and more that his fighting day is closed, welcomes with increasing zest men like yourself, so capable of wielding the sword of the Spirit and so resolutely doing it.—Ever gratefully yours, JOHN CLIFFORD.

To the Rev. Principal W. E. Blomfield, D.D.

7.10.20.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,

Your letter is refreshing as the bright morning. The "cuttings" you have sent therewith are appetising food. Your own "letter" is admirable. And your message concerning the young ministers fills me with peace and hope. Our task is to make the "Appeal" of the Bishops—corrected and revealed by the "Resolutions" contributory to the illumination and advancement of the principles of the Society of Jesus contained within the New Testament. If we are wise we shall use it for that purpose; otherwise it will lead our churches away from their chief work of advancing the Kingdom of God and shunt them into the regions of a barren debate. The "Appeal" and "Resolution" suffer from the vice of ecclesiasticism—the lack of straightforwardness. They speak with two voices; but they lead one way, and that is back to the Episcopalian type of Christianity: a type from which the Spirit of God is conducting us to the more robust, virile and aggressive type of democratic Christianity. Moreover, they conduct to a materialistic and mechanical interpretation of the grace of God; and that is, and has always been, a menace to the Religion of the New Testament.

Thank you most warmly for all your kinds words about myself.—Rejoicing in your great work, I am, affectionately yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

[The "cuttings" were from the *Church Times* and the *Yorkshire Post* anent Reunion. My letter was a letter to the *Baptist*

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Times. The reference "to the young ministers" is concerned with the men of Rawdon College and my hopes about them.—W. E. B.]

Acknowledging receipt of a volume on British Methodism from the Rev. George Eayres, he refers to the break, for the first time in thirty years, of his habit of delivering his New Year's address, a break never to be resumed, and rejoices in the unity of British Methodism.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is always a real pleasure to get hold of any of your work. It is quickening as well as informing and uplifting as well as guiding. Please accept my hearty thanks for your kind gift. I rejoice in the co-operation and consolidation of British Methodism. It is a good sign. It promises economy of resources and increase of power. I watch the movement with the keenest interest. Thank you for your sympathy. I am better; but much below my normal power at present. Hence I am not able to give or prepare my address for the New Year. This is the first break for over thirty years. I deeply regret it.

May you have a most useful and happy New Year is the wish of,
yours very sincerely, J. CLIFFORD.

IV

Soon after his return from Sidmouth he writes once more on the anniversary of his baptism.

June 16th, 1922.—Seventy years ago to-day I was baptized. This is one of the great days of my life. Every time it comes round my heart is filled with gratitude for the grace that led me to the act of dedication. It was a day when I accepted definitely a high ideal—the highest possible—that of a white life. How abundant the mercy of God to me in upholding me in that ideal, through all these years! How overflowing is His love! How full His pardons! How comforting the assurance of His presence to the end!

He continues to keep alive his various interests. His election campaigns in connexion with the L.C.C. and his life-long interest in the unity of London life have been referred to again and again. He expected great things of the L.C.C. He therefore went to the opening of the New County Hall.

July 17th.—Attended the opening of the New County Hall by the King. An auspicious day for civic development of London. The L.C.C. has fallen far short of the promise of its infancy. Moderation has taken the government from the Progressives and the L.C.C. has not realized its ideals.

He called on his oculist on July 18th, and his report was not entirely satisfactory.

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

“He says there is some flocculent material in the vitreous humour he cannot account for. I suggested my age. He thought probably it was due to the fact that I had been blind in the right eye so long. He said that the sight I have would last me for years. How grateful I am that I can see so well! I can see a long way off, and I can walk without spectacles, and see to read with my magnifying glass quite comfortably for a good time. This is an indescribable mercy and source of overflowing gratitude.”

The week beginning July 31st he regarded as one of the great weeks of his life. It was occupied with the meetings of the Baptist World Alliance. Men from the Northern and Southern States, Australia, Sweden, etc., met at the Executive of the Baptist World Alliance at the Baptist Church House to arrange for the World Alliance meetings in 1923. On Monday he was asked to join a sub-committee of the Executive to visit the Ambassador of Rumania to solicit his attention to the action of the Rumanian Government with regard to the persecution of the Rumanian Baptists. “We were welcomed,” he writes in his Diary, “and our story and appeal were listened to, and I think some changes in the direction of freedom of conscience, of public worship, of propaganda, and of the treatment of children of Baptists will follow.

“The whole of the proceedings of the Baptist Alliance were marked with the utmost unity and good fellowship. It is a great joy to me to see the increasing solidarity of the Baptist flock all over the world. The opportunity of our testimony is great. Everywhere there is a strong demand for deliverance from slavery and custom and superstition, for a renewed simplicity in the interpretation of religion, for freedom and courage, for reality and instructions. God is leading the world to that goal, and if we can only rise to the occasion He will aid us in discharging our responsibilities.”

The effect of the week's meetings brought reflections upon old age and its various weaknesses.

August 7th, 1922.—Wesley indulges more and more in superlatives as he grows older. In his 80th year everything is superlative. His cows are the largest he has ever seen—the proofs of the presence of God are the most convincing. I have no doubt he strove to be an accurate observer; but it is not unlikely that as his *vision* was *dimmed* by his own confession, he trusted to his imaginations and emotions more fully than usual. He complains that he cannot preach above twice a day at 86.

August 9th.—Reading “Wesley's Journal,” which is one of my

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

most refreshing occupations just now. I find myself suffering in the same way as Wesley did as to sight and as to hearing, and to memory, and I am no doubt suffering more than he did at my age. Wesley was afraid of two evils: (1) stubbornness; (2) peevishness. Watchfulness is as necessary against falling into the snares of age as it was against falling into the snares of youth.

It was now necessary for him to see his doctor.

August 24th.—Dr. Fearnly overhauled my machine and reported favourably on my physical condition, but that my elasticity was reduced, but no more than could be expected at my age. He warned me against great public meetings, bidding me avoid all excitement, and said that if I took care I might well be of some use. The art of living becomes more and more difficult with the roll of the years.

In October he went, by invitation, accompanied by Rev. E. E. Hayward, to see the Rumanian Minister again on the persecution of the Rumanian Baptists. "He was courteous and kindly, and is evidently eager to do his best. His chief difficulty was with our demand for preaching under the open sky. Free speech, he said, was not according to the Constitution. I reminded him that it ought to be, and urged that the changes take place in the Constitution in November, and should contain that clause. He held that their people were not trained for it. I urged that they might be brought to be, and encouraged the effort by referring to the many years we had been in England working for it, and of the advantage that comes from it. It is clear that our interview had done good. The cases we reported have been examined."

He again attends the reunion committee, but his attitude is still unfavourable.

November 20th.—Baptist Union. Christian Unity Committee. Not a little division. The issue seems to emerge with greater clearness:—"Shall Baptists unite with the Anglican Church?"

He continues eagerly to follow the elections, to read the signs of the times, especially of the increasing work of women in the national life, in which he continues to rejoice.

To Mr. James Fairbank.

20. XI. 1922.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The elections are over, and how are you? Have you rested from your wanderings sufficiently to take stock of the results of the British jury's verdict on the Government that has gone for ever? What is your reading of the trend of British political thought?

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

To me several things are clear, and first, it is manifest we are entering upon an era of outspoken and straightforward action. The disguises are gone. The Tory is a Tory and we know him as such, and the Progressive, though he scarcely knows how to label himself, is definitely for progress. That is a gain; a real *ethical* gain, and true men will welcome it.

Then it is clear that political thought is gravitating more and more towards the application of Christian ideas and ideals to the life of the common people. That is the inner meaning of the great "Labour" vote; and all progressive men will be interested in the process.

Is it not also clear that the stiff and stubborn prejudice against admitting women to share in the administrative and legislative life of the nation is really, though very slowly, weakening? The women voters were greatly increased as well as the women candidates, though the candidates were still regarded as intruders. That will pass, though not readily or swiftly.

But the Tories rule! Yes, but on a *minority* vote. Still, we shall have to watch them. They will do all the good they are fired to do, and all the ill we let them: they are reactionaries and we shall have to watch. . . .—I am, affectionately yours, JOHN CLIFFORD.

V

1923 was to be his last. Every year for thirty years he had given the New Year's address at Westbourne Park Chapel. But last year and this he could not. He presided, however, over the gathering. From his diary:

January 1st, 1923.—Westbourne Park Church, preside. Started the New Year with increased vigour, although still compelled to recognize severe limitation of my strength and to limit my output. Sight not improving, but I am grateful beyond words that I can read, write and get about.

The remainder of the story of his intermittent activities and interests is best told from his skeleton diary, in which blank spaces now abound. Old age is now a burden.

February 26th.—National Free Church Council, Bristol. Committee at 3 o'clock. One of the drawbacks of old age is that you have to keep a close watch on every movement as to its effect on the "body"; to limit "output," to regulate effort in proportion to strength. You cannot "let yourself go." Spontaneity is under perpetual check. This I have felt this week at Bristol more than ever, but have found the meetings I could attend full of interest, rich in hope and adventure. The most impressive and, I must add, the most moving and painful speech of the week was by Mr.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

Hamilton Fyfe. It was a revelation of the darker sides of our national Press, and revealed the necessity of the Churches addressing themselves to the task of more completely guiding and directing that everyday ministry to the people. The tone of the meetings was high and the influence will be great and abiding.

I spoke at a passive resistance meeting. It was one of the best we have had for twenty years, and indicates a quickened interest in national justice in education.

The Liberation Society meeting was a very good one, and also indicates that we are moving out of the "moral backwater" into which we drifted in war time and after.

March 2nd.—Returned home Thursday afternoon and visited the Rumanian Minister again in the interests of the persecuted Baptists.

He keeps up his correspondence with Mrs. Colebrook.

To Mrs. Colebrook.

13 *March*, 1923.

. . . It is a pure joy to hear about you from Miss Bourne, and to learn that you are doing so well. . . . May your Spring be one of happy healthfulness and purest joy!

You suggest your solicitude for my health and indicate that I am adventurous! Well, now, that is precisely the line my education for the last two years has been carrying me. It has made me more than usually cautious. I hesitate when I need to advance and find I must do. It is the price I have to pay for "getting old"; and I pay it, without regrets, but with as much patience and good cheer as I can command; for there *is so much to do*. The needs of the world are innumerable and they do not grow fewer or less exacting. . . .

You will be glad to know that I am recovering strength, although it is very slowly. My recuperative strength is not what it was a year and a half ago; but I am hoping to increase it as the summer comes. My sight is so good that I can read and write with ease and can walk about in the uncrowded districts with safety and comfort. For that I am inexpressibly grateful. Edith is better and I hope will not be long before she regains her former vigour. . . .

Please thank Miss Bourne for her letter and believe me now, as in 1860, and all through the years, most affectionately yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

He visits his beloved's grave—it is for the last time before he is placed beside her.

March 25th.—Mother is 79 to-day. Visited her grave, but thought most of the generous and lovely and blessed spirit that dwelt in the body and made her so beautiful and good. What she

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

knows now ! And what she is, after three years in the life on the other side, cannot be imagined.

VI

One of Clifford's last literary efforts was an article at the Editor's request on "The Zest of Life" for *The Sunday at Home* (March, 1923). He enjoyed doing it. Writing to Miss Aldis he says:—

It is a theme in which your father could give me many illustrations. It is a great theme, most comprehensive and deep—full of suggestion of the infinite wonder and love that planned our life and has sustained it through the centuries, and is still nourishing it and sustaining it towards its far-away, but clearly seen, and predestined goal.

And to Mrs. Colebrook :—

I am writing on "The Zest of Life." What an illustration you are of that phase of life, notably marking our youth ; but also persisting even into old age.

The article was gradually completed. An extract* or two shows that his grip is not relaxed nor his enthusiasm abated :—

"The relish for the fullest and freest life does not take flight with the arrival of maturer years. It keeps pace with the advance of experience, the growth of observation, the development of imagination, the love of art, the knowledge of science and the cultivation of religion. Zest is added to zest. The fitfulness of childhood gives place to the steady and intelligent hold of life's treasures ; and the passionate violence of youth to the beautiful serenity and sovereign calm of clearer vision, the wider outlook and saner judgment of the maturer years.

"But now we come up against the supreme and final test of the values of this life we live. How does it fare to the end ? The thrills of youth we know ; but what is our lot when they are gone, or only remain as an irritating memory or a source of depression ? The delights of the widening experience and growing knowledge of life and its contents fill the middle years with strength and peace and power ; but what is our lot when they are gone, and we are in the sere and yellow leaf of our autumnal days and being driven by the winds of life on to the rough and final stages of our long pilgrimage ?

"Ah, what then is our fate ? Two pictures are familiar as household words, and they are as impressively pathetic as they are common.

* By courtesy, *Sunday at Home*.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

“Shakespeare carries his interpretation of life up to its seventh and closing period, saying,

Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything.

Yes. That is true, but the poet himself would rebuke us if we accepted that as the whole truth about old age. Far from it. Behold King Lear. Study that picture of the seventh stage of human life ! It is confessedly one of the greatest tragedies ever written. As Hazlitt and Dowden remind us, Lear is old, but he is mighty ; he is weak and afflicted, but he is majestic. He is stretched on the rack of this rough world, and his passions carry him into a tempest, passing from light to darkness and from darkness to light ; he is grandly heroic and finely loyal to his loving daughter ; and whilst we look upon the suffering old man we seem to gaze upon some large cloudy symbols of some high romance. He is a victim of the hatred of two of his daughters ; but he is still a king and capable of a living martyrdom. The infinity of human life is present to the vision of the seer ; and no one picture can represent the manifoldness of the soul in old age.

“Even more widely known is the picture of the old man painted in Ecclesiastes. In him the relish of life has ceased to exist. The body is no longer the supple tool of the will. Vision is dim. Hearing is dull. Health has gone. The ministry of mirth is brought low. Burdens light as feathers press with the weight of tons. Friends fall at his side, and he is left lonely as a pelican in the wilderness. The fires of life burn feebly. The charm has gone out of the flowers and the fragrance from the roses. Interest in life’s events is fitful and fleeting, and memory is more of an irritant than a solace. And over the portals of the future what Aristotle calls a foreboding fear flings a cold shadow that strikes to the very heart and puts out the light of the lamp of hope.

“That is the melancholy sermon preached by the Debater of the Old Testament on the well-known text ‘Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.’ Childhood and youth, leisure and labour, the treasures of art and the growing stores of knowledge, the paradise of pleasure and the treasures of philosophy, all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and vainest of all is the experience of old age.

“It is a common lament ; and yet—life is real, profoundly real. For us it is the central reality. The vanity is not in human

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

life, but in the mind of the critic. It is he who is vain. Life has infinite and eternal values. It is the man who is foolish and feverish, lacking in insight and bereft of wisdom and courage.

Life is good,
The world's no blot for us,
Nor blank ; it means intensely and it means good.

We are not here by mistake ; our place is assigned us by our Eternal and Loving Father, and its pain and trouble, its temptations and struggles enter into our lot according to His man-redeeming, man-building plan. Every man really has a world of his own in which he is to work his way from good to good in endless advance towards a perfection that will be reached in the life that completes and crowns this.

. . . "It is so. Age does not destroy this zest. It feeds it. It goads it into fuller life. The other day Sarah Bernhardt, in her seventy-ninth year, met the suggestion of rest with the exclamation : ' Rest would be death. If I am to rest, I shall soon be dead.' Activity is life, and the zest for action is a zest for life. Brave and believing, Dr. Johnson said towards the end of his days, ' I do not want to die ' ; and Charles Lamb said he did not want to ' drop like mellow fruit.' Sir Walter Raleigh looked upon life as a great adventure. Plato describes life as a ' becoming.' There is always something more.

"Thus the zest of life carries us to the gates of death, and we pass through them to that fullness of joy prepared for the children of the Father.

"So the more we know of life, the more our poets and philosophers tell us of it, the keener is the zest. At least, that is my judgment, and I never was more desirous of long life, in spite of its limitations and drawbacks, than I am now, as I look abroad on the worlds waiting to be explored and understood, the experiments about to be made in science and in knowledge, in the reconstruction of social order ; in the art of political government, in the perfection of personality, and in achieving the co-operation of states and nations ; in the regeneration of churches, and in reaching the mountain heights of Christian character and achievement after the pattern of Jesus Christ. . . .

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our zest of life. It seeks eternity. It is ever on the march and cannot be stopped. It is an overmastering urge towards the eternal. Man is made for God and eternity, and he is restless until he enjoys both."

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

VII

He now becomes more and more reminiscent and goes back to his youthful days after his conversion.

June 14th.—These are days of remembrance. They carry me back 72 years to some of the most formative and creative times of my experience. How vividly they return ; the hopes, the aspirations, the strong resolves, the whole-souled concentration on the gift of all my life onwards from these days to God and to His Kingdom. How real were those desires, earnest the purposes, prolonged the meditations on the Scriptures, and how complete the trust in the loving leadership of the Lord Jesus. The heart is filled with gratitude for the inconceivable goodness which has crowded all the days of all the years in spite of failure and of misgiving and lapses from the highest. Again and again the words of Marcus Aurelius have recurred : “ If you happen to be beaten return to the challenge,” and the venture has been made in the assurance of the Divine Word, “ As thy day so shall thy strength be.”

Life still calls to him to go on, and he is full of zest and interest.

To Mrs. Colebrook.

23 June, 1923.

. . . . Your very kind gift received the other day not only called forth my thanksgivings, but also stirred my memory and brought to view many of the facts that make the past a delightful garden in which to stroll, in spite of the more sombre contents that speak of the Yew Tree and of Gray's Elegy.

Please accept my thanks and my cordial wishes for your abiding peace and satisfaction. That word, by the way, reminds me that I have just been asked to write on the abiding or enduring satisfactions of life. I wish I could have a talk with you about them. You have had a longer experience than I. I wonder what you would set down as most *durable* amongst the satisfactions of all your years. Surely one of them would be the friendship you have shared and the home created for one of the chief friendships of all, that of husband and wife. How undying ! Still they live. Our dear other self—wife in my case—husband in yours—does not die. We still live together and share life together. She comes into all my thinking and still controls very much of what I do and say. Yes : that is a durable satisfaction, and it lightens the burdens of old age and sustains the spirit in facing the limitations and weaknesses of declining years.

It is a little strange what questions I am asked to write on in my old age ; for example, the Editor of the *Sunday at Home* asked a little while ago for a paper on “ The Zest of Life.” He thought I ought to know something about it in my 87th year. I wrote, and enjoyed the writing of the paper ; for life still appeals to me with its myriad

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

interests, its evading problems, its mighty strivings, its shattered hopes and its surprising rewards. It grows upon me more and more ! How many questions the coming years will answer, that I should like to see answered as I have seen them put and yet remain unanswered. The *final* issue is assured ; but the changes, the confusions, the contradictions, the breakdowns that will have to be encountered before it appears. But this is our strength and our hope. Our Heavenly Father has given us in many languages the conviction that " the best is yet to be," and in that conviction we can live and hope and rejoice.

Edith, you will be glad to know, is well—or very nearly so, and is taking care of her old fogey of a father.

I am in good health ; but find my work more difficult owing to my defective vision. Ruskin complained that his infirmities made it impossible for him to do more than two hours' work a day. I am grateful that I can do a little more than that, but I cannot do enough to content me.

Torquay will be lovely now. May you have a very joyous summer-tide. Our heartiest greetings to you and to Miss Bourne, and—I am, as I was more than sixty years, affectionately yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

VIII

The Baptist World Alliance Conference at Stockholm deeply interested him. Delegates arriving in this country visited him, and the " Message," drafted by that revered leader, the Rev. Principal E. Y. Mullins, of Louisville, was read and re-read to him, and he made many suggestions towards its final form.

To Dr. Mullins.

I have just seen the second draft of the Message you are preparing for the Baptist World Alliance Congress. Very heartily do I endorse and most cordially do I welcome it. It is true. It is clear. It lays the emphasis on our vital principles, and ought to carry conviction to those who read it, that we stand four-square to the Christianity of the New Testament, are resolutely loyal to the sovereign and exclusive authority of the Lord Jesus, insistent on His ideas and ideals, accept His rule of our personal lives and of the ultimate social order with growing zest and increasing devotion, stand by His teaching as to the competency of the individual spirit in religion, the full personal rights of conscience and the autonomy of the local Church.

I could have wished that our attitude towards the acceptance of infant baptism as New Testament baptism had been more elaborated. It is a radical error, and the fount of others.

The manifesto is brotherly toward all other Churches and indicates our readiness to co-operate in good works and in fraternal meetings ; whilst it places unity in ecclesiastical form and organization in its right, *i.e.*, in a secondary place to fidelity to truth. The path of

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

compromise is easy and alluring, but it is fatal at once to truth and to real and serviceable unity.

Specially is this manifesto needed in Europe, and since Britain is now Continental, I may add, in Britain. Sacerdotal religion is advancing. It claims to be the true interpretation of the mind of Christ, and yet as the Anglo-Catholic Congress now meeting in London shows, it is becoming more and more Roman Catholic in every sense, and is using the immense property of the State Church and its powerful prestige to further its aims. The Baptists of Europe will find light, wisdom, strength and inspiration through the wide circulation of this manifesto.

All Baptists will thank you for your prolonged labours on this production, and the fruit that will follow will be your abundant vindication and reward.

With kindest regards, I am, heartily yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Rev. Dr. Shakespeare asked him to send a personal message to the Congress.

July 13th, 1923.

MY DEAR DR. SHAKESPEARE,

You suggested that I should send a message to the Baptist World Alliance Congress about to meet in Stockholm, and I count it a real joy to comply with your request.

First of all, I am sorry that bodily strength is insufficient to justify the effort to attend, or I would most eagerly avail myself of so great a privilege.

With exhilaration and delight I recall our World Congress in London and Philadelphia, and our European Congresses in Berlin and Stockholm. They were unforgettable occasions, and formed a fine preparation for the discharge of the new duties that have been placed upon us by and since the war—duties of relief of the necessities of the people in the areas desolated by the war; and of the further obligation and privilege of guiding our Churches passing into new conditions in the difficult and different situations created by the political rearrangement of Europe.

For the work of relief our Churches, specially in the United States, have contributed magnificently; and it is hoped the need for that aid will not continue much longer. But the second task urges itself upon the Churches represented in our Congress, with indescribable force. One of the primary needs of Europe—in my judgment the primary and most urgent need—is the Baptist interpretation of the Christianity of Christ Jesus in the New Testament. For more than thirty years that conviction has forced itself upon me. God calls us to it. This is the day the Lord has made for us, and sad will be our lot if we fail Him in this hour of pressing need. The dominance of Roman Catholicism in some areas, and the Greek Orthodox Church in others, and the prevalence of the ideas and practices of State control of religion, not-

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

withstanding lip-service, is rendered to freedom of conscience ; these three facts constitute an imperative demand for our witness :

(1) To the absolute and unchallengeable authority of the Lord Jesus our Redeemer over the thought and life of the individual with its implicate.

(2) The complete liberty of conscience in religion.

(3) Our insistence on personal faith in, and experience of, the grace of the Lord Jesus as the basis of the Christian Church.

(4) The autonomous character of societies so composed.

(5) The thoroughgoing repudiation of a sacerdotal ministry, and of the rites of the Churches as " vehicles " of Divine grace.

(6) The three great universalities—(a) of the love of the Father for all men, (b) the sacrifice of Christ for the sins of the whole world, and (c) of the gift of the Spirit to convince the world of sin, and lead it into the acceptance of the Divine standards of righteousness. That is the teaching Europe needs, and that is the teaching we are bound to give ; and this Congress ought to give a decisive and mighty impact to the adventure already initiated to carry Europe forward to original Christianity.

The fathers and founders of the United States left Europe to find freedom for the incalculable human soul. They found it. Roger Williams made it the corner-stone of Rhode Island. It is now the duty of the millions of Baptists in the States to join their brethren from Britain and all over the world to give that real liberty to the countries they were forced to leave.

That is the God-given task of this Congress. God wills it ! We can do it. May we have faith and courage and zeal enough for a full response !

I am, with most affectionate greetings to the Congress, yours very sincerely,
JOHN CLIFFORD.

Dr. Blomfield kept him informed of the proceedings.

4. VIII. 1923.

MY DEAR DR. BLOMFIELD,

How gracious and good of you to write to me so long and interesting a letter. Dr. Rushbrooke had sent me tidings of the proceedings at S. [Stockholm], but your additions are many, and for them I am grateful. I am deeply indebted to you personally for the great service you are rendering to Christianity and to our Churches in particular in this critical time ! I cannot tell you how acutely I have suffered in these last few years from this " hobnobbing " with an Episcopalianism that is leagued with a movement towards Rome and away from the Gospel of Jesus. How we need the letter to the Galatians and the spirit of Paul ! " To whom we gave place by subjection ; no, not for an hour that the truth of the Gospel might continue with you," is the passage which is constantly recurring to my thought. The manifesto is a most telling protest, and I am glad you carried it through. I

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

saw there were efforts to defeat it and I wrote Dr. Mullins twice or thrice. I wish it had been possible to carry the protest against the Lambeth proposals in a definite form. Some want to keep it a British business; but it is a world business, and concerns the Alliance not less than the Baptist Union, and fortunately for us the Alliance will help us.

My joy is that in all this wearisome manœuvring our people are to be fully trusted. They know the risks. They have been trained in our many pastorates and will stand firm in the truth of the Gospel.

I hope you will keep an eye on your health. You will be much needed.

With gratitude and love I am, yours always, JOHN CLIFFORD.

P.S.—By the way, we ought to get the manifesto as widely distributed to the public as possible. What is being done in this way? I am sending a copy to *Public Opinion* and hope it may, in part, if not in whole, find a place in its pages. I will also send a copy to the *Christian World*; and if I can get hold of copies I will send one to the *British Weekly*.

Ought we not to get some funds for the defrayal of the cost of printing and distributing it? This, I expect, will have to be done outside the Baptist World Alliance, at least for England. I will suggest to Dr. Mullins that it should be done on a large scale for the States.

The fact is, our position is not known. Propaganda is necessary for the sake of the Empire. Our Baptist obligations to Europe are imperative and must be discharged.—J. C.

American visitors to the Congress called upon him, one after another, in passing through London, and he richly enjoyed their conversation.

August 20th, 1923.—B. D. Gray, of Atlanta, called to-day on his way home from Stockholm and spent two most delightful hours gossiping on the Congress, the States, North and South, religion, politics, the future of Baptist work. He is doing a great work as secretary of the Home Missions Board in Georgia.

August 21st, 1923.—Dr. Pike Powers and his son from Knoxville, Tennessee, U.S.A., called to-day. Dr. Powers was our guest in 1905, and it was a joy to see him. He is eighty-two and is very feeble. We had a most refreshing interview and I gathered much information about the Stockholm Congress and the state of religion and politics in U.S.A. His son is a lawyer in Knoxville.

IX

The end is now approaching rapidly. He attends what is to be his last committee meeting on Reunion.

September 18th.—Fed. Council of Free Churches. Report on the Joint Conference at Lambeth. A day of wearisome endeavour to

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

give substance to that will-o'-the-wisp "organic union" with the Church of England. It is a most divisional as well as a futile movement and the Fed. Council is wasting its time.

September 24th.—Lord Morley died yesterday in his eighty-fifth year. A great soul has passed from amongst us. I owe huge debts to his writings and to his influence and vividly recall a most interesting and informal talk I had with him on J. Stuart Mill.

And his final anniversary meeting of Westbourne Park Church, the most lasting memorial of his life's work.

September 30th.—Forty-six years ago, at 7 o'clock in the evening, W. P. Chapel was opened and dedicated to God. Attended W. P. Church and spoke at the evening service a few reminiscient words.

Eighty-seven to-day, full of gratitude for his life, and still preaching. But it is to be his last sermon.

October 16th.—To-day I finish my eighty-seventh year with a heart overflowing with gratitude to the God of my life. His mercy endures. His love never fails. His supporting strength is my portion, therefore do I hope in Him as I go forth to my eighty-eighth year. I cannot deny that I am old. My power of work is limited. Three hours' reading or writing exhaust me; still I can read and write as long as that and I rejoice in such strength, though it is far too little to overtake what I have to do. John Wesley's vision failed him; his strength was gravely reduced, but he went on working to within a few days of the end and his soul was full of thanksgiving and praise to the end. It was so with my grandmother, a disciple of John Wesley, at a much greater age.

Monday was a wonderful day. Letters, etc., etc., abounded. W.P.C. meeting was an unbroken joy, and the subject of personal evangelism was the dominant note. I feel more and more that the Churches have missed their way in wishing the ministers and expecting them to do the whole of the soul-winning. If I live much longer I must continue to urge this *Personal obligation* of the Disciple to make disciples.

I preached last Sunday evening at West Ealing Baptist Church with great pleasure and little risk. This encourages me to hope that I may yet do some good work for God and man.

Dr. and Mrs. Shakespeare wrote to him on his last birthday, and he replied:—

23. X. 1923.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is most kind of Mrs. Shakespeare and yourself to think of my birthday and to send me your congratulations and good wishes. I am

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

very grateful. It is one of the chief joys of life, to live in the thought and affection of old friends, and as the years lengthen the old friendships become dearer and sweeter and are only enriched by the arrival of friendship of later growth. Certainly nothing will ever be more precious than the friendship God has given me with you both for so many years.

I was sorry to hear this morning that you are not quite well. I hope your rest will soon set free for their restoring work the health forces within you.

With kind regards, I am, ever affectionately yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

Acknowledging the eighty-seventh birthday celebrations at Westbourne Park Church he wrote what was to be his final letter to the Church :—

October 16th, 1923.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

Dr. Samuel Johnson is credited with saying that we should “keep our friendships in repair.” Surely birthdays offer most welcome aid in that repairing work, at least that is my experience on a very large scale. To my numberless friends, some old, and some not so old, and others young, and even very young, I wish to offer the heartiest and deepest thanks I can express, for telegrams and letters, for flowers and fruits and sweets and other tokens of affection.

How rich Tuesday, October 16th, was in the overflow of gracious and cheering messages from the friends who go back towards the middle of the last century for the beginning of their friendship with me, and others, not less welcome, within whose magnetic circle I have recently had the joy of being drawn ; friends as far away as Australia, New Zealand, and the United States, and as near as next door ; I thank God upon every remembrance of you all, and accept the strengthening influence of our relationship with deepening joy and brightening hope.

Specially do I thank the Church for the indescribably lovely and fragrant bouquet of roses. I wish I could write to each one who has written or wired to me ; but my strength is not equal to my desire, and therefore I must beg you to accept these lines as though they were personally addressed to you.

Dr. Horton’s address on Personal Evangelism was distinctly along the lines of my whole work. I am thankful for it, and for the influence it will exert.

May God bless you all, your homes and families.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

What was to be his farewell letter to Mrs. Colebrook is dated October 20th, 1923 :—

. . . I had begun to think you had forgotten, and yet I was sure you had not, and could not, and so I *feared* you were not so well

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

as usual ; hence I am delighted to find that you are in good health and high spirits, rejoicing in your gramophone and finding content in literature. Thank you for the good news and for the gift of nourishing cream. My old machine is wearing fairly well, and I think I have nearly got over the accident of three years ago. I preached last Sunday night for half an hour and was alive the next day ; and what is more gratefully recognized is that, after a most exhausting day on Tuesday I am getting my strength back again. My dear people loaded me with their love and seemed to be as glad to see me alive as I am, and that is saying much. I am coming after you quickly ; so look out. The years have been crowded with blessing, and the chiefest of *all* is the gift of that sweet, pure, strong soul God gave me from Newbury. She is always in sight and in thought. Then how many friends God has given me—what a joyous thought is that which fills my mind as I recall the figure of your “ dear John ” and the blessed friendship we had together through so many years. The wealth of life is in its friends. That abides. Not even the flight of time can wither it. It is of the *Spirit* and the Spirit endures. Never ending love to you from your old friend,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

The closing entry in his diary is dated October 29th, 1923. He began his life in the days when the stage coach still passed through his village, and within a few days of his end he “ listens in ” for the first time to wireless broadcasting.

October 29th, 1923.—Heard the great speech of Lord Curzon at the Tay Pay Festival at the Savoy Hotel by wireless. Sat at the home of my friend, Mr. Edwards, with feet on the fender and the machinery at my ears and caught every word spoken by the chairman in a speech full of wit and humour and of high praise of the distinguished journalist. It is his seventy-fifth birthday. It was a most gladdening occasion and a wonderful benefit to enable one to sit at home and share in the speech, the cheering, the hand-clapping, and “ he’s a jolly good fellow.” It is my first real experience of the wireless machinery. Altogether an unforgettable occasion.

The last book* he read was Dr. L. P. Jacks’ “ A Living Universe,” underscoring passages on immortality, and the day before he died he wrote to the publishers :—

I have read “ A Living Universe,” by Principal L. P. Jacks, with absorbing interest and thorough intellectual satisfaction. It is one of the ablest contributions made to the thought of our day within this year, and will go further than any other I know to give reliable guidance to minds perplexed by the universe as a whole, by civilization, by religion and education, and by the problem of the life after death. It

* Dr. Clifford’s copy of the book has been presented to Dr. L. P. Jacks in memory of his old friend.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

is a masterpiece of argument set out in clear, vivid language, goes right to the heart of these profoundest questions of the human spirit, and demonstrates with convincing cogency the doctrine taught by Immanuel Kant that "this is a *moral* world in which men are treated as *ends* in themselves, and not simply as means, or instruments, to an end beyond themselves."

The Rev. C. W. Vick recalls visiting him four days before his death.

"On his last birthday I spent some hours with him. The knocker beat repeated tattoos as letters and telegrams poured in upon him, and now a bouquet, now a little child's gift of a treasured sticky sweet told him of the honour and love and troops of friends that accompanied his old age. We went for an hour's walk and he talked of friends whom he had made in Canada whence I had just returned, led me to his favourite outlook towards Harrow: 'There in that direction is Harrow spire; I cannot see it now, but you can,' spoke hopefully as ever of public affairs, whilst impatient of the compromises by which men tried to advance.

"Once more I saw him, four days before his death. He appeared to me increasingly frail, as if the sword of the spirit had almost worn the scabbard through. We talked again of the harm which reactionary literalists were doing to the Churches and to those ardent young souls to whom, with the best intentions, they were so tragically misrepresenting Christianity and the Gospel. I ventured to suggest that their honesty of purpose and their loyalty to the Lord Jesus Christ might be an antiseptic to their traditionalism. He gladly agreed. Loyalty to Christ with him covered a multitude of sins. But his heart went out to the youths and maidens so often repelled by a narrow interpretation of the Gospel, from Him who is the Gospel.

"This led us to talk of the changes in the attitude of youth. I reminded him of a remark he had once made to me, that whilst in the early Westbourne Park days his young men visitors on Friday nights were full of religious perplexities and questions of Biblical interpretation; in later years these became the stumbling blocks of young women, whilst the men seemed most perplexed with moral questions, and the struggle against personal temptations. Later still, for both, the social problem emerged, the difficulty of living a Christian life in an un-Christian state of society. But here, again, he noted a further change, the question of personal responsibility and personal conduct receding into the background, and the modern man and woman being more inclined to throw the blame for personal failure on society and environment, and to seek in the

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

attempt to change these, rather than in the effort at self-discipline and control, and, above all, in surrender to the will of God, the remedy for the present distress.

"In one sense I do not think Dr. Clifford was a good judge of men. He was at once too optimistic, and too humble. He thought that others could achieve what he had achieved and believed them to be as honest and unselfish and as determined as himself. He must have often been disappointed, yet even when the disappointment was keenest he ever hoped the best. Deliberate deceit wounded him deeply and the wound was slow to heal, but it was rather for the cause than for himself that he bled.

"It was dark when I left him on the Friday evening before his death. He proposed attending the Baptist Union Council on the following Tuesday morning, but hardly thought we should meet in the afternoon at a committee to which we were both called. With his usual courtesy he came to the door. We stood a moment on the threshold with clasped hands, and as I turned at the gate I saw him framed in the light behind. He waved his hand in gay salutation and the door closed as I passed down the road. I saw him no more, but with undying gratitude to him for unvarying kindness and to God for the privilege of knowing His great servant, I cherish this last memory until I am permitted to see him again framed in the light eternal."

X

During the final week of his life he scribbled some notes on the compensations of old age, which were found after his death within the covers of the copy of Emerson's Essays given to him by his Sunday-school teacher seventy-five years before.

As far as they can be read, he was to begin by making a list of men who found their chief solace in old age in *work*.

They could not equal the "output" of their earlier years; but they "carried on," they brought forth fruit in their old age—refreshing and nourishing others, and also themselves. And then he asks, When does old age begin? Each stage of life has its compensations.

Youth, middle age; but those of old age are most real and the most abiding.

Each stage of life has its perils, it is obvious.

Of youth, it is utterly to fail, to give up, to say it's no use; there is no experience to fall back upon.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

The peril of middle life is to be satisfied with the material things of life, to be indolent, to lose ambition.

The peril of old age is bitterness, to be stationary, to be nagging.

These are perils ; but they are not inevitable. They can be avoided.

Then he would argue that there are forces in the old that live on and repeat themselves in youth—forces, ideas that dominate everything, shape everything ; for ideas are pioneers, and they re-make everything.

So the aged become our instructors out of the treasure of the past ; and the delight of the present with their serenity.

The world is always new, new every morning ; and yet it is more certainly always old ; but the progressive spirit of man, alive still in the oldest, finds joy in welcoming new impressions, new experiences, new perceptions of the infinite variety and delightsomeness of the great human race.

And finally, he would point to the compensations of old age. The compensations of old age do not depend on the almanack ; but on the man, on the way he lives, and the thought he thinks, the work he does ; on what James Douglas calls the maintenance of the *Rhythm of Life*, on the balance of soul and brain, on the peace that he has with God, with himself, with his friends . . . on the joy he has in living. . . .

“ It is important, I admit, to secure all the compensations for old age that we can ; but it is more important to postpone the arrival of old age. Why not ! Moses lived to 120 ; why should Moses beat us ! . . . The wisdom and knowledge of the Egyptians were vast, no doubt ; but they did not know the laws of health as we do.”

The chief is this, the continuation of the emerging and advancing young life of the world ; the adventures of adventurous youth, in the enjoyment of freedom from the tyranny of convention and the bondage of custom.

And then he adds, the world is in its making, and must needs drop some of the old stuff it has carried and used so long so that it may attack with unfettered limbs the problems of the uprising present and do its best to solve them.

One of the sad sights is to see an old man “ afraid of that which is high,” of the ideal, of the “ excelsior ” challenge ; but it is not inevitable ; the highest still allures and excites.

(1) The intercourse with dear old friends, the charm of gossip over the long, long ago.

THE MAN AND HIS YEARS

(2) The charm of old books, familiar friends of the bygone times.

(3) Old places, Sawley, Beeston, Nottingham, etc.

(4) The delight, deep and pure abiding, in children and adolescents. The vista of the coming years. . . .

One compensation is that old people see that they will not be long before they pass and give the world an opportunity of moving out of its narrow grooves, and moving to a higher level, and marching to a loftier and truer goal. As we grow old, most of us, I fear, are unprogressive. God is the God of progress, and He arranges that we shall change our natural body for one more suited to us in our next stage of development, a celestial, a spiritual body ; and then the new generation, with its new ideas and new methods.

But probably his final words were the following—and what an epitaph they are ; an epitome of himself by himself. The fragment, which is here reproduced, in his own handwriting, reads :

“ Life is a battle at every stage, but the conditions of the fight differ at different stages. Man is a soldier to the last and if he is a true soldier he dies, sword in hand, still fighting, and then at the last says : ‘ I have fought the good fight : I have finished my course.’ ”

Life is a battle at every
stage ~~now~~ but the conditions
of the fight differ at different
stages - Man is a soldier
to the last. If he is a true
soldier he dies sword in
hand still fighting. After
his last fight he says
the good fight I have
finished my course

CHAPTER XV

GOD TOOK HIM

And Enoch walked with God : and he was not, for God took him.—
GENESIS V, 24.

*O Love that will not let me go
I rest my weary soul in Thee.
I give Thee back the life I owe
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.*

G. MATHESON.

ON Tuesday, November 20th, 1923, the end came. That morning the Rev. S. W. Hughes motored Dr. Clifford to the Baptist Union Council meeting, which he had resolved to attend to further the movement for personal evangelism. The Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, D.D., was absent through eye trouble, and Dr. Clifford, himself a fellow-sufferer, rose and expressed, with winsomeness and love, the sympathy of himself and his brethren with their secretary. The Council next proceeded to deal with personal evangelism. Dr. Clifford listened intently to several brief speeches, and no doubt was waiting for the moment to take that part in the discussion which had brought him there, when he suddenly leaned backward and he "was not."

As, later, he lay on the couch, the flowers from the Council table on his breast, the members reverently filed past to take their last look at the beloved friend who had led them for fifty years and more. The world outside, startled by his dramatic passing, began early to pour in messages of sympathy. The King "gratefully realizes the services rendered by Dr. Clifford in promoting the religious life of succeeding generations of his fellow-countrymen"; the Archbishop of Canterbury testifies to "his long life of devoted Christian service," and Churches and Statesmen and Press, without distinction of creed or politics, hastened to voice the great loss which the Christian Church and public life had sustained by his death. McMaster University, Toronto, within two hours of his passing, observed two minutes of silence for this soldier of the Lord. And ere sunset the Christian world from Australia to Russia had,

GOD TOOK HIM

through numerous channels, avowed that the world had been left the poorer by his passing.

“ His voice is silent in our council hall
For ever ; and, whatever tempests lour,
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all,
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke.”

“ That Council chamber,” said the Rev. S. W. Hughes, who was seated beside him, “ is made more sacred as the place where his Redeemer met him to guide him over the Great Highway. How naturally, too, our Greatheart had all unconsciously woven the pageantry of his passing in a final act of compassionate love.”

On the day of the funeral a vast congregation filled Westbourne Park Church. “ Never can that scene be forgotten,” writes the Rev. E. E. Hayward, “ by those present. Silently the great congregation rises to its feet. The flower-enveloped coffin is deposited on a great bank of flowers, beautiful wreaths around it on the ground. The Doctor is back again in his beloved Church.”

And at that hour in Western Australia Mr. and Mrs. Martin, two of the devoted teachers of Bosworth Mission, surround his portrait with the best roses and look up to him in love and respect.

“ As we drive slowly along the Harrow Road, covering the mile and a half to the cemetery,” continues the Rev. E. E. Hayward, “ it is a wonderful sight to observe the concourse of Paddington citizens, of every class and type, that await his passing in respectful silence. At Kensal Green Cemetery the crowd is greater than ever ; all the traffic is stopped and the people crowd the cemetery gates.

“ At the graveside at the close of a short and simple committal service we stand round the open grave for a moment bareheaded and silent. Here is no need for sorrow. We cannot think of John Clifford as dead. He is not dead. He is with God.”

On his tombstone is inscribed :—

JOHN CLIFFORD, C.H., M.A., LL.B., B.Sc., D.D.

Born Oct. 16, 1836. Died Nov. 20, 1923.

Minister of Westbourne Park Baptist Church 1858–1915.

Pastor Emeritus 1915–1923.

“ He walked with God : and he was not ; for God took him.”

“ One who never turned his back,
But marched breast forward, never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.”

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

A Memorial Service, conducted by the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, D.D., was held in the City Temple on Monday, November 26th, supported by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Willesden, representing the Bishop of London, Rev. Principal A. E. Garvie, D.D., Rev. J. H. Rushbrooke, D.D., Rev. F. W. Norwood, D.D., Rev. S. W. Hughes, Rev. I. Gwessin Jenkins, and others.

Speaking of the character of Dr. Clifford, Dr. Scott Lidgett said "that spotless sincerity from first to last was its greatest attribute. He was a fighter, and the strength of his convictions, the intensity of his feelings, and the ardour of his temperament formed a magnificent equipment for a combatant. Dr. Clifford was an idealist, and the contrast between the ideal and his inward mind, and the actual, with its meanness, its injustice, and its inhumanity, moved him to an indignation that was never personal. However he might differ on a question even from his friends he never quarrelled with them, nor did the strength of his convictions close his mind to any of the great intellectual developments of the age. His life was devoid of selfishness, and dedicated to the service of his God, his Church, and his country. He was of a combative nature, but had the faith continually to believe that the ideal was attainable. He was a pessimist about compromise—was never for compromise when the things he thought to be morally right were at stake. 'He was a great and glorious Christian.'"

The Press of the whole country bore similar testimony. In its obituary notice *The Times* expressed the testimony of all.

"As the shadows lengthened round him, to his friends his character seemed to take an added sweetness and moral grandeur, and they looked upon him with a strange awe and love, conscious that he stood alone, and that they would never see his like again."

At the Memorial Service at Ferme Park Chapel, the fruit of Dr. Clifford's activities, held on the Sunday evening, the Rev. Charles Brown, D.D., asked :—

"What is the secret of this wonderful life? How comes it to pass that this man, who at the early age of ten was jacker-off in a lace factory earning half-a-crown a week, attains to such deserved fame that the streets about his conventicle are rendered impassable by the crowds of people who cannot get into the building and who have come together to honour him? How is it that all, from the King on the throne, from the Archbishop of Canterbury—whose established church this man opposed to the end—down to labouring men of the lowest order, do homage to him? What is it that they are honouring? Let the cynic and the man

GOD TOOK HIM

who believes in clever tricks and dodges, and in getting as much out of people as he can, listen and take notice. As I saw on Friday that crowded building of men and women, representative of nearly every class and grade of society, and the far vaster crowd that thronged the surrounding streets and lined the road to the cemetery, a reverent and subdued crowd, many of whose eyes were dim with tears, I said : This is tribute and homage to character—fine, high, unselfish character—and if John Clifford, who passes to his rest amid this honour and respect, could speak to this vast crowd, he would say, as you know : ‘ I owe all I am and have done to Jesus Christ my Lord.’ ”

Mr. Lloyd George prefaced his speech at the Queen’s Hall on the Wednesday by paying a tribute to Dr. Clifford :

“ He was a great friend of mine, and there is nothing I am prouder of in life than that whether we agreed or whether we disagreed, I retained his friendship to the end. It was something to have the friendship of Dr. Clifford. He was one of the greatest Liberals, one of the greatest Free Churchmen of the day.

“ Throughout a long life he fought for human liberty and human life in all lands. Many a time has his swelling voice electrified an audience in this very hall in an appeal for justice and righteousness. He fought the good fight ; he kept the faith, and his course is ended.

“ His life was a long one, but in the whole of that long life there is not one episode that his friends would not like to recall. In the whole of that long life there are many things that millions who felt his sway could recall—as they will recall—as an encouragement, as a sweetness, as an inspiration for great tasks.”

At the close of this tribute the audience rose in sympathy.

Many have written reminiscences of Dr. Clifford to help to complete the portrait here presented of the man they admired, but only one or two more references can be given.

Dr. Carlile, ex-President of the Baptist Union, recalled that throughout his public life he had been associated with Dr. Clifford : “ I have regarded him as the greatest religious leader of our time, and it was my privilege to be closely associated with him in many ways. I never knew him do a mean thing, or speak an ungenerous word. It is hardly possible to imagine the Baptist denomination without John Clifford.”

Lord Treowen, a leading member of the Roman Catholic Church, writing to the author, speaks of their warm and lasting friendship.

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

"Our intercourse was entirely personal, and we did not correspond with one another in the sense of carrying on by letter the interchange of thoughts and feelings to which our conversations gave rise.

"My friendship with Dr. Clifford is one of the cherished memories of my life. His was such a noble, straightforward character ! His strong convictions, his earnestness, and enthusiasm appealed to me, and the breadth and depth of his Christian charity endeared him to me.

"We first met politically in connection with the Education controversy in the early years of the present century. A superficial observer might have said that no two men would be more widely separated than we were by our doctrinal differences and by the influences of our early lives and training. I was a soldier with varied experiences in many lands, a Catholic holding firmly to the faith and tradition to which my family has steadfastly adhered through centuries of persecution and civil disabilities which such adhesion entailed. He was a Baptist minister, brought up in a school of thought almost fiercely opposed to what was called 'the teaching of the Church of Rome,' whose life had been spent amid surroundings which brought him into the closest contact with the masses of our densely populated areas and with the social problems arising out of the conditions created by the development of modern civilization. Yet from the first moment of our acquaintance we seemed to understand one another. In one sense I think each of us was a revelation to the other. We were both free from the narrow prejudices of bigotry, our ideals were those of justice and our faiths had a common basis in the fundamental truths of Christian revelation."

The Rev. Wm. Cuff would pour out his heart in these pages over his dearest friend :

"I wish I held a pen that could write anything worthy of my beloved friend, Dr. John Clifford. It should be done in letters of gold if I could do it. We were like two brothers for nearly fifty years. About many things we differed and agreed to differ because we loved one another. I was with him in all the phases of life in private and public, and on all sorts of committees, and I saw him die in the Church House. It was such a shock to me that I have not been the same since. I should feel it a signal honour to have a word in the life of such a very dear friend."

The Rev. W. Y. Fullerton, the intimate friend and biographer of the Rev. Charles Spurgeon, writes : "With John Clifford friendship counted for much, and he never changed. He was generous

GOD TOOK HIM

in his gifts of service and of money. He has left little of this world's goods behind him. He has left us rich in the love and gratitude of countless thousands of all churches, and of men of no church."

To Mr. W. Copeland Bowie, a leading Unitarian, Dr. Clifford was one of the bravest, noblest, most unselfish workers for God and humanity in his experience since he came to London in 1879. "He was a constant inspiration to the timid and the down-hearted in every field of social activity. A warrior against injustice and wrong—but a saintly as well as an intrepid warrior."

The Rev. Dr. R. J. Campbell is affected deeply in common with many thousands of people throughout the world. "Churchmen cannot be indifferent to the removal from our midst of so great a personality and so noble a Christian as Dr. Clifford, however far they may differ from certain of his principles and modes of expressing them.

"It is now over twenty-eight years since I first had the happiness of knowing Dr. Clifford intimately and becoming a guest in his home, though I had heard him preach long before that, for he was even then a national figure and the recognized leader of English Nonconformity. The impression I received of his character at that time has remained with me ever since, and increasing acquaintance has served but to deepen and strengthen it. I do not think I have ever known a man so utterly unselfconscious, at once so humble and so dauntless, so happy in spirit and so implacable in his resistance to evil, so entirely good and sincere, so unfailingly kind and tender without a trace of condescension in manner or word, and withal so immovable in any stand he conscientiously took for what he held to be right and just.

Finally, the Memorial resolution of the Baptist Union itself records that "Dr. Clifford belonged to the whole Church of Christ, to the Nation, and, indeed, to humanity, but it is our honour and our pride that he belonged especially to us, that he lived his whole life in our Communion, and served our Church with unfaltering loyalty and devotion to the end. Surely by us, above all other people, his memory should, and will be, lovingly cherished. The details of the life of our great leader are common knowledge, how from humblest beginnings, by sheer force of character and ability, he attained to national and world-wide eminence and influence. We remember with gratitude the great part he played in our Denominational life—his one and greatly honoured pastorate extending over sixty years, his labours in connexion with the London Baptist Association and the Baptist Union; the leading part he took in the fusion of the General and Particular Baptist Bodies in

THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN CLIFFORD

1892 ; his work in the raising of the Century Fund, from which the Church House was built ; his two presidentships of the Baptist Union, and his visitation of the Churches during those periods. We recall, with profound thankfulness to God, whose gift Dr. Clifford was to us, his great heart of kindness, his humility and tenderness, his numberless services to poorer Churches and less gifted brethren. We remember his brave fight for religious justice and liberty and equality, his ardent advocacy of Temperance Reform, his keen and wide social sympathies, his incorruptible sincerity and integrity. Much misunderstood at times, and from various quarters, his charity and chivalry never failed, and he always fought with clean weapons.

“ But those who knew Dr. Clifford best remember, above all other qualities, his adoring love for his Saviour. More truly than most he could say :

‘ Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find.’

His face would light up when he spoke of the salvation which was in Christ, or when he prayed in His name, and it was out of his experience of this salvation that his passionate evangelism sprang.”

Many other tributes to his worth and work might be recorded, but let us close with that united testimony of those who knew him best and, after his family, loved him most, proclaimed in the Chamber where he died and where, perchance, his spirit lingered.

On his vacant seat in the Council Chamber a memorial tablet bears the inscription : “ John Clifford fell asleep in the love of God on this seat at the Council Meeting, November 1923.”

As I write the winter sun sinks in crimson clouds over Poole Harbour, shedding a path of golden light across the placid sea. The waters are now calm ; but yesterday, under gloomy skies, the sea was restless. There were times of storm when he battled valiantly, alternated with days of peace when he lay at anchor. It was calm like this eventide when the bark of his life sped along the lighted way to the farther shore, where his Lord and his beloved awaited him. I turn reluctantly to walk home and listen to the ceaseless beat of the tide upon the shore. The world still moves on. And as the tide is lifted up by unseen forces, so the human race climbs upward, influenced by the master-spirits who have gone before us, of whom John Clifford was a far-shining example. He held his life in trust for humanity, and he made of it something more than “ rain fallen on the sand.”

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS BY DR. CLIFFORD

1872. "Jesus Christ and Modern Social Life."
"Starting in Life (or Familiar Talks to Young People)."
1874. "The Attitude of Men of Science towards Christianity."
"The Church's War with National Intemperance."
"George Mostyn : the Story of a Young Pilgrim Warrior."
1875. "The Surest Way of Bringing the Young to Christ."
1876. "The Future of Christianity."
"The New Testament Church in its Relation to the Needs and Requirements of the Age."
"The Non-attendance of Professed Christians at Public Worship."
"Religious Life in the Rural Districts of England,"
"Romanism Judged and Condemned by Jesus Christ."
"The True Use of the Lord's Supper."
"The Future of Christianity."
1877. "The Church of Christ : Its Work, Character and Message."
"Thou Shalt not Hide Thyself ! (An Argument for the Cure of Britain's Intemperance)."
1878. "Baptism, Christ's Privilege."
"Christianity in Rome, Past and Present."
"Faith Healing : What is it Worth ? "
1879. "The Work of Church Leaders."
1880. "Sunday School Success and How to Increase it."
"Is Life Worth Living ? "
1881. "The English Baptists : Who They are and What They have Done."
"Dean Stanley : His Spirit and Work." (A Memorial Sermon.)
"The Origin and Growth of English Baptists."
1882. "Looking Ahead."
1883. "What's the Use of Baptism ? "
1884. "Socialism and the Teaching of Christ."
"Youthful Perils and How to Escape Them."
"Hold Fast that which is Good."
1885. "Daily Strength for Daily Living."
"The Fight for Social Purity."
"Christianity, the True Socialism."
1886. "The Dawn of Manhood."
"How to be Sure of the Voice of God."
"A Ministry of Power : The Necessity of the Times."
1887. "Can we be Sure of God ? "
"The Sevenfold Law of Ministerial Training."

APPENDICES

1888. "The Battle of the Sacred Books."
 "The Chief Sources of the Preacher's Power."
 "The Great Forty Years." (An Address from the Chair of the Baptist Union.)
 "The Ordinance of Jesus and the Sacraments of the Churches."
 "Why am I a Congregationalist?"
 "The New City of God."
1889. "Stephen: His Character, Method and Work." (A Memorial Sermon.)
1890. "Jesus Christ: His Person and His Plan."
 "The Old Testament and the Teaching of Jesus."
 "The Pulpit and Human Life."
 "Temperance, a Part of the Ideal Life."
1891. "The Coming Theology."
 "Inspiration."
 "The Christian Conception of Society."
1892. "The Inspiration and Authority of the Bible."
 "The Orissa Mission."
 "Our Churches and Colleges and the Ministry of the Future."
1893. "Clericalism and the Anglican Churches."
1894. "The New Theosophy and Christian Teaching."
 "Religious Teaching in Board Schools."
 "Theories of the Atonement."
1895. "The Churches of London: Their Faith and Their Future."
 "The Renewal of Protestantism."
 "The Message of 1894 to Young Men."
 "Social Worship, an Everlasting Necessity."
1896. "The Spiritual Groundwork of the Temperance Reformation."
1897. "Jesus Christ and the State Churches."
 "Need I be Baptized?"
 "Socialism and the Teaching of Christ."
1898. "Temperance Reform and the Ideal State."
 "Typical Christian Leaders."
 "The Emancipation of the Nation from the Tyranny of Drink."
 "A Call to Free Churchmen."
 "The Federation of the Free Churches."
1899. "Brotherhood and the War in South Africa."
 "God's Greater Britain." (Letters and Addresses.)
 "The Ministry of the Church to the Young."
 "The Crisis in the Church. Its place in the development of British Religion."
 "The British Chautauqua Presidential Address."
 "The Christ of the Coming Century."
1900. "The Call of the New Century to Temperance Workers."
 "The Great Awakening in 1900."
 "The Demands of the Twentieth Century."
1902. "The Housing of the Poor."
1904. "The Secret of Jesus."
 "The Christian Certainties." (Discourses and Addresses in Exposition and Defence of the Christian Faith.)
1906. "The Ultimate Problems of Christianity."
 "George Jacob Holyoake." (Full and Revised Report of a Sermon.)
1907. "The Education Crisis." (Letters.)
1912. "The Gospel of Gladness and Its Message for Us."
1914. "The War and the Churches."
1918. "Our Fight for Belgium and What it Means."

APPENDICES

1919. "The Place of Industry in the Plan of God for the Redemption of the World."
1920. "The Gospel of World Brotherhood According to Jesus Christ."
 "The Salvation Army: Its Genesis, Aims and Principles, Methods and Results."
 "Socialism and Personal Character."
 "Anglican Romanism and National Character."
 "Oliver Cromwell and the Free Churches."
 "A Call to Arms!" (a Speech at the City Temple at the Meeting of the Free Church Council.)
 "Shop Life: Its Conditions and Problems." (A Sermon.)
 "Sacerdotalism and Sunday Schools."
 "President Garfield, the Christian Student, Patriot and Martyr."

BOOKS WITH AN INTRODUCTION OR PREFACE BY DR. CLIFFORD

1871. "Theodosia Ernest."
1885. "The Martyrs of Kent." By J. H. Wood.
1903. "Lights of Life." By John Ebenezer Bennett.
1904. "How William Knibb Fought Slavery and Won Freedom." By F. C. Lusty.
 "Young Sir Harry Vane." By J. E. Strickland.
1905. "Some Fruits of Solitude." By William Penn.
1906. "The Enemy at the Gate." By J. W. Chappell.
 "Not Saints but Men." By B. L. Goadby.
1907. "William Jeffery." Charles Rudge.
 "The Life of the Rev. John Alcorn."

APPENDIX B

"THE ULTIMATE PROBLEMS OF CHRISTIANITY"

Summary by Rev. J. G. Henderson of Dr. Clifford's thesis for the Angus Lectures.

The first lecture was Introductory, defining, the range and nature of the Inquiry.

Two questions harass the mind of this generation.

1. As to what the Christianity of Christ is in its essence, its permanent contents and forces ; and what it is not.

2. How we can make ourselves sure of what Christianity is, and what it is not.

Six reasons for the necessity of this discussion.

1. Many are alienated from the Christian religion by the misrepresentations of Christ's spirit and laws dominant in Christendom to-day.

2. Many men of culture, Christian in spirit and character, have turned away from organized religion because of the absence of any universal presentation of Christianity in its original simplicity and strength.

3. The conflicting varieties of Christianity which are a source of pain, weakness, and disaster, to many avowed disciples of Jesus Christ.

4. For the missionary purpose which is an integral part of Christianity, it is important to determine what is essential, and what is not.

5. That theology may be brought into accurate relations with its historical basis.

6. Our deepest need is to discover the actual truth, the central and vital realities of the Christian Religion.

The supreme importance of Method in this Inquiry.

1. Christianity must not be assumed to be the one true, final, and absolute religion. That must be discovered and proved.

2. We must settle what are, and what are not, legitimate sources of evidence.

3. Ascertain the whole facts of original Christianity.

APPENDICES

4. Treat the Christian religion in the same way as students of Comparative Religion examine other faiths.

5. Search all pertinent history as men of science investigate all available material in geology or astronomy.

To refuse to treat the Christian Religion in a historical way, as we do other religions, would be to put it outside the religious development of the life of man.

The only alternative method is that of Authority, which is without sound basis, and is condemned by its results; it means mental stagnation, and the death of civilization.

The second lecture deals with the Sources of the Christian Religion, and sets out the Ideas of Jesus.

Christianity rose from a historical Person, Jesus of Nazareth, so we must see Him as He lived, His dominating ideas and ends, the effect He produced upon His contemporaries, trace His impact in the heroes, literature, and institutions He created, and the persistent influence He exerts on the human race.

The facts are found in the New Testament. Is that reliable ?

Criticism establishes that nearly all the letters attributed to Paul were written by him. The great mass of the Synoptic Gospels took their present shape by A.D. 70.

Is the image of Jesus wholly due to fact, or partly due to faith ? Do we see Him as He actually appeared, or as He was conceived in the glow of the disciples' enthusiasm ?

While the fervour of the disciples may have added to the tradition, the story is trustworthy.

The third lecture continues to treat of the Sources, and describes the impression made by Jesus on the men of His age.

No religious reformer is understood on the day of his appearing.

The Gospels do not give reports of the speeches of Jesus, but rather the impressions He made on the minds of His contemporaries.

Peter depicts Jesus as the Mighty One, strong in intellect, heart, and holiness. After the resurrection He is presented as Lord of the ages.

John's Gospel is more didactic than historical. It is historical, but the purpose of it is to supply the interpretation of God and life which Jesus gives.

These reveal that Christianity in its essence is trust in and devotion to Jesus Christ; and that He still lived, taught and worked.

Consequently the members of the new society, though often defeated, remained confident and expectant.

APPENDICES

All subsequent developments must be taken back to Jesus and judged and corrected by His life and teaching.

The fourth lecture still deals with the sources and the consciousness of Jesus.

- (1) He knew Himself as human ; He is one of ourselves.
- (2) He is related to the past as exponent and completion.
- (3) He was the Messiah of the race, and (4) Redeemer of the world.
- (5) His oneness with God and with (6) the fortunes and future of humanity.

The history of Christianity shows the accidental perpetually imposing itself upon the essence and the continual effort to purify it from accretions.

Christianity is not sacerdotalism, sacramentarianism, ecclesiasticism, nor theology.

The fifth lecture is concerned with Christianity and "the Scheme of Things," the ground plan of life according to Christianity, for it is our view of the meaning and ends of life that really counts in all the questions we have to face.

Christ calls men to repent ; to change their view-point.

He is King, and the character of the Ruler is most important. The Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of Jesus.

- (1) The world-aim is expressed in Jesus ; it is to be conformed to His image and to experience supreme blessedness.
- (2) The processes for realizing this aim of a harmonious and happy world.
- (3) All things accomplishing the Divine purpose.

Science is teaching the Christian scheme of things, that the world is full of purpose and that the purpose is good. Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Edward Caird, James Thomson, Tennyson and Tolstoi proclaim this as against Hæckel, Ibsen, Thos. Hardy and Grant Allen.

The sixth lecture exhibits the Christian conception of God ; the aim, means, and agents for realizing the world-aim.

The Fatherhood of God is the dominating declaration of Jesus, Who revealed it from His unique knowledge of personal experience.

We are God's creation, made in His image ; He is Ruler, patient, forgiving, perfect in holiness, and fixed in maintaining the right among men.

The witness of the first disciples confirm this.

The Fatherhood of God is universal.

This gives the Christian religion the foremost place among the religions of the world.

APPENDICES

The modern spirit is coming to accept this.

The seventh lecture presents man as seen in the Christian religion.

Science proves the ascent of man to be a reality ; philosophy that man is altruistic in the very soul of him. Comparative religion shows other religions only dealing with sin and suffering, defeat and death ; Jesus brings abundant life.

Silent as to the point from which man started, Jesus depicts him as self-conscious, moral, and religious, a free and independent personality, son of a Divine Father, and joined to all His fellows in brotherhood.

This gives an epoch-making conception of the value and glory of man and demonstrates his personal accountability.

As the unreserved dedication of Jesus to the will of the Father, so man must become at one with the Eternal will.

Jesus saw sin at its worst ; but He was hopeless of none, and is Saviour of all, for He can remove sin by pardon and introduce the sinner to the stainless and progressive life of the Heavens.

The last lecture presents the ultimate religion.

Summarizing the preceding lectures, these facts are vital in religion as taught by Jesus :

- (1) He subordinates the formal to the spiritual. Whole-hearted devotion is the one thing needful, not place, time, or anything external.
- (2) Acts of worship are subordinate to deep reverence for man ; the worship of God must issue in service to man.
- (3) Christianity is neither an institution nor an organization, but a spirit ; not a creed, but the enthusiasm of humanity, the triumph of the Kingdom of God.

Religion must be judged by Jesus, not by the persons who now embody it, nor by the churches called by His name.

The Christian religion is final because of—

- (1) Its unequalled moral elevation.
- (2) Its sound bases for the highest social order.
- (3) Its limitless range over all the fields of human life, including all races and social conditions.
- (4) The completeness of the content it gives to intellect, heart and conscience.

In His religion Jesus is supreme ; He is all and He is enough.

INDEX

ABBOTT, DR. LYMAN, an evening with, 84
 attends luncheon given by Mrs. Elma Black, 185
 Adams, Thomas, Puritan divine, 81
 Adler, Dr., friendship with, 258
 "Aims of Personal Evangelism," subject of message to Liverpool Conference, 214
 Aix-les-Bains, Dr. Clifford at, 184
 Albert Hall, Thanksgiving Services for end of Great War, 235
 Alberta, schools visited in, 138
 Aldis, Miss, 269
 Aldis, W. S., 20
 Alexandra Palace, a demonstration against Education Bill at the, 124
 Allen, Mr., 226
 Allon, Rev. Dr., 82
 Amberley Road, Harrow Road, Sunday School, 74
 America enters the Great War, 231
 Anderson, Dr., of Chicago, 236
 Anderson, Mr., 134
 Anglo-Catholic Congress, Dr. Clifford on, 274
 Anglo-Saxon race, Clifford on the, 99
 Angus, Rev. Joseph, of Regent's Park College, 105
 Angus Lectures, 105, 128
 summary of thesis for, 294
 Annexation, Mr. Stead and, 149
 Apponyi, Count, meeting with, 190
 Apprentices, old-time, 5
 Arbitration, views of Mr. Stead on, 149
 Armenian atrocities, the, Dr. Clifford and, 89
 Armistice Day (1918), 235
 Arnold Matthew, on Puritanism, 18
 Ashley, Lord (*see* Shaftesbury, Earl of)
 Ashley, Samuel (uncle of Mrs. Clifford), 170
 Asquith, Right Hon. H. H., letter on Passive Resistance, 143

Asquith, Right Hon. H. H. (*contd.*)
 speaks against Education Bill of 1902, 124
 sympathetic message on Mrs. Clifford's decease, 237
 Auckland, N.Z., a resolution from Methodists of, 140
 Aurelius, Marcus, a dictum of, 272
 Avery, Rev. W. J., 47
 tribute to Dr. Clifford, 53

B

BAILHACHE, MR. JUSTICE, and the Brotherhood movement, 228
 Bainbridge, Rev. W., 222
 Baines, William, 28
 Baker, Allen, 187
 Balcombe, Miss, of Philadelphia, 236
 Balfour, Right Hon. A. J., 129
 a Free Church Council deputation to, 124
 an open letter to Mr. Middleton, 125
 Dr. Clifford's criticism of, as speaker, 232
 Education Bill of, 122
 seeks to minimize powers of L.C.C., 126
 Ball, W. H., xv
 Ballarat Gold Mine, Dr. Clifford in, 183
 Band of Hope movement, 26
 Banff, 186
 hot springs of, 183
 Banks, Rev. C. B., 219
 Baptist Church House, statue of Spurgeon in, 166
Baptist Church Hymnal, 220
 Baptist day-school founded at Sawley, 10
Baptist Hymnal of the New Connexion, 220
 Baptist Missionary Society, its first secretary, 19

INDEX

- Baptist Union, the, and Spurgeon's resignation, 157 *et seq.*
 and the Down Grade movement, 157 *et seq.*
 Dr. Clifford's work for preservation of, 156
 Memorial resolution on death of Dr. Clifford, 289
 reaffirm their evangelical faith, 162
- Baptist World Alliance, the, 186, 265
 arbitrates in Church troubles in Hungary, 189
 roll-call of countries represented at, 221
- Baptist World Congress (1905), 106
- Barr, Rev. James, of the United Free Church of Scotland, 250
 proposes Passive Resistance, 126
- Barton, Rev. A. Graham, xii
- Barton-in-the-Beans chapel, third jubilee of, 31
- "Barton Society," the, 31
- Bateman, C. T., his biography of Clifford, xiii
- Batey, Rev. John, and Crouch End Chapel, 72, 73
- Baxter, Richard, 19
- Beachcroft, Sir Melvill, 248
- Bedford, an impromptu address at, 212
- Beecher, Henry Ward, a story of, 83
- Beeston, Nether Street Baptist Chapel at, 15
 the Clifford family at, 11
 village church, and the building of Westbourne Park Chapel, 44
- Before-breakfast study circles, 50
- Begbie, Harold, interviews Lloyd George, 225
- Benn, Sir John, 248
- Bennet, Mr., on the punishment of rioters, 4
- Bennett, Arnold, 229
- Benson, Dr. A. C., his "Thread of Gold," 224
 on the test of nearness to God, 168
- Berlin, Congress of European Baptists at, 184
- Bernhardt, Sarah, her zest of life, 271
- Berry, Rev. Charles, 83
- Bible classes at Dover Street, 26
- Biblical criticism, Principal Goadby on, 27
 spread of, 30
- Binney, Rev. Thomas, 28
 Clifford's impressions of, 29
- Bird, Rev. Vernon, 248
- Birrell, Right Hon. Augustine, 203
 introduces 1906 Education Bill, 128
- Bishops oppose 1906 Education Bill, 128
- Bishopsgate Chapel, nineteenth anniversary of, 246
- Björnsen, 86
- Black, Mrs. Elma, 185
- Blomfield, Principal, W. E., xv
 at Stockholm Congress, 275
 letters from Dr. Clifford on reunion, 260, 263
 recollections of Dr. Clifford, 111
- Board of Education, a recalled circular, 133
- Board Schools, establishment of, 115
- Boer War, the, Clifford's opposition to, 94, 99, 145 *et seq.*
- Booth, Dr., Secretary of the Baptist Union, 81
 and Spurgeon's charges against the Union, 159
- Booth, General, personal evangelism of, 211
- Booth, General W. Bramwell, and Dr. Clifford, 202, 203
- Bosworth Hall Mission, 71
- Bosworth Park, opening of, 72
- Bourne, Miss, 227, 257, 268, 273
- Bowie, W. Copeland, on Dr. Clifford, 289
- Bradlaugh, Charles, 82
- Brendon, a visit to, 186
- Bristol, National Free Church Council meetings at, 267
- British Columbia, schools in, 138
- British Empire Club luncheon to Dr. Clifford, 204
- Brock, Rev. Dr. William, 219
- Brodrick, Mr., and concentration camps, 151
- Brooke, Rev. Stopford, 110
- Brotherhood movement, the, 206
et seq.
 end of Dr. Clifford's Presidency, 238
 the "John Clifford Lecture," 209
- Brown, Rev. Archibald, and Spurgeon's funeral, 166
- Brown, Rev. Charles, xv
- Brown, Edward, Secretary of Praed Street Church, 39
- Brown, Rev. Baldwin, 28
- Brown, Rev. Dr. Charles, 72 *et seq.*
 sermon at memorial service to Dr. Clifford, 286

INDEX

Browning, as Clifford's typical
Christian poet, 102
Bruce, A. B., 112
Bryce, James, and Mansfield Col-
lege, 84
and the 1902 Education Bill, 123
Buda Pesth, an inquiry into Baptist
divisions at, 189
Bunyan, John, 95
a memorial to, in Westminster
Abbey, 106
Burns, Mrs. Dawson, 220
Burns, Rev. Jabez, 38, 219
Burns Court, Paddington, 40
Burrows, Herbert, 242
Burt, Right Hon. Thomas, birthday
greetings to and from, 202, 233
Butler, Arnold, as President of
National Brotherhood, 238
Butler, Mrs., 86
Buxton, Sir T. Fowell, and Lady,
luncheon with, 183

C

CACLEMENOS, M., Hellenic Am-
bassador, 236
Cairns, Professor, 234
Calgary, Canada, First Baptist
Church at, 186
Westbourne Park II Church, 74,
186
Camborne, Cornwall, 124
Campbell, Rev. R. J., joins the
Anglican Church, 224
on the passing of Dr. Clifford, 289
Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry,
125, 129
acknowledges receipt of manifesto
of Free Church ministers, 152
and the Education Bill (1902),
124
Dr. Clifford's estimate of, 151
(note)
informs the King of Cabinet's
rejection of Lords' amend-
ments, 129
receives a deputation of National
Free Church Council, 124
Canterbury, Archbishop of, 133
and Dr. Clifford's pastoral jubilee,
195
and the death of Dr. Clifford, 284
and the School Board system, 118
congratulates Dr. Clifford on his
eighty-second birthday, 201
Cape Town, interview with Prime
Minister of, 183

Carley Street Chapel, 25
Carlile, Rev. Dr. J. C., xv
on the passing of Dr. Clifford
287
President of the Baptist Union,
254
Carter, Miss Rebecca, marries John
Clifford, 170
Cartwright, Thomas, Puritan
preacher, 81
Caven, Rev. Robert, officiates at
John Clifford's marriage, 170
"Centres of Spiritual Activity,"
Stead's preface to, 84
Chalmers, Principal, 48
Chapman, J. Wallis, architect of
Westbourne Park Church, 41,
45, 72
Charles, Archdeacon, 240
Chartist conception of education,
the, 114
Chartist movement, 1 *et seq.*
Chesterton, G. K., 21
Chew, Sanders J., 27, 28
Chicago University honours Dr.
Clifford, 185
Child-labour in England, 6
Chilton, H. (deacon), holidays with
Dr. Clifford, 185, 186
Chilvers, Mr., Spurgeon's successor
at Metropolitan Tabernacle,
240
Christian Chartist Churches, estab-
lishment of, 3
Christian Endeavour movement, the,
65
"Christian Philosopher," Dick's, 17
Church and State, views of W. T.
Stead on, 85
Church of England schools, 10
Convocation and, 121
Church, the, and the School Board
system, 115
Church Times, the, and Reunion,
263
on the Education Bill, 120
Churchill, Right Hon. Winston,
speech at Mansion House wel-
come to Venizelos, 232
City Temple, a Clifford memorial
service at, 286
Dr. Clifford's address in, 207
Thursday morning services at,
234
Clarke, Sir Edward, presides at a
Brotherhood meeting, 228
Clerical party, the, and the educa-
tion question, 117 *et seq.*, 127
et seq.

INDEX

Clifford, Rev. Dr. John, a frank criticism of the House of Commons, 81
 accepts call to Praed Street, 34
 an accident in Trafalgar Square, 241
 an annuity on joint lives of Dr. and Mrs. Clifford presented to, 197
 ancestry and early influences, 1 *et seq.*
 and the Down Grade movement, 156 *et seq.*
 and the educational question, 114 *et seq.*, 200
 and the settlement of divisions between Baptists in Hungary, 188 *et seq.*
 and the South African War, 94, 99, 145 *et seq.*
 and the Veto of the House of Lords, 130
 anniversaries of his baptism, 66, 69, 247, 249, 264, 272
 answers Spurgeon's article on "The Baptist Union Censure," 161
 as preacher, 76, 91 *et seq.*, 95
 asked to accept Presidency of his College, 82
 awarded honorary D.D. of Bates College, U.S.A., 44
 birth of, 7
 birthday celebrations of, 201, 278
 close of his ministry, 199
 conversion and baptism of, 13-14
 death of, 284
 distributes prizes at Bethany School, Goudhurst, 224
 enters Baptist Academy at Leicester, 20
 epitome of, by himself, 283
 failing eyesight troubles, 213, 253
 fifty-seventh anniversary of wedding day, 236
 final letter to his Church, 278
 first New Year's address, 41
 first sermon, 15, 16
 funeral, 285
 gains B.Sc. degree, 44
 graduates B.A. and M.A., 44
 his declaration on his retirement, 91
 his first Church report (Praed Street), 40
 his jubilee at Westbourne Park, 193 *et seq.*
 his powers of sleep, 78, 189

Clifford, Rev. Dr. J. (*continued*)
 his study and library, 179, 180
 his vacant seat in the Council Chamber of Baptist Union, 290
 home life of, 168 *et seq.*
 honorary pastor of Westbourne Park, 241
 investiture at Buckingham Palace, 248
 invited to stand for Parliament, 77, 92
 King George V. confers distinction of Companion of Honour on, 245
 last entry in his diary, 279
 last New Year's address, 240
 last sermon, 277
 "listens in," 279
 loyalty of church officers and people, 39, 47
 lunches with Gladstone, 80
 marriage, 47
 matriculates in first division of London University, 44
 message to Baptist World Alliance Congress, 274
 ministerial Jubilee memorial, 71
 outspokenness on the question of the maintenance of ministers, 49
 personal evangelism of, 211 *et seq.*
 preaches Convocation sermon in Chicago University, 186
 President of Baptist Union, 111, 155, 164, 165
 President of London Baptist Association, 72
 prizeman in New Testament Greek, Greek History and Latin, 44
 publications by, 291 *et seq.*
 pulpit work as seen in published sermons and books, 101 *et seq.*
 reminiscences of his factory life, 1, 5, 12, 79
 schooldays, 10, 11
 speech at unveiling of Bunyan memorial window in Westminster Abbey, 107
 studies at University College, 43, 44
 supports Passive Resistance movement, 126, 139
 technical knowledge of the law, 142-3
 "the keynote of his ministry," 102
 trains for work of "local preacher," 16

INDEX

- Clifford, Rev. Dr. J. (*continued*)
travels and holidays, 182 *et seq.*
tribute to his wife, 243
University of Chicago confers
D.D. degree on, 185
world tour of, 52, 138, 183
Clifford, Arthur (son), 174
Clifford, Dr. Harold (son), 174
Clifford, Miss Edith (daughter),
174, 183, 199, 232, 237, 242,
244, 251, 258
Clifford, Miss Kate (daughter),
xiv, 79, 171, 174, 180, 199, 213,
244, 251, 257
Clifford, Mrs. John, author's tribute
to, 169 *et seq.*
as visitor, 51
death of, 172, 237, 238
Clifford, Mrs. Samuel (mother), 7,
8, 21, 93
Clifford, Samuel (father), 7, 8
Clifford, Sydney (son), 174
"Clifford's Inn," Paddington, 71
a cabman's amusing blunder,
124
Cobbett, William, 5
Coercion Bill debate, 81
Colebrook, John, death of, 227
intimate letters from Dr. Clifford
to, 77, 78, 128, 131, 132, 182,
198, 200, 223
Colebrook, Mrs. John, Dr. Clifford's
friendship with, and corre-
spondence to, 227, 243, 244,
251, 256, 259, 269, 272,
278
Collier, Hon. John, his portrait of
Dr. Clifford, 195
replica of portrait in National
Portrait Gallery, 196
Colonies, British, educational sys-
tem of, 138, 140
Commons, House of, rejects Lords'
amendments to Education Bill
of 1906, 129
Commonwealth, the, its foundation,
114
Concentration camps denounced by
Dr. Clifford, 150
Concordat on Reunion, the, 262
Conder, Dr., 110
Congregational Union, the, and the
foundation of Mansfield College,
84
Conscientious objectors, Dr. Clifford
and, 153, 154, 226
Conscription, an address on, 226
during the Great War, 154
Constable, Mr., 144
Constance, trying experience of
"Peace" delegates at, 187
Cooper, Thomas (Chartist), 1
a visit to, 84
Dr. Clifford's tribute to, 3
imprisonment of, 3
Copenhagen, Congress of European
Baptists at, 186
Corn Laws, and their effect, 12
Cornell, Dr., 186
Cotton mills, appalling condition of,
5
Cowper Museum, Olney, and its
curator, 249
Cox, Mr., 43
Crook, W. M., and the South African
War, 145
Crouch End Chapel, 72, 73
Crozier, Dr. Beattie, 109
on Dr. Clifford's services to the
Christian world, 110
Cuff, Rev. William, friendship with,
288
Culross, Dr., President of Baptist
Union, 156, 159
Cummings, Jack, and a promised
autograph, 66
Curzon, Lord, as speaker, 232
his T.P. Festival speech broad-
cast, 279
Cuyler, Dr. Theodore, 212
- D
- Daily News*, the, Clifford's vigorous
letters to, 122, 125
"Daily Strength for Daily Living,"
Clifford's, 111
Dale, Rev. Dr., 83
and education, 115, 116
Guinness Rogers's friendship
with, 83
Dalston Junction Baptist Church,
253
Davison, Rev. W. T., Dr. Clifford
on, 109
Davitt, Michael, a chat with, 86
"Dawn of Manhood," Clifford's,
101
Dearle, Miss Ruth, deaconess at
Bosworth Road Mission, 71
Dearmer, Rev. Dr. Percy, 241
Dexter, Miss, 34
Dexter, Thomas Poynton, deacon
at Praed Street Chapel, 34,
39
Dick, Dr. Thomas, his "Christian
Philosopher," 17

INDEX

Dissenters, and obedience to unjust laws, 140
 Dixon, Dr., 186
 Dixon, Mr., and the Barton Society, 32
 Donisthorpe, Joseph, village evangelist, 31
 Douglas, James, his impressions of Clifford, 94
 "Down Grade" movement, the, 27, 29, 81, 155 *et seq.*
 Drummond, Professor Henry, 102, 106

E

EAST FINCHLEY CHAPEL, 73
 Eayres, Rev. George, and British Methodism, 264
 Ede, Rev. Dr. Moore, 187, 237
 Education Act of 1870, the, 115 *et seq.*
 the "Compromise," 116, 117, 120, 139
 Education Bill (1906), 127 *et seq.*
 Clause IV of, 127, 128
 drastic alterations in the Lords, 128
 Education Bill (1917), 135
 Education Bill (London), (1903), 125
 Education (England and Wales) Act, 1902, 122 *et seq.*
 Education controversy, the, 24, 95, 114 *et seq.*
 Clifford and, 114 *et seq.*, 200
 rate, punishment of Passive Resisters, 141
 Educational reform, agitation for, 134
 system, Anglican bishops' memorial to Lord Salisbury on, 119
 Edward VII, King, and the struggle between the two Houses of Parliament, 129
 witnesses a Free Church demonstration, 124
 Edwards, Jonathan, his "History of Redemption," 17
 Edwards, Mr., 279
 Edwards, Principal, of Bala, 108
 Ellerman, Sir John, a chat with, 248
 Elliott, Colonel, advises operation for cataract, 253
 Elliott, Ebenezer, Corn Law poet, 1
 Elmslie, Professor, as speaker, 107
 Emerson, a story of, 234
 his influence on John Clifford, 12

Emslie Horniman Pleasance, the, 72
 English Church Union, the, and the School Board system, 116
 Erasmus, compared with John Clifford, 50
 Ethical culture, reflections on, 81
 Evangelical Revival, the, 31
 Evans, Rev. W., 82
 Ewing, Dr., 201

F

FABIAN meeting, Clifford's reply to a taunt at a, 79
 Factories Regulation Act, 6
 Factory system, during the Chartist movement, 4 *et seq.*
 Lord Shaftesbury on, 5
 Fairbairn, Dr., Mudie Smith's article on, 59
 on Dissenters, 140
 on origin of Mansfield College, 83 *et seq.*
 Fairbank, James, correspondence with, 266
 Fearnley, Dr., 242, 266
 Federation of Greater Britain, Dr. Clifford's anticipation of, 150
 Felkin, Robert, 12
 tribute to, 13
 Ferme Park Chapel, Hornsey, 72
 memorial service at, 286
 Ferneyhough, Rev. J., 38
 Fielden, Mr., and factory children, 5, 6
 "Fight for Education," Clifford's, 125
 Fisher, Right Hon. H. A. L., Education Bill of, 135
 Fletcher, Rev. J., editor of *General Baptist Magazine*, xv, 23
 Ford, Rev. S. J., as Passive Resister, 141
 Forster, W. G., a Chartist's obligations to, 84
 Forsyth, Rev. Dr., and Passive Resistance, 141
 Fox, the Quaker, 1
 Franklin, Benjamin, Life of, 185
 Free Churchmen, and the Education question, 114 *et seq.*
 manifesto from ministers, 152
 Thanksgiving Service in the Albert Hall, 235
 their fidelity to conscience, 141
 "Freedom by the Truth," Robertson's, 112
 Fremantle, Canon, 48

INDEX

Fullerton, W. Y., and a projected
Life of Spurgeon, 240
and the Down Grade movement,
155, 163
tribute to Clifford, 288
Fyfe, Hamilton, his speech at Bris-
tol, 268

G

- GANGE, MR., and the Down Grade
controversy, 249
Gardiner, A. G., on Clifford's ser-
mons, 106
Garfield, President, a dictum of, 92
a story of, 225
Garvie, Principal A. E., 286
Garvin, J. L., Perceval Graves's
reminiscence of, 236
Geddes, Professor, lectures by, at
Paris Exhibition, 184
General Baptist Association, Clif-
ford's address to, 39
General Baptist Fraternal meet-
ings, 72, 73
General Baptist Magazine, and its
editors, 22, 23
criticism of the Education Act of
1870 in, 116
General Election (1905), a Passive
Resistance victory, 143
Geological Society confers a Fellow-
ship on Clifford, 44
George V, King, an investiture at
Buckingham Palace, 248
and the death of Dr. Clifford,
284
attends Free Church Thanks-
giving Services, 235
congratulatory message to Dr.
Clifford, 201
opens New County Hall, 264
George, Right Hon. D. Lloyd, 66
a reminiscence of his childhood,
225
his State-purchase scheme, 227,
231
on the Great War, 100
speech at British Empire Club
luncheon, 205
sympathetic message on death of
Mrs. Clifford, 237
tribute to memory of Dr. Clifford,
287
unveils Dr. Clifford's portrait, 195
Gifford, Prof. Sorley, Lectures of,
249
Girls' Life Brigade, the, 65
Gladstone, Mrs., and the G.O.M.,
80
Gladstone, Professor, 48
Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., and
the Armenian atrocities, 89
as guest of Dr. Parker, 80
eightieth birthday of: an entry
in his diary, 211
his love of exercise, 82
Mrs. Hannah More's gift to, 224
Gloucester City Education Com-
mittee, and a syllabus of re-
ligious instruction, 136
Glover, Rev. Dr., 110
Goadby, Rev. Joseph, 22, 26
Goadby, Rev. Thomas, 27
Godfrey, Rev. J. R., 32
Godler, Mr., master of Baron Lane
National School, 11
"God's Greater Britain," Clifford's,
183
Gollancz, Dr. (now Sir) Hermann,
201, 257
golden jubilee of: Dr. Clifford
and, 258
Gordon, General, an oft-quoted
passage of, 80
Gorst, Sir John, speech on the Edu-
cation Bill, 119
"Gospel of Gladness," Clifford's,
103
Gothenburg system of sale of in-
toxicants, 187
Grant, Rev. William, first pastor
of Westbourne Park II Church,
Calgary, 74
Graves, Alfred Perceval, author of
"Father O'Flynn," 236
Gray, B. D., of Atlanta, 276
"Great Forty Years of the Primi-
tive Apostolic Church," 111,
165
Great War, the, 99
Dr. Clifford and, 100, 153
end of, 235
opening of, 135
Passive Resistance movement
during, 143-4
Green, Professor T. H., and Passive
Resisters, 139
Green, Rev. Samuel, 219
Griffiths, A. P., xv
on Dr. Clifford's work as pastor,
49 *et seq.*
"Guide for Young Disciples,"
Pike's, 19
Gurney, Mr., conducts Dr. Clifford
over Chicago University build-
ings, 186

INDEX

H

HALDANE, LORD, and the Education question, 135
Hall Park, Edgware Road, Sunday School, 74
Hall, Rev. Robert, 28
Halsbury, Lord, 229
Handover, H. H., Mayor of Paddington, 203, 204
Hardie, J. Keir, a Burns poem from, 130
 Dr. Clifford on, 130 (note)
 opposes 1906 Education Bill, 128
Harris, Edward, imprisoned for conscience' sake, 141
Harrison, Frederic, conversations with, 82
 friendship with, 252
Harvard University, 114
Havelock, Sir Henry, 213
 lays foundation stone of Westbourne Park Chapel, 44
Haven Green Chapel, Ealing, 72
Hawkin, R. C., and a suggested International Conference of Churches at Geneva, 231
Hayward, Rev. E. E., xv, 266
 and the funeral of Dr. Clifford, 285
 on Dr. Clifford's love for children, 70
Heal, Rev. James, 62
Hellenic League, the, an invitation from, to meet Venizelos, 232
Henderson, Rev. J. G., xv
 a dictum of, 137
 on Clifford's optimism, 102
 summary of thesis for Angus Lectures, 105, 294 *et seq.*
Henson, Dr., Bishop of Durham, a chat with, 234
Hereford, Bishop of, and the 1906 Education Bill, 128
"Heritage of the Hosts," Björn-
 sen's, 86
Hertz, Dr., Chief Rabbi, congratulations from, 202
"Hetty Wesley," 184
Higher Criticism, Dr. Clifford and, 105
Hildesheim, a Jewish cemetery at, 184
Hinton, Rev. John Howard, 219
"History of Intellectual Development," Dr. Beattie Crozier's, 109

"History of Redemption," Jonathan Edwards's, 17
Hobhouse, Miss, 151
Hocking, Mr., and the South African War, 145
Holden, Dr. Stuart, 236
Holland, Rev. Canon Scott, 109
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 225
Home training, Frederic Harrison on, 82
Honiton, meeting of Devon Free Church Federation at, 259
Hopkins, Mr., 259
Horne, Rev. C. Silvester, 109
 and a national testimonial to Dr. Clifford, 196
Horniman, E. J., munificence of, 72
Horton, Rev. Dr., address on Personal Evangelism, 278
Hoyle, Rev. R. Birch, xv
 a typical letter to, 60
 on Clifford's powers of sleep, 78, 189
 on the Kaiser's mental condition, 188
Huddart, Mr., Clifford's world-tour as guest of, 52
Hughes, Rev. Hugh Price, on robing of Presidents, 78
Hughes, Rev. S. W., 251, 284, 286
 and the funeral of Mrs. Clifford, 172
 on the passing of Clifford, 285
 succeeds Dr. Clifford as pastor of Westbourne Park, 200
 tribute to Mrs. Clifford, 173
Hughes, W. M., Premier of Australia, impressions of, 235
Hume, and the Puritans, 140
Hungary, divided sections of Baptists in, 188
Hunt, Rev. W. Remfry, his recollections of Dr. Clifford, 62
Huntingdon, Lady, 31
Hutchinson, Colonel, Baptist Governor of Nottingham, 217
Hyde Park, a demonstration of Free Churchmen in, 124
 Veto of the Lords demonstration in, 130

I

INDUSTRIALISM, evils of, 4 *et seq.*
Inge, Dean, toast at British Empire Club luncheon, 204
International "Peace" Crusade, a suggested, 148

INDEX

Irish Land Bill, the, rejection of, 131
 "Is Life Worth Living?" Clifford's, 111
 Italy, a visit to, 182

J

JACK, DR. L. P., his "Living Universe," 279
 James, Rev. John Angel, 28
 and the Education question, 115
 Jameson Raid, the, 147
 Jenkins, Rev. D., imprisonment of, 140
 Jenkins, Rev. I. Gwessin, 286
 Jenolan Caves, the, Dr. Clifford's visit to, 183
 Johnson, Dr., and the zest of life, 271
 Jones, Dr. J. D., and the Concordat on Reunion, 262
 Jones, Leif, and a deputation on State-purchase, 227
 Jones, Rev. Blomfield, 86
 Jowett, Dr., 201
 entertains American editors, 235
 speech at Diamond Jubilee of Dr. Clifford, 203
 urged to return to England, 234
 Julian, Rev. R. M., 237
 characteristic letters to 56, 57

K

KATTERNS, REV. DANIEL, 219
 Kelvin, Lord, 184
 Kendrick, Mr. and Mrs., and the Barton Society, 32
 Kennedy, Elijah, 184
 "Kingdom of the Truth," Robertson's, 112
 Knowles, Sheridan, lectures on elocution by, 24
 Kossuth, Louis, visits Leicester, 28
 Kruger, President, meets W. T. Stead, 148

L

LABOUR PARTY, the, Dr. Clifford on, 267
 opposes 1906 Education Bill, 128
 Lake Mohonk, a conference on, 185
 Lamb, Charles, 271
 Lamb, Rev. Arthur, 259
 Lambeth Appeal on Reunion, 247

Landels, Dr., 218
 Laws, Gilbert, 69
 Lawson, Sir Wilfrid, 202
 League of Faiths, the, and its objects, 101
 League of Nations, the, 243
 Legge, Rev. Dr., 26, 28
 Leicester, Baptist Union meeting at, 258
 student days at, 21 *et seq.*
 Leicester Chartist Association, 3
 Lenton, the Clifford family at, 11
 Letter writing, the art of, 54
 Leverhulme, Lord, and Dr. Clifford, 250
 Levine, Miss, of Chicago, 236, 237
 Liberal Party, question of leadership of, 82, 83
 Liberal victories in by-elections (1902), 124
 Liberalism, its aims, 147
 Liberation Society, 268
 formation of, 28
 Licensing Bill, rejection of, 131
 Liddon, Canon, 108
 Lidgett, Rev. J. Scott, tribute at memorial service in the City Temple, 286
 Lincoln's Inn Chapel, 108
 Little, Charles, 191
 Little, Eustace, 191
 Lloyd, Richard (uncle of Lloyd George), 206
 "Living Universe, A," Dr. Clifford's appreciation of, 279
 Lockyer, Miss, presentation to, 248
 London County Council, a Government measure to minimize powers of, 126
 opening of the New County Hall, 264
 London County Council elections, Dr. Clifford on, 97
 London Elections Bill, rejected by the Lords, 131
 London School Board, and the religious test, 117 *et seq.*
 Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman on, 125
 London Working Men's Association, the, 2
 Long Eaton, 7
 Lords, House of, the Veto question, 130
 Loughborough, "Education Society" for ministers at, 48
 Wood Gate Street Church, 57

INDEX

Lovett, William, 1, 2
and the People's Charter, 2
Ludford, Mrs., and the foundation
of Praed Street Church, 37 *et*
seq.
Lynch, Dr., 187

M

MACDONALD, ALISTER, marriage of,
130 (note)
MacDonald, Ramsay, 130 (note)
McIntosh, Alistair, a characteristic
letter to, 258
McIntosh, Misses Joan and Bar-
bara, 67
McIntosh, Peter, 66, 67
McKenna, Right Hon. Reginald,
introduces Education Bill
(1907), 129
McLean, Mrs., 185
McMaster University, and Dr.
Clifford's death, 284
confers LL.D. hood on Dr. Clif-
ford, 186
Macnamara, Dr., and the by-elec-
tion at Peckham, 178
McNeill, John, the "Scottish
Spurgeon," 82
Magistracy, the, and the Education
rate, 141, 142
Manchester, Bishop of, and the
School Board system, 118
Manitoba, schools visited in, 138
Manning, Cardinal, and W. T.
Stead, 85, 86
Mansfield College, origin of, 83
Marchant, Sir James, LL.D., and
Dr. Parker's denunciation of
the Sultan, 83 (note)
"Mark Rutherford's Biography,"
108
Market Harborough, Clifford as
student pastor at, 32
Marshall, Dr. Newton H., accom-
panies Dr. Clifford to Buda
Pesth, 188, 189
on Clifford's personal influence,
54
Mary, Queen, attends Thanksgiving
Service in Albert Hall, 235
"Mass" evangelism, reflections on,
215
Massey, Gerald, 132
Maurice, F. D., 108
Mead, Silas, 218
"Meditations Among the Tombs,"
Hervey's, 23

Medley, Rev. Edward, and the
Down Grade movement, 161
Mee, Arthur, a tribute to, 134
Melbourne, a visit to the Mint at,
183
Meyer, Dr. F. B., accepts Dr. Clif-
ford's portrait on behalf of
Baptist Union, 196
Miall, Edward, advocates individual
freedom, 1, 115
founds the Liberation Society
28
Midgley, Ronald, a birthday letter
to, 69
Middleton, Mr., an open letter from
the Premier to, 125
Midland Baptist College, Leicester,
two years at, 21 *et seq.*
Military tribunals, strictures on the,
154
Milton, Willis's familiarity with
works of, 81
Ministers, maintenance of, Clifford
on, 49
Montreal, a visit to, 186
Morant, Sir Robert, and a Board of
Education circular, 134
More, Mrs. Hannah, her gift to
Gladstone, 224
Morgan, Joseph, welcomes Clifford
to Praed Street, 39
Morley, John (Lord), 82, 129
death of, 277
W. T. Stead on, 87
"Motives to Perseverance," Pike's,
19
Muir, Dr., a luncheon to Baptist
World Alliance delegates, 186
Mullins, Rev. Principal E. Y., his
Message for Baptist World
Alliance Congress, 273
Mundella, Right Hon. A. J., 136
Munition workers, 232
Mursell, Rev. Arthur, first meeting
with, 28
Mursell, Rev. J. P., of Leicester, 1,
26, 28
Mutual Economical Benefit and
Improvement Societies, forma-
tion of, 42

N

NAILSWORTH magistracy, the, 141
National Council of Evangelical
Free Churches, 78
Dr. Clifford's work for, 212 *et seq.*
National schools, 10, 11

INDEX

"Negative commandments," Dr. Clifford on, 55
 Nether Street Baptist Chapel, Beeston, 15
 "New City of God, The," subject of Dr. Clifford's second Presidential address, 165
 New Connexion founded at Barton, 217
 New Sawley, 7
 New South Wales, Dr. Clifford visits schools in, 138
 New Year addresses, Dr. Clifford's, 41, 95 *et seq.*, 240
 New York, sermon in, 185
 New Zealand, schools visited in, 138
 Newbolt, Canon, as preacher, 108
 Newman, Sir Robert, 241
 Newnes, (Sir) George, 86
 Newton, Dr. Fort, addresses Brotherhood Assembly, 239
 appreciation of, 234
 Nightingale, Rev. Thomas, xv
 and the Personal Evangelism Campaign, 254, 259
 on Clifford's personal evangelism, 211
 Nonconformists, and the 1906 Education Bill, 128
 Northern Baptist Convention, 186
 Norwich, Passive Resisters of, 141
 Norwood, Rev. F. W., at memorial service to Dr. Clifford, 286
 meeting with, 247
 Nottingham Baptist College, Clifford at, 22 *et seq.*, 34
 closing of, 246

O

OASTLER, RICHARD, and factory legislation, 6
 O'Connor, Feargus, 1
 and non-Chartist tradesmen, 2, 3
 O'Connor, T. P., Festival at Savoy Hotel, 279
 Old age and its compensations, 281 *et seq.*
 O'Neill, Arthur, 242
 Ontario, educational system of, investigated, 138
 Owen, Rev. J. J., 38, 219

P

PADDINGTON BOROUGH COUNCIL, a civic tribute from, 203
 Paddington Technical Institute, the, 63

Pall Mall Gazette, the, Spurgeon's charges challenged in, 159, 161
 Paris Exhibition (1900), a visit to, 184
 Parish children, and factory life, 5
 Parker, Rev. Dr., 110
 and the jubilee of Praed St. Church, 48
 denounces the Sultan, 83
 entertains Gladstone, 80
 his story of Henry Ward Beecher, 83
 Parkinson, Joseph, and the New Connexion, 217
 Parkinson, William, founds a day-school at Sawley, 10
 Parliament, debate on the Chartist Petition in, 2
 "super-saturated with the poison of compromise," 60
 Parsons, Rev. James, 28
 Passive Resistance movement, the, 126, 139 *et seq.*, 268
 Pastors' class established, 64
 Payne, Rev. George E., 32
 Pease, Right Hon. J. A., Education Bill of, 135
 Peel, Viscount, and the opening of the Emslie Horniman Pleasance, 72
 Pennsylvania University, a visit to, 186
 People's Charter, the, 2
 Perks, Sir R., and the annuity for Dr. and Mrs. Clifford, 197
 Personal Evangelism, Dr. Clifford and, 211 *et seq.*, 246, 247
 Manifesto of, 249
 "Persuasives to Early Piety," Pike's, 19
 Peto, Sir Morton, and Bloomsbury Chapel, 218
 Pickard, Albert, letter on clericalism to, 136
 Pickering, Nathanael, first minister of the New Connexion, 217
 "Pictorial History of England," Knight's, 22
 Pike, Rev. J. Gregory, of Derby, 19
 Pike, Rev. Richard J., 16
 baptizes John Clifford, 14
 "Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan's, 23, 88, 106
 Plato, 271
 Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Fellowship, inauguration of, 65
 Plural Voting Bill, rejection of, 131
 "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," Bradley's, 230

INDEX

Pope, Samuel, 202
 Powers, Dr. Pike, visits Dr. Clifford, 276
 Praed Street Baptist Church, 27, 30
 an invitation to Clifford from, 33
 committee upon social questions appointed, 63 *et seq.*
 origin of, 37
 the first "institutional" church in London, 42
 renovated and enlarged, 43
 Preaching, Clifford's conception of, 92 *et seq.*, 97, 105, 106
 Pretoria, Peace terms signed at, 153
 Primitive Methodist Church, founders of, 211
 Probation after death, question of, 159, 163
 Progressive majority on the School Board, a, 120
 Prohibition, talks on, 236
Punch on Dr. Clifford, 95
 Puritan Age, great preachers of the, 81
 Puritanism, Matthew Arnold on, 18
 Puritans, and the Act of Uniformity, 140
 Purity Crusade, the, 64
 Cardinal Manning on, 86

Q

QUEENSLAND, a visit to schools of, 138

R

RAFFLES, REV. DR., 28
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, his outlook on life, 271
 Raper, Mr., 202
 Rawdon College, Leeds, a John Clifford Chair of Theology founded, 246
 Rawson, George, a well-known hymn by, 50
 Rees, Rev. Allen, as preacher, 108
 Reform Bill, the, 2
 Regina, a visit to, 186
 Religion, the international mind in, 101
 Reunion, Clifford's attitude towards, 260, 263, 266, 275, 276
 Rhodes, Cecil, 231, 232
 Ricardo, Major, and his fellow magistrates of Nailsworth, 141

Richard, Dr. Timothy, Baptist missionary to China, 110
 Riley, Athelstan, on undenominationalism, 116
 Riley, James, entertains Dr. Clifford, 258
 Robertson of Brighton, Clifford compared with, 12
 Robinson, Mrs., a gift from, 241
 Rochdale, rioters dispersed at, 9
 Rockefeller, J. D., and Dr. Clifford, 185
 Rocky Mountains, the, description of, 182
 Rogers, Rev. Dr. J. Guinness, 82, 83, 116
 breakfasts with C.-B., 151 (note)
 Roman Catholic Church, and the French Republic, 98
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 99
 Rosebery, Lord, meets Free Church leaders, 124
 Rotherham, Mr., 94
 Rouse, G. H., 218
 Rowell, "Daddy," schoolmaster at Lenton, 11
 Rowson, Rev. J., Baptist minister at Missenden, 190
 Royden, Miss Maude, conducts services at Kensington Town Hall, 240, 241
 Rumanian Baptists, persecution of, 265, 266, 268
 Runciman, Right Hon. Walter, recalls a Board of Education circular, 133
 Rushbrooke, Dr., 187, 237, 275, 286
 appointed Baptist Commissioner for Europe, 61, 257
 his recollections of Dr. Clifford, 60 *et seq.*
 Ruskin, a dictum of, 51
 Ruskin study at Westbourne Park, 62
 Russell, Sir Edward, on Nonconformists as educationalists, 120
 Russo-Japanese War, 98
 Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. John, and Westbourne Park Home, 64
 Ryle, Bishop, receives K.C.V.O., 248

S

SADLER, M. T., philanthropist, 5
 St. James's Hall, a protest meeting against Education Bill at, 124

INDEX

- Salisbury, Marquis of, and the School Board system, 118
advice to his party, 119
Salvish Army, the, defended by Clifford, 82
letters to and from General Booth, 202, 203
Sarjant, Rev. Samuel C., and Praed Street Chapel, 38
Sawley, and its history, 216
birthplace of John Clifford, 7
Saye and Sele, Lord, his story of an Irish boatman, 248
School Board system, an attack on, 114
School Board, the, a Progressive majority on, 120
School Boards, abolition of, 125, 126
Schoolmaster, an eccentric, 11
Schools, voluntary and private, 115
Scottish villages, the educational system in, 115
"Secret of Jesus," Clifford's, 102, 103, 105
Shaftesbury, Earl of, on the factory system, 5
death of, 61
Shakespeare, A., xv
Shakespeare, Dr. J. H., 46, 106, 201, 284
and a national testimonial to Clifford, 196
birthday congratulations from, 277
secretary of Baptist World Alliance, 188, 189
suggests a personal message to Stockholm Congress, 274
Shakespeare, William, on the span of life, 270
Shaw, George Bernard, on a scene at a Fabian meeting, 79
Sibbes, Richard, Puritan divine, 81
Sidmouth Observatory, a visit to, 259
Slave-master, a, his opinion of child labour, 6
Smith, Henry, Puritan preacher, 81
Smith, R. Mudie, 58, 128, 131
a characteristic letter to, 223
death of, 59
Smith, Rev. Dr. George, 28
Social problems, the Church and, 81
Social questions, Dr. Clifford's interest in, 63, 77, 81, 96
"Social Worship an Everlasting Necessity," Clifford's, 181
South Africa, a Constitution for, 151
South African States, Union of, 153
South African War, the, Peace signed, 153
(see also Boer War)
South Australian schools visited, 138
Southampton, a meeting at, for abolition of Veto of the Lords, 131
Spa Place College, a test examination at, 22
Spicer, Sir Albert, 204, 236
Spicer, Sir Evan, 204
Spiritualism, W. T. Stead's views of, 87
Spurgeon, Rev. C. H., 29
charges of heterodoxy by, 156
et seq.
death and funeral of, 166
Dr. Clifford's relations with, 166
preaches at Westbourne Park Chapel, 45
reopens Praed Street Church after renovation, 43
resigns from Baptist Union, 81
157
Spurgeon, James, and the Down Grade controversy, 160, 162, 165
Stanley, Hon. E. Lyulph, 121
State, the perfect, a conception of, 114
State-purchase scheme, the, 226
Stead, Miss, 86
Stead, W. T., an article in *Pall Mall Gazette* written for, 81
and an "International Peace" Crusade, 148
and the South African War, 145
daily round of work of, 85
his scheme for a Civic Church, 84, 85
interviews with, 86
on Dr. Clifford, 25
on family worship, 88
Purity Crusade of, 64, 86
starts *Review of Reviews*, 89
views on Spiritualism, 87
Stenson, John (uncle), 10, 18
Stenson, Mary (see Clifford, Mrs.)
Stenson, Rev. Elam, Clifford's recollections of, 18
Stenson, Silas (uncle), 18
Stevenson, J. J., 237

INDEX

Stevenson, R. Louis, 70
 Stevenson, Rev. R. W. (tutor of Dr. Clifford), 30
 and the call to Praed Street Church, 33
 Stevenson, Rev. Thomas, 22
 Stockholm, Baptist World Alliance meetings at, 192, 273
 conference of Northern Races on subject of alcohol at, 187
 Stokes, Clifford, 69
 Stovel, Rev. C., 80, 219
 Strong, Dr., Social Progress authority, 185
 "Student in Arms," Donald Hankey's, 226
 Suffragettes, militant, 178
 Sultan, the, denounced by Dr. Parker, 83
 Sunday Afternoon Gathering, the, 65
 Sunday as the "Pearl of Days," 13
Sunday at Home (The), 269
 Sunday evening socials at Westbourne Park, 65
 Sykes, Rev. T., and the Brotherhood movement, xv, 206, 238
 his association with Dr. Clifford, 206 *et seq.*
Sword and the Trowel (The), momentous articles in, 156, 161

T

TAFT, PRESIDENT, meeting with, 186
 Tasmanian schools, a visit to, 138
 Taylor, David, local preacher, 31
 Temperance sermons denounced by Paddington church officers, 50
 Temperance societies, and the Gothenburg system, 187
 Temperance Trust, the, formation of, 71
 "Ten, the," and their meetings, 82 *et seq.*
 Theologian, the, attributes of, 58
 Theological thought, and the "Down Grade" movement, 27
 Theology, the Church and, 81
 Thompson, Rev. P. J., refuses to pay Education rate, 141
 Thornhill, Septimus, Clifford's Sunday School teacher, 13
 Tinker, Rev. L., 190
 Towers, Alfred, 65
 Trentham, Mr., attempted assassination of, 9

Treowen, Lord, tribute to memory of Dr. Clifford, 287-8
 Trevelyan, Sir George, 83
 Tucker, Rev. Francis, 219
 Tuesday Evening Lectures at Westbourne Park, 110
 Tunnicliff, Thomas and William, 217
 Turner, Mrs., her kindness to John Clifford, 13
 "Typical Christian leaders," Clifford's, 105

U

"ULTIMATE Problems of Christianity," Clifford's, 105
 Undenominationalism, views of Mr. Athelstan Riley and Dr. Clifford on, 116, 117, 142
 Underwood, Rev. A. C., joins staff at Rawdon College, 247
 Underwood, Rev. Dr., 30; 38, 39
 death of, 48
 Uniformity, Act of, Dissenters and, 140
 Union of South African States, 153
 United Kingdom Alliance, the, 227
 Universal brotherhood, Clifford and, 99
 University College, studies at, 43
 Usherwood, Miss, 69

V

VADILAKAK, CHUETO, Greek M.P., 236
 Vancouver visited, 183
 Vaughan, Dr., a true prophecy of, 30
 Venizelos speaks at the Mansion House, 232
 Veto of House of Lords, Clifford and the, 130 *et seq.*
 Vick, Rev. C. W., xv, 237
 a birthday present from, 57
 and the national testimonial to Dr. Clifford, 196
 his last memory of his former pastor, 280, 281
 reminiscences of Dr. Clifford, 75 *et seq.*
 Victoria, Queen, 2
 Victoria, schools visited in, 138
 Village churches, Clifford's interest in, 19, 20, 26, 30, 31
 Vincent, Henry, 1
 Voluntary schools, 115

INDEX

- Voluntary Schools (*continued*)
and "unscrupulous competition,"
118
Convocations' demands in 1901
for, 122

W

- WACE, Rev. Dr., as preacher, 108
Wallis, Rev. Joseph, tutor of
Clifford, 22, 107
his influence on John Clifford, 25
Wanamakers, John, a visit to, 186
Ward, Mr., his syllabus on religious instruction, 136-7
Ward, Professor Lister, lectures at
Paris Exhibition, 184
Washington Library, 114
Watkins, Dr., 155 (note)
Welldon, Dean, 237
Wellingborough, Spurgeon's sermon at, 29
Wells, Rev. James, 219
Welsh Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill, 60
Wesley, John, 31, 265
death of, 277
his eighty-fifth birthday, 245
secret of his longevity, 246
Westbourne Park Church, and its activities, 62 *et seq.*
Armenian church services in, 89 (note)
as missionary church, 53, 70
Bosworth Road added to parish of, 71
Clifford's final anniversary of, 277
Constitution of the Church, 45
Diamond Jubilee and eighty-second birthday of Dr. Clifford, 201
foundation stone laid, 44
free of debt, 48
opening and dedication of, 44
police protection for, during South African War, 146
renovated and improved, 46
Rev. S. W. Hughes succeeds Dr. Clifford as pastor, 200
the institute, and its objects, 62 *et seq.*
the Sunday Afternoon Gathering, 65
the Sunday Schools, 65, 74
Westbourne Park "Home," 63 *et seq.*
Westbourne Park Record, 49

- Westbury, Lord, a story of, 229
Westbury Leigh Baptist Church, 225th anniversary of, 80
Westminster Abbey, a National Thanksgiving Service at, 235
unveiling of the Bunyan memorial window in, 107
White, Dr., 192
Whitefield, George, 31
Whitley, Rev. Dr. W. T., xv
epitome of Dr. Clifford's denominational career, 216 *et seq.*
Whittaker, Sir Thomas, and the State-purchase scheme, 227
Whyatt, and the Barton Society, 31
Whyte, Fred, his biography of W. T. Stead, 248
Wilberforce, Rev. Canon, 202
Wileman, Mr., 38
Willesden, Bishop of, 286
William IV, death of, 2
Williams, Roger, 275
Willis, W., 80, 81
Wilson, G. B., studies the Gothenburg system, 187
Wilson, Rev. John, xiv
Winks, Rev. W. E., on Dr. Clifford's student life, 24, 25
Winnipeg, a visit to, 186
Wintinger, Miss, 236
Wireless, Dr. Clifford hears a speech by, 279
Wise, Rabbi, 185
Wittenberg, the Luther Museum at, 185
Woelfkin, Rev. Dr. Cornelius, 45, 46 (notes)
Wood, Ernest, 241
Wood, the Misses, 67, 68
Wood Gate Street Church, Loughborough, 57
Wordsworth, Clifford's favourite poet, 57, 229, 230
Workhouse children, apprenticeship of, 5
Wright, Thomas, curator of Cowper Museum, 249

Y

- YATES, Rev. A., 252
York, Archbishop of, 133
and the Concordat on Reunion, 262

Z

- "ZEST OF LIFE," Clifford's last article, 245, 269, 272

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